THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL

TRUTH WEARS NO MASK, BOWS AT NO HUMAN SHRINE, SEEKS NEITHER PLACE NOR APPLAUSE: SHE ONLY ASKS A HEARING.

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TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Elizabeth Cady Stanton's name has been mentioned as a possible successor to the place of Justice Miller on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Dr. E. G. Hirsch says: "The Jews of Chicago should erect a statue to Lessing as an offset to the proposed statue to Queen Isabella. In the very year of 1492 which witnessed the discovery of this continent Isabella cruelly expelled all Jews from Spain."

This year is full of surprises in regard to elections, among them may be mentioned the fact, so reported in the papers, that a woman in Colrian, Pa., kicked her husband out of the house because he did not vote as she wanted him to.

In Paris out of two million seven hundred thousand residents, it is calculated that one in eighteen, or one hundred and fifty thousand live on charity, with a tendency toward crime. In London the proportion is one in thirty.

It is reported that in the art schools at Bloomsbury and South Kensington, England, the major part of the instruction is given by lady professors, and that the female students stand exceptionally high in the annual competition for prizes.

Those protestants who want to introduce religion after their peculiar sort into the public schools, says the New York *Independent*, are unwittingly playing into the hands of the Catholics who desire to secure a division of these funds that they may use their part for Catholic propagandism. The position of such protestants is really no better than that of the Catholics themselves.

A new departure among Catholics signalized our last Thanksgiving holiday, when Cardinal Gibbon in a letter addressed to the Catholic clergy recommended the observance of Thanksgiving by Catholics generally. The "mother church" is quick to perceive the possibilities involved in a recognition by the state of church authority even if that authority be as at present protestant instead of Catholic.

The American Akademe, a philosophical society of Jacksonville, Ill., lately listened to an address by Professor Jones on "Man and his Material Body." The very lively discussion which followed in regard to the soul's existence showed the deep interest of all present in this question, and also how futile metaphysical speculation is in determining a fact which every Spiritualist thinks he has solved through direct communication from friends in higher spheres.

A lady missionary stationed near Sitting Bull's camp gives this graphic description of the ghost dance of the Indians: "Have been up to Sitting Bull's and the dance is in full blast. It is a most terrible thing—the old sun dance with a new name. They dance facing the sun as long as possible and fall down, moan, groan, whoop and foam at the mouth like mad dogs. They do not yet cut their bodies, but that will soon come. The men all dress in war dress and paint and feathers, and the women also take part and paint and wear feathers, which is a new feature (women never wear feathers). Sitting Bull stayed in the sacred tent and every one entering the dance for the first time, went into the tent to be made 'Wakan,' and painted with crescents on the forehead, cheeks, and chin and across on the nose. I went into the tent and talked with the old man. He assented to everything but promises nothing. He means war."

In many directions there seems to be a movement in favor of Nationalization in behalf of the people. The city of London proposes to build and rent decent and comfortable houses to workingmen at a slight profit, while a recent Berlin dispatch says that the government proposes to build in North Berlin, houses for workmen to cost one thousand dollars each. They will be purchasable on terms equal to a deposit of seventy-five dollars and weekly payments of one dollar and twenty-five cents.

There will come to many elderly readers a sense of personal loss with the announcement of the death of Benjamin Penhallow Shillaber, whose "Mrs. Partington" and her irrepressible son "Ike" gave them much hearty and innocent amusement when the sayings and doings of the mother and son first appeared in print. Mr. Shillaber died November 27th, at his home in Chelsea, Mass., where he had for many years been confined indoors by rheumatism which made him a helpless cripple, but his sufferings could not change his bright and sunny nature which he kept to the last. He was seventy-six years of age.

Rev. Dr. W. T. Meloy, pastor of the First United Presbyterian church of Chicago, insists that the Bible—King James' version—should be read in the public schools. He brings his broad and powerful intellect to the consideration of the subject in the following style: "Keep the Bible out of the schools and our children are deprived of moral instruction. How can we remove the Bible anyway? Suppose some little boy reads in the Fourth Reader a paragraph about the star of Bethlehem; he raises his little hand and inquires of the teacher, 'What is the star of Bethlehem?' Is the teacher to answer that the enemies of Protestant Christianity have removed the star from heaven?"

In the recent Indian revival of religion, and consequent threatened uprising of the Indian tribes, one of the chiefs named Gall while disposed to work in behalf of peace made the following reasonable remarks during an interview: I listen. Since the excitement has come upon my people I sit and listen and wonder if these things can be possible. When they tell me that the buffalos are coming back and that there is to be a resurrection of our fathers I shake my head. They tell me that the messiah can make spring wagons with the motion of his hand, and I think this can not be. But sometimes I think of the wonderful things which the white men believe in their religion, and I am not so sure that these Indians are wrong. I went once to the office of your paper and talked through a machine to some one a long way off, and since then I can not say that anything is impossible. Your people believe that in the beginning of the world wonderful things were done by men; the Indians believe that in the future wonderful things may be done by men. It seems to me that the Indians are not justly to be accused of being crazy for believing that what has happened once may happen again, particularly as wonderful things are growing more common each day. I listen. It is not for me to say that the Indians are crazy now, for if did I should have to believe that the whites have always been crazy. I take no part in the dance, and I do not lend my sanction to it; my family are all members of the Episcopalian church, yet I can not say to the Indians "you are wrong," for if the Christian religion is true, then the new religion may also be true.

A letter from Mr. Herbert Spencer to the Secretary of the Brooklyn Ethical Association has just been made public, in which he says: "Though, as you know, I have habitually declined honorary memberships and correspondentships, yet I feel obliged in the case of the Brooklyn Ethical Association, founded especially to diffuse evolutionary views, that I must make an exception to my rule. It would, of course, be out of the question for me to show such want of sympathy with the aims of the association as would be implied by nonacceptance of membership. You must not, however, expect from me anything beyond passive membership. More and more I find my time is frittered away in details, and more and more I perceive the need for being extremely rigid in the resistance of all distractions."

Stanley's lectures in Boston and Chelsea have attracted great attention in this vicinity, says the Boston *Congregationalist*. He has a rather elegant style of utterance, but drops his voice frequently so that many in the audience lose parts of many sentences. While hinting plainly at the weaknesses of Emin Pasha, whom he went to rescue, he does this considerately, and he makes no personal criticisms on the management of the rear column in his lectures, though the public verdict unmistakably throws the great burden of that responsibility upon Barttelot and not upon Stanley. He shows the qualities of a great man in his public speaking, and he is receiving the financial rewards of a great man as it is understood that his compensation is more than $1,000 a lecture.

One of the indications of the awakening in regard to spiritual things in this age is the wide-spread and growing interest in the writings of Dante, of whom J. R. Lowell says "his is the highest spiritual nature that has expressed itself in rhythmical form." A meeting was recently held in New York for the purpose of organizing an American Dante Society with headquarters in that city and chapters or branches in other cities and towns. The object of the society is to encourage the study of Dante and his world, its religion, art, ethics, politics and philosophy. It is proposed to collect a library of Dante literature that may be accessible to students and to publish a year book containing all the most important lectures given before the society, together with original articles and notices of all new literature on the subject. Among the speakers were Rev. Phillip Schaff, William T. Harris and Prof. Thomas Davidson, and among the projectors of the movement are Seth Low, President of Columbia College, Rev. M. R. Vincent and Rev. Heber Newton.

A HUMANITARIAN PROJECT.*

It has been the fashion to deride the Salvation Army as a body of ignorant religious enthusiasts unworthy the attention of sensible people, but it is not the first time in history that "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise," when it is to the general in command of this army—army of illiteracy, working among the slums with and for the outcasts of society—that the more cultured and educated friends of humanity balked and foiled in their own conservative method of helping and reclaiming the struggling victims of poverty and ignorance are turning for suggestion and leadership, with hope born of the promise of practical philanthropy.

Of far more real importance to the world is General Booth's just published work entitled "In Darkest England, and The Way Out" than even that volume which is just now the sensation of the hour and from which is taken the hint for the expressive title of this volume—Stanley's "In Darkest Africa," which depicts the barbarous environments and pitiable condition of faraway savage tribes who have never risen to the plane of civilization, while General Booth's work exhibits the deeper misery of an incomparably greater number of human beings living in the heart of civilization, brought down to degradation and starvation within sight and reach of the highest culture and luxurious wealth. He describes "Darkest England" as consisting, allegorically, of three circles one within the other. The outer or widest circle is inhabited by the starving or homeless but honest poor; the second by those who live by vice, and the third or innermost circle at the center, is peopled by the unfortunates who exist by crime; the whole is sodden with drink. He places the number of dramshops in the kingdom at 190,000 and the number of arrests for drunkenness annually at 200,000. Statistics for the year 1889 show that there were in convict prisons 11,660 persons; in local prisons, 20,883; children convicted of crime, 1,270; vagrant and refractory children, 21,413; criminal lunatics, 910; known thieves at large, 14,710; known receivers of stolen goods, 1,121, while the statistics as to prostitution and other vices are not obtainable, but can be guessed at; so these figures for one year, appalling as they seem, give but a faint conception of the sum total of the horrors of "Darkest England." It is to help these wretched ones that General Booth's work is written. He has mapped out a plan whereby "the way out" of all this suffering and crime may be practicable. By the aid of generous humanitarians and the Salvation Army he proposes to help the unfortunate to help themselves. The volume is exhaustive in its details of the possibilities of his plan, which shows careful study and is replete with common-sense ideas. The headings of the chapters give only a faint indication of the full scope of this proposed work. Some of these read: "The City Colony," "The Farm Colony," "The Colony Over the Sea," "The Traveling Hospital," "The Prison Gate Brigade," "Refuges for the Children of the Street," "Industrial Schools," "The Poor Man's Bank," "The Poor Man's Lawyer," etc. The volume is a wonderfully fascinating and readable one. It breaks the heart, and fills the eyes with tears and the soul with dismay to read, but its every sentence smites with the hammer of truth upon the soul. While it deals only with the shadowed paths of life, yet these shadows need to be looked into unflinchingly, if we care to learn the means by which to send the sunlight of happiness into these dark, dark, dreary abodes of human beings. The writer shows the heartiness of his earnest sympathy with all forms of struggling humanity, and every sentence is touched with passionate pity and altruistic concern for men and women made miserable through ignorance, poverty or crime.

"All through my career," says General Booth in the preface, "I have keenly felt the remedial measures usually enunciated in Christian programmes and ordinarily employed by Christian philanthropists to be lamentably inadequate for any effectual dealing with the despairing miseries of the outcast classes. The rescued are appallingly few—a ghastly minority compared with the multitudes who struggle and sink in the open-mouthed abyss. Alike, therefore, my humanity and my Christianity, if I may speak of them as in any way separate one from the other, have cried out for some more comprehensive method of reaching and saving the perishing crowds." That his plan strongly recommends itself to the common sense of people generally, is shown by the fact that already he has been pledged a goodly sum toward the five hundred thousand dollars which he thinks necessary as a fund to start his scheme. Among the subscribers to this fund the Earl of Derby promises one thousand pounds and the Marquis of Queensbury sends five hundred dollars with the pledge of a yearly donation for the future. In the letter accompanying his donation and pledge, he says he thinks the General is engaged in the best work that a man can lay his hand to; but he desires it to be distinctly understood that he opposes Christianity, which he says has failed to help the poor, and concludes his letter by signing himself a "reverent Agnostic." So through the altruistic spirit is the oneness of humanity demonstrated outside of the trammels of caste or of religious dogmas. It behooves all thoughtful Spiritualists to inquire into this plan of General Booth, the outlines of which can not be even sketched here, and do what they can to help on the good work when convinced of its utility.

To his wife, who so lately passed on to a higher sphere, General Booth ascribes the inspiration and the working out of many of the details of this scheme for lessening the miseries of humanity, and congratulates himself on the fact that the most of the book was in print before her death. He dedicates the volume to her in the following words: "To the memory of the companion, counselor and comrade of nearly forty years, the sharer of my every ambition for the welfare of mankind—my loving, faithful and devoted wife, this book is dedicated."

*In Darkest England, and The Way Out. By General Booth. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. 1890. pp. 285.

ORIGIN OF THE INDIAN GHOST DANCE.

Mr. B. G. Armstrong, of Ashland, Wis., an old trapper who has been acquainted with Indian life and character for half a century, says that the religious dance known as the ghost dance had its origin in the experience of a girl about fourteen years of age who survived the destruction by Custer's army of an Indian village on the Little Big Horn river. The girl saved her life by jumping into the river and keeping out of sight of the soldiers. According to her own story as she told it to Mr. Armstrong she remained in the water from 9 o'clock in the morning until the next morning about sunrise, and by that time had become so chilled and benumbed that she could not help herself to get out. She claims a spirit appeared to her, helped her to get out of the water and instructed her how to get to her people. This spirit told her that her people should stop all their old style of dancing, such as the war dances, medicine dances and the like and adopt a different dance. The spirit instructed her what kind of dance they must hereafter use, and directed her to teach it to her people, and they must not stop with themselves alone, but must extend it to other tribes. These directions she followed. "In the year following this she came to Wisconsin to visit the Chippewas to tell her wonderful story to them and also to encourage them in participating in this dance," says Mr. Armstrong. "She remained among them about two months, educating them in the religion. My fifty years' experience with the Indians gives me to understand that it is their habit each fall to go out into the woods and hold dances and powwows. This is all they meant when they started out, although it may result in something worse from opposition. The settlers became alarmed, of course, on seeing these dances—got frightened. The troops were ordered out, and, of course, this reaches the Indians very quickly, and they expect every minute that the soldiers will be marched against them, and they are now ready to defend themselves in case the soldiers make an attack on them. If the government would employ people who understand the nature of the Indian to go with them and allow them a certain time during the shooting season to hunt and shoot game, I do not think there would be any further trouble."

A CORRECT AND LIBERAL VIEW.

Theological organs do not lead but follow and try to reflect public sentiment, of which they are never quite abreast. Thus the *Christian Standard* announces that it is devoted to "the restoration of primitive Christianity," and says: "*The Standard* has been much improved in recent years and has a bright and able paragraphist on the first page who takes a correct and liberal view of the Sunday question—that innocent recreation is not objectionable on that day." The *Christian Standard* is an organ of the Campbellites. The greatest obstacle to the advancement of this sect has been acceptance as finalities of the interpretations and teachings of Alexander Campbell, the founder of the denomination. Campbell was in his day a religious reformer, but his advance was so slight comparatively that those who accepted his word and went no farther, are left behind by the progress of later rationalistic thought. It is gratifying to see that the *Christian Standard* is becoming less "evangelical" and "has a bright and able paragraphist on the first page who takes a correct view of the Sunday question—that innocent recreation is not objectionable on that day." But what shall be said of the religious papers and the preachers who throw all the influence they possess in favor of a Sunday without "innocent recreation," or anything else except devotional service. Are they influenced by disinterested motives or by class interests? Is it not about time that the attitude of the orthodox clergy on questions of this character should be made a subject of candid criticism. For their pretensions in favor of a puritanical Sabbath they have no authority whatever in the New Testament. They do work on the Sabbath for which they are paid; and some of the clergy receive more per week for their sermons and their services at marriages and funerals, than the great mass of toilers receive per individual for their year's labor. It is but natural perhaps the clergy should as a class put themselves in opposition to everything that tends to divert attention from their perfunctory prayers and sermons. The clergy, like other classes that are influenced largely by the commercial spirit, want "protection." The attitude of the *Christian Standard* in "taking a correct and liberal view of the Sunday question" is worthy of commendation. THE JOURNAL hopes it will be generously sustained in the advanced position which it takes.

THE HIGHEST EXPEDIENCY THE HIGHEST WISDOM.

Sympathy, which arises as an altruistic feeling through conceiving ourselves in the place of the one needing the sympathy, is necessary to move men to help the unfortunate. But intelligent direction of effort is needed in all humanitarian work as well as in business enterprises. Instead of indulging in mere unreasoning denunciations or going to the pessimistic extreme of bewailing the uselessness of efforts to improve the condition of the unfortunate, or taking the middle course of lazy indifference to suffering, we should see what science can do in the premises.

There is a great amount of suffering all about us which the hospital, the asylum and other systematic and unsystematic charity fail to reach, and from the dismal point of observation, the sighs, groans and shrieks of humanity seem condensed into tornadoes and thunder peals. But the beautiful world perennially blooms, its fountains play, while music and festivities unceasingly lead the prize holders to forget the existence of misery elsewhere. And it is natural for the fortunate and happy to avoid the suffering of others, notwithstanding that the prize holder of to-day who is fertile in excuses for his inability to do aught for his fellows, to-morrow may be the blank holder with unlimited suggestions as to how he could be helped, and with surprise at the heartlessness of the rich; on the other hand, the shivering, half-starved wretch of yesterday may, when fortune overtakes him

turn away from the outstretched hand with the plea "One can not help everybody."

Something is being done and wisely done for the poor and unfortunate, but that something is a straw toward the construction of a Holland dyke. Sociology as a study should be the recreation of the munificent. Through its cultivation reasons for things could be plainly seen. From understanding the causes of pain and sorrow in the world, the remedies can best be administered. All that concerns men should be inductively studied. Knowledge of the conditions of existence begets an interest and disposition to improve them. Those who have the means as well as the ability may feel the keenest delight in mastering the intricate problems which the miseries of life present. Such men as Saltaire boldly attack the difficulties and afford experiences that may be profitably regarded by others. The discovery has been made in the Eastern states that reformed tenement houses which afford greater comfort to the poor are paying investments, and this suggests that direct advantages of a pecuniary nature may in the future move to great humanitarian measures. In fact the world is finding out by practical experience that both directly and indirectly it pays to be decent, considerate and humane. The highest expediency is the highest wisdom.

The Chicago Woman's Moral Educational Union has issued an address to the Chicago Board of Education urging Bible reading in all the public schools of the city. The address says:

We believe that the intelligence, the patriotism and all that tends to the permanent prosperity of Chicago from generation to generation, will join us in our desire, or would do so if the subject were viewed from the standpoint of exalted patriotism, illuminated by past history. When a portion of the Scriptures is read in the public school, if the children make inquiries and the teachers refer them to parents, guardians, or religious instructors for explanation, all consciences would be fairly treated. For fifteen years our privilege as regards religious instruction in the public schools has been withheld, and a ghastly agnosticism has terrorized all sects alike. In seeking to escape from bigoted sectarianism the schools have fallen into the grasp of illiberal liberalism. Exclusion of all religious instruction is the propagation of irreligion as certainly as darkness reigns where the sun never shines. If because of habitually removing moral and religious knowledge from the course of instruction in our schools, children exercise their thoughts and understandings exclusively on lower matters, when they become adults their actions will largely be prompted by ignorance, prejudice and passion. The right of the state to give secular instruction can not be admitted if its right to give religious instruction is denied. They must stand or fall together. Touching this point the opinions of many theologians, educators, and statesmen are cited, all agreeing that the Bible should be inseparable from the public school curriculum. The petition goes on to say: Let the thousands of educators from all parts of the world who will come to our city at the time of the great Columbian Exposition find here a system of public schools wisely performing their threefold duty of instructing children in religion, morality and knowledge.

The inconsequent, frivolous, brainless, heartless world of which Ward McAllister is the recognized leader, exponent, and type is the natural flower and fruit of our American civilization. Says Hugh O. Pentecost in a recent address: When you read McAllister's book, you have a picture of what our civilization has done for the rich. If you will walk through the Mulberry street district, you will see what it has done for the poor. Between the two extremes you will find people of brains, of heart, of virtue. But among the Four Hundred and in Mulberry street you will find two classes of people who are the counterparts of each other. With all their differences they are marvelously alike. One class is rich; the other is poor. One class is clean; the other is filthy. But both are brainless, both are heartless, both are sensual. One class eats *pate de foie gras*, the other garlic, but both live to eat. One class drinks champagne, and the other bad whisky, but both live to drink. One class dances at Delmonico's, and the other in dives, but both live to dance. One class is brutalized by poverty and the other is sensualized by luxury. The elegant Mr. McAllister, filled to the chin with six kinds of wine, trying to get into his carriage, and the filthy loafer, soaked with stale beer, sleeping on a lumber pile, are brothers. Both are idlers, both are triflers, both are supported by the labor of others, both are useless, both are barnacles. One has been lifted to the top by our social system; the other has been kicked to the bottom.

There is rather more of a theological tone than is desirable about the discussion that has been conducted by some very good Christian ministers about moral education in the public schools, says the New York *Press*. There is the same old tendency to identify religion with theology, and to assume apparently that if common ground can be found on which Protestants and Catholics can stand, the humanitarian end of the Unitarian church, and Hebrews and ethical culturists and agnostics will accept the teachings of theology in the public schools on the general theory that "this is a Christian nation." Those who worship Jesus of Nazareth as God incarnate ought to be the readiest of all, in view of these his plain teachings, to come together with Hebrews and liberals and agnostics on a humanitarian application of his moral teachings to the purposes of public instruction. The rights of the minority, who, while accepting his supremacy as the world's greatest teacher of morals, are not agreed as to his theological status, require that theology should be kept out of the question. We can no more have a state theology than we can have a state church. The "religion of humanity" is unsatisfactory as a theology, but that and nothing more is all the religion that the public schools have any business to teach. The point where humanitarian religion stops and theology begins is just the right place for the public schools to draw the line.

A new idea in street car advertising is brought forward by a writer in the *Christian Union:* In traveling over the country, I have been struck with the wide distribution of certain varieties of soap, ink, baking powder, and patent medicine. Whether one is in a Beacon Street car in Boston, a Third avenue car in New York, or an Indiana avenue cable car in Chicago, he is greeted with a sufficient number of the same advertisements to make him feel quite at home. The same jingling verse which is read in Boston, celebrating the virtues of a labor-saving soap or a self-acting baking powder, he may read in Chicago. It awakens the same tender chords of association as if some one had quoted for him a familiar verse from Browning or Walt Whitman. He has a McGregor-like feeling that he is in his own native land, and in the midst of familiar scenery. I have sometimes wondered whether, in the interest of public education, some of our Browning or Shakespere societies, or art associations might not hire a few panels in the horse cars in which a verse from Browning or Shakespere might be exposed until they had become sufficiently familiar, or in which a good engraving or heliotype might be exhibited for the benefit of the public eye, while in still another panel a phonograph, through the generosity of Mr. Higginson, might play a Beethoven symphony.

The progress of the spirit of fellowship was illustrated in an unlooked for and gratifying way in the recent pulpit exchange between Rev. Mary A. Safford of Sioux City and Rabbi W. Rosenau of Omaha, says *Unity*. We think this is the first time a woman has ever stood in the pulpit of a Jewish Synagogue, in public recognition by its congregation and pastor of her right to fill the latter's place. The Jews are as liberal as any other sect in offering the use of their temples of worship to other societies for independent services, but an exchange between a Jewish and Gentile minister is in itself a rare event, and when the Gentile is a woman, still rarer, and, we believe, hitherto unprecedented. Rabbi Rosenau is a young Jew of the liberal type, whose work is devoted to the establishment of the religion of reason and righteousness. Miss Safford's congregation contains a large number of Jews, many of whom, in glad celebration of an event that promised so much for themselves and the cause of religious toleration all around, accompanied her to Omaha. We congratulate the two societies on an action at once so honoring and auspicious to both.

An organization known as the Liberal Association of Texas, was formed at a state meeting of Liberals held at Waco last July. A circular issued by the executive committee of the association, states its objects as follows: "1. To encourage the study of man in all his relations. 2. To seek to realize the truth in life. 3. To aid in those movements that tend most to the improvement of the individual and of society, and to the unity and freedom of mankind. 4. To facilitate the association of those who have at heart, and hold dear, that absolute freedom of thought and expression which is the natural right of every rational being. 5. To inaugurate a system of positive, tolerant thought, ethical culture and practical benevolence, in which all liberal-minded people can unite and work in harmony for the moral elevation, intellectual improvement, social well being and consequent happiness of the human race." Mr. J. D. Shaw, for several years prominent as a Methodist minister, is president of the association.

A conception of the universe is formed by philosophy, out of the data furnished by observation and experience. This conception the religious sentiment proceeds to color and idealize, and while seeking in it the symbol of the infinite we also project into it a human element, which returns to us an echo of our questionings and yearnings. An apparent conflict arises between free thought and the religious sentiment, as soon as any conception of the cosmos fails to agree with the demands of science. The hostility in this case is between two scientific conceptions, the elder of which, having become outworn by the advance of knowledge, is still retained by religion. Its elimination is but a question of time. Experience teaches that after a greater or less period of searching for a new basis, the religious sentiment always frees itself from the old forms, and formulates a conception of the universe more in keeping with the developments of science and the needs of the existing social order.

The great fundamental truths that underlie all religious conceptions are indestructible—destined to live as long as man lives. But those who take Jesus for their master are but giving their allegiance to the dead, who has no word for the world of to-day. Jesus was a man of and for the time in which he lived; and the new world, so different from the one in which he taught, whose hopes and purposes are so far from the hopes and purposes held by him, can not be satisfied with any interpretation that can be put upon his teaching. In thankfulness for the truth which he gave, it turns its face toward that larger truth of infinite development.

A correspondent sends to the *Christian Register* the following incident. "Mrs. A. and her five-year-old daughter recently had a Jewish neighbor die, leaving a pretty boy-baby orphan dependent on public sympathy. His condition appealed very strongly to little Miss A., and she tried to convince her mother of the advantages it would be to the baby to have them for mother and sister. Mrs. A., with the idea of settling the matter, said, 'But, Mabel, he is a Jew; and you wouldn't have a Jew for a brother, would you?' Mabel thought a moment, and then said, 'No, mamma, but couldn't you spank him, and make him believe in Christ?'"

Says Wendell Phillips: When common sense and the common people have stereotyped a principle into a statute, then bookmen come to explain how it was discovered and on what ground it rests. The world makes history and scholars write it, one-half truly, and the other half as their prejudices blur and distort it.

The word Jew is a narrow name, in use for our separate religious distinction, says the *Hebrew Journal.* Nothing could be plainer to us. Hebrew refers to the race, Israelite refers to the nation, Jew to the religion

THE DOCTRINE OF NEITH—THE SELF-GENERATIVE MOTHER.

By Imogene C. Fales.

"Neith," says Ruskin, "is the Egyptian spirit of divine wisdom, and the Athena of the Greeks. No sufficient statement of her many attributes, still less of their meaning, can be shortly given, but this should be noted respecting the veiling of the Egyptian image of her by vulture wings,—that as she is physically the goddess of the air, this bird, the most powerful creature of the air known to the Egyptians, naturally became her symbol. As representing her it was the most powerful sign, next to the winged sphere, in Egyptian sculpture, and just as in Homer Athena herself guides her heroes into battle, this symbol of wisdom giving victory floats over the heads of the Egyptian kings."

Neith is the creative principle in nature, represented under a female form. Isis is the Neith of Upper Egypt. As Isis, she is called the "Mistress of the Two Worlds." Isis-Neith is nature, through the medium of which God becomes manifest and revealed. Neith is a virgin mother goddess. Her shrine at Sais bore this inscription: "My garment no one has lifted up. The spirit that I have borne is the Sun." She is thus the virgin mother of the sun, and the sun signifies the creative force of nature, who has also created himself without a father.

In Egyptian philosophy there are two primary elements in nature and these two are so combined that they are one. There is the primary, paternal element represented by Ptah, and the primary conceptive or maternal element expressed by Neith. He is the father or creator of the sun—creative power—she the mother. They are both self producing, coeternal, coequal and transformable one into the other.

Neith was the Egyptian goddess of wisdom divinely analogous to Pallas-Athena. She forms the type of Schiller's poem, "The Veiled Image at Sais." She was self producing—and represented the self-generative power of nature. The meaning of Neith, is, then that of self-generating force. God in nature, God in man—"The one in whom we live and move and have our being."

The doctrine of Neith, at which we have briefly glanced, is the essential thought, life and substance of the Christian religion. Her worship symbolized and expressed the self-generative forces of nature; it was an acknowledgment of the unity of spirit and matter; that while relatively they differ, absolutely they are one and the same, and that God, of the Infinite Life, was in nature and in man. This is also the substance of the teachings of Christ. The thought in its fullness has never been grasped by the Christian church, and yet this is the thought,—God in nature, God in man, God in social life,—that alone can elevate man and transform social institutions.

The animating principle of universal life that we call God, or the Infinite Mind, is to a certain extent embodied in the natural world: hence nature is productive. She is a self-generating force. This fact involves the essential unity of spirit and matter—Ptah and Neith—and the derivation of the material universe from the spiritual universe. The evolutionary process of life is bound up in unity and the relation of parts to the whole. "The kingdom of heaven," said Christ, "is within." "I and my Father are one." Here we touch upon the great mystery of existence. The identity of the human soul, under all its masks and disguises of ignorance and sinfulness, with the Infinite soul. It is its life within our life, the divine within the human, that renders us creative. "All power is mine," said Christ, because of the perception of this same law of unity, and we, when we begin to reach a similar plane of existence, perceive the truth of this divine sonship that was the burden of all the teachings of Jesus.

There is a point in human experience when that which we call our thought, becomes consciously united with the divine life and thought, and God and man are no longer separated. Then we know that there is but one mind in the universe and that that mind is endlessly differentiating itself into infinite forms of use and beauty; that every soul is an embodiment of a thought of the infinite mind, and as it grows and unfolds, becomes consciously united with the source from whence it emanated. This is Nirvana, perfect rest, perfect peace. God is in nature. God is in man. The beauty of the thought when realized transcends expression; we are never alone, the forces of infinite life are in us and surround us. This is the doctrine, the meaning of Neith, and all that her worship, before it lapsed into degraded forms, symbolized. The great mother nature, because the divine forces of life, of love and wisdom are in her.

This is the truth that Jesus taught, and because he taught the essential divinity of humanity, he was crucified. He knew that he and the father were one, and that every thought ray from the universal mind pulsated through his own. The Church has recognized the divinity of Jesus, but not the divinity of humanity. It degrades man while seeking to elevate Christ, forgetting that he is son of man as well as son of God.

The thought that is to redeem the world is the recognition of the life of God in man; then humanity becomes sacred and the oppression of the weak by the strong ceases to be possible. We are beginning to understand the profound meaning of the unity of the race and the brotherhood of man, to perceive that every human being, whatever his condition, is a son of God, a manifestation of deity. That the two great commands of love to God, and love to man, are in reality one, being convertible one into the other. That we can not love God, when we wrong, degrade and insult his manifested life in man. For it is not only Jesus the Christ that is one with God, but humanity, for that humanity is an emanation from God. Now we see the meaning of Christ's words when he was compelled to limit his teachings to the comprehension of those around him. "Enter in, ye blessed of my father, and inherit the kingdom prepared from the foundation of the world; for I was hungered, and ye gave me meat; thirsty, and ye gave me drink; a stranger, and ye took me in; for inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me." Not vicariously, not because of Christ's love for the race, but because God, and humanity are so identified that a wrong to man is a wrong to God, and service to man is service to God. The gospel of Christ is the gospel of glad tidings, for it the gospel of divine humanity.

In all ages of the world, this transcendent thought of God with us and in us has been perceived. The Egyptian priesthood knew it, if not in its full significance, and expressed it in the worship of Isis-Neith, the great mother.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. Featherstonhaugh.

VII.

INVOLUNTARY WRITING.

This particular form of the phenomena presents us with more uncertain and contradictory results than we find in those still greater and apparently miraculous phases, that are so utterly beyond our power to reason of from any analogical experience. The cause of the difficulty is the close relationship between this form and the higher branches of the phenomena. Coming as this phase does through the hand, the usual means of writing, it carries with itself not only in thought but in words a strong human flavor, yet the veriest platitudes it indulges in, in different hand writings, are in the name of supernal visitants. In its poorest and most trifling productions, seemingly impossible that they can be the results of any spiritual force, it is still allied most intimately with the highest objective phenomena, and both insist strenuously upon an extraneous cause.

If not of any great comparative value to a transcendental hypothesis, except in some rare and remarkable cases, involuntary writing determines how entirely consciousness may be absent in the operation of these forces. Here (in the writing) the body is in its normal state, enjoying all its powers and sensations, with the mind actively alive to all that is going on around, conscious of its own volition and identity, possessing memory of every shade of thought passing through the brain, and unconscious alone of the purport of the writing and of the will which dictates—mind, without the intervention of the conscious brain; not so much unconscious cerebration, as cerebral unconsciousness.

The intimate relation which the writing holds to all the other phenomena, prevents us from considering it as entirely proceeding from ourselves, unless we attribute the others to the same origin. Yet it is as impossible to hold that brain can beat a drum, or whistle a tune, as to imagine that all this writing comes from a disembodied mind. The difficulty of reasoning satisfactorily is as great with the merely human hypothesis as with the spiritual. We can not judge of the true nature of the writing from its own mixed characteristics, but must wait until we have settled the greater and more definite facts, with which it is so closely allied. The question is, however, of less importance, in view of the fact that the phenomenon of independent writing embraces and swallows up this minor phase.

My first visit to a professional medium having been paid, I returned home with a voluntary promise made by the intelligence that it would give me some demonstration there, where no suspicion of fraud could exist. Several weeks had elapsed, when one evening my hand was moved by some mysterious force, other than a conscious volition, and made to write, "The first feeling of death is endless joy.

"Edward P. Huntingdon."

This was the name of a deceased companion of my youth, who for twenty-five years had all but passed from my conscious memory. The sentiment was strange to me, and by no effort could I recall ever having held this heterodox view. There was then written in a different and quite unfamiliar hand, "Go on Tuesday of next week to the same person, and a token will be given." "Sight or sound?" I asked, with a sense of amusement at this apparently absurd colloquy between myself and my hand. "Both," replied the hand, "the table will be moved without human touch." For the two following days my wrist and forearm were exceedingly stiff and painful, so much so that I could not write or use a knife at dinner. The appointment was duly kept and the result will be found in the appropriate place, under the head of table turning.

Pursuing the investigation of this writing, the accuracy of its predictions was remarkable with respect to the operations of its own powers. This was strikingly illustrated in the case of a lady who it was asserted would have this capacity imparted to her in a large degree. Not many days afterwards, passing by an open window where this lady was engaged in labeling her preserves, I heard a cry of alarm, and looking up saw paper and pen flying out and the lady retreating with horror on her face. She had been suddenly attacked, and instead of raspberry jam, had penned a message purporting to come from her dead mother.

This faculty increased in physical expertness, until it became sufficient simply to place a pencil loosely in the fork between the finger and thumb, and without grasping or impulsion it would reply to questions mental or spoken, and if on philosophical or technical subjects, in the most amusingly grotesque and pretentious manner. These answers were relevant to the mental questions, and oftentimes the pencil, becoming entangled as it were in the nonsense it wrote, would be dashed with great violence to the distance of several feet.

To satisfy myself beyond all chance, whether coincidence played any part in the correct relation of the answers to the questions, the task was imposed of replying to several hundred mental questions, put by persons accidentally present, with the surprising result of a very large proportion asked about the dead

being answered correctly, and others relating to the living, or to things the questioner had no knowledge of, replied to in the most haphazard and incongruous manner, Continuing my list with unreasonable persistence, I received a well-deserved reproof, "Faithless boy why do you seek for more," and signed with the name of the deceased person the questioner was silently thinking of at the time, and who from my youth up had thought and spoken of me as a boy, even after I became a grey haired man.

In frequent instances this involuntary writing exhibits itself in apparently capricious forms; at times writing backwards, upside down, or both, occasionally omitting words and supplying their place with figures or symbols to complete the meaning and by other devices seeming to refute the idea that it is always your own intelligence directing your fingers.

I had landed in Boston from one of the Cunard steamers, and in the course of the evening made the acquaintance of a lady, a guest at the Tremont House, who gave me a remarkable instance of her proficiency as an adept in these occult mysteries. Drawing a sheet of paper to her, she wrote with wonderful rapidity, upside down, and backwards, what purported to be a spiritual communication, and signed it with the three names of a friend who had suddenly died a few days before I left England. This was rendered the more striking as I was not conscious that I had ever heard the middle name of the deceased. Those circumstances of my friend's death which I knew, were correctly given, but others which I only thought might be so were flatly contradicted.

On one occasion I paid a visit to a writing medium (so called) whom I had never seen but had heard spoken of in a favorable manner. The interview was conducted on the assumption of spiritual intercourse. The medium left the room whilst I wrote a letter to "whom it may concern." The sheet of paper was doubled over ten times, so that there were many thicknesses between the writing and the outside, and was pasted all around. On coming in he placed his left hand on the paper, and with his right wrote the following, "You have neither signed your letter nor addressed a spirit by name; you must do so." Such was the fact, and I prepared another paper in the absence of the medium. This was replied to in a relevant manner, addressed to me, and signed with the name of the assumed spirit. There was no possibility of reading the light pencil marks I had made and no attempt to do so. As a spiritual communication it was worthless, as a mental phenomenon of value.

This form is frequently transferred from one person to another, and through it experiments of the subsidiary phases in hypnotism and unconscious cerebration can be readily pursued. In this direction societies for psychical research are doing meritorious and invaluable work. Through them the subject is becoming a more extended branch of human knowledge, and a way is being prepared in the public mind for the reception of the most extreme views if consonant with the ascertained facts. In an able article on "Automatic Writing," Mr. F. W. H. Myers observes, "The surprise indeed would be if we were to discover that this great range of phenomena could wholly be comprised within the limits of any single hypothesis."

There seems to be an imperfect state not only in the writing, but in the primary stages of hypnotism, where there is a confused mingling of cerebral and psychical activity, with glimpses here and there of a higher reach of independent knowledge. Farther on in the examination, we are led to infer that thought transference, which in the lower and incipient examples passes for cerebral, may be in the higher ones a law of psychical converse. Instances do occur where the involuntary writing is connected with extraneous intelligence and where it breaks violently away from automatism and unconscious cerebration. When the results accomplished have employed neither brain nor senses, it is not clear how we are to apply physiological reasoning.

In some instances the clairvoyante gives in writing as well as in speaking correct statements of matters happening at a distance beyond the reach of all the senses. We may not in such a case refer the knowledge thus obtained to any form of unconscious cerebration or the act of writing to automatism. The faculty which perceives the distant act appears to be the one which guides the writing. Whilst the theory of unconscious cerebration reaches some of the incipient stages, it is insufficient altogether to cover the whole question of involuntary writing and thought transference.

It would perhaps simplify the investigations of psychical research societies to begin at the upper end and determine what validity there is for the claim of an extraneous intelligence intermingling with and vitiating the physiological conclusions we arrive at.

The answers in thought transference and through the rappings bear so many characteristics in common that we may hardly doubt the causes are often the same, although acting under different conditions. In view of the higher examples, we may be called upon to adopt an hypothesis with respect to "thought transference" greatly differing from the mere physiological interpretation. Taking for example an *actual* specimen of "thought transference," so called, coming through the rappings, we find the mental questions replied to by an intelligence bearing the character of a separate and independent personality.

Mentally. What is Mesmerism?—meaning what is its nature.

"The gift of God."

" How do we mesmerize?—meaning what means do we employ.

"The influence He imparts to you."

" How is it imparted?

"You are a mere instrument in His hands."

" What is the best way to mesmerize?

"The inside of the thumbs against each other."

All these answers were different from those expected and had no automatic character. It was apparently a dialogue between two separate minds, and psychical converse would define it better than thought transference. Involuntary writing has the same characteristics, in a less marked degree.

SPIRITUALISM AND RELIGION ESSENTIAL TO EACH OTHER.

By F. H. Bemis.

It is a mooted question: Is Spiritualism a religion? Solve the problem as we may, it is certain there can be no genuine religion without Spiritualism. And it is not less certain that the moral order of the universe, justice, equity, truth, righteousness, involves and necessitates continued existence after the change we call death. It can not but be apparent to the dullest comprehension of spiritual realities, that this present life, considered as a scheme complete in itself, does not vindicate the justice, equity and impartiality of the supposed moral government of the world. If the present life is all, if there be no subsequent adjustment, no fruition of human hopes and purposes, then is pessimism a stern, bitter and abiding reality. Justice and equity as between man and man are not vindicated. Human existence, from any spiritual standpoint, is a failure and religion without a basis.

On such a supposition it is idle to imagine there is any remedy for the wrongs and inequalities which afflict mankind. The wickedness of the wicked is not upon the evil doer, and the righteousness of the righteous is not upon him. The oppressor goes unavenged and the oppressed find no refuge save the grave. No wonder the despairing Job, while confronting the problem of human evil, should exclaim in the bitterness of anguish, "Though I be righteous mine own mouth shall condemn me, though I be perfect it shall prove me perverse." "Are not my days few? Cease then, and let me alone that I may take comfort a little before I go whence I shall not return, even to the land of darkness and the shadow of death; a land of thick darkness, as darkness itself. A land of the shadow of death without any order; and where the light is as darkness." In another place he says: "Man lieth down and riseth not." The repining Psalmist declares: "The dead can not praise God, neither any that go down into darkness." And the unbelieving preacher asserts: "All go to one place, and the dead know not anything." And again: "That which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them; as the one dieth so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath; and man hath no preëminence above the beasts, for all is vanity. All go to one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again." "Then I returned and saw all of the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter." Such was the dark pessimistic view of life and human destiny among a people unilluminated by a life beyond the grave. The dead returned not. Man went to his long home, and the mourners despairingly went about the streets. They had caught no glimpse of the light which never shone on land or sea. It is true they had a dim, vague and shadowy conception of a cavernous abode of departed human souls. But it was a conception void of all moral and spiritual import. These souls were torpid and inactive. They slumbered on in an unconscious dreamy state, insensible to suffering or joy. They were described as "inhabitants of the land of stillness." They had neither force nor energy. "They were feeble as a shade, without distinction of members as a nerveless breath." Herder says: "The sad and mournful images of their ghostly realm, disturbed the Hebrews and were too much for their self possession." The best that could be said of it was that it was a place, "where the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest." It was from this dismal abode, if we may believe the ancient record, that the witch of Endor evoked the spirit of Samuel. And the sad and complaining refrain which greeted the intruders was characteristic of the place. "Why hast thou disquieted me, to bring me up." With such crude conceptions of human destiny, no wonder that Job pondered in vain the problem of evil. With such sad and meaningless termination of human hopes and aspirations; with such purposeless ending of this life's fitful career; immortal love, expressive of the infinite tenderness; god-like reason contemplating, searching and weighing eternal problems, all swept into one hopeless vortex! In such a belief we have no basis for spiritualism or religion.

It is the purpose of this essay to show that there can be no geniune religion without Spiritualism, and conversely, that there can be no genuine Spiritualism without religion. Both are evolved from a common source.

There can be no religion worthy of intelligent human beings which does not imply continued existence after the change we call death. Because one omnipotent and impartial parent must provide scope and opportunity for the equal development and full fruition of the powers and capacities with which he has endowed his children. That such scope and such opportunity are not enjoyed equally and fully by all on this earth, must be apparent to the feeblest comprehension.

Unearned or ill-gotten wealth parades in its rustling silks and satins, while enforced and necessary poverty, haggard with want, stretches out its thin, withered hand for charity. Children born in affluence and ease have opportunities for culture and development, which the children born in squalor and vice do not. From generation to generation whole nations grovel in ignorance and barbarism, while civilization, culture and refinement are the lot of others. Evil heredity brands with the work of Cain the brow of infant innocence, while as unmeritedly another wears the halo of ancestral virtues. And in a higher, truer and diviner sense than any human relationship, all are children of one common parent. And shall he not save and provide for his own? Oh, blessed assurance of the Christ! "In my Father's house are many mansions"—infinite mansions! God's boundless universe! Surely in it there must be room for all! Early or late, no poor prodigal will be left to wander outside of the walls or beyond the reach of the paternal arms.

Spiritualism and religion both imply continuity of life, opportunity for development, spiritual unfoldment, growth. They both imply, also, an intelligent, eternal, orderly process, according to which all things move. This orderly process we call law, because it is harmonious, immutable and eternal. But because

it is harmonious, immutable and eternal it must proceed from one eternal cause. And because that order is an intelligent order, it must proceed from an intelligent cause. We may not be able to fathom the mysteries of the unknowable, or "find out the Almighty to perfection," but we may logically infer that an orderly method, governed by immutable laws, must proceed from an intelligent source. We may infer that there can be no effect which does not proceed from an adequate cause. Law implies intelligence. It is but a method according to which some intelligent force or agency operates. So those eternal, orderly and immutable forces, the laws which govern this material universe, are but God's way of doing things. Call them what you please, their universal harmony indicates one, and only one central and intelligent source.

"All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is and God the soul;
That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect in vile man that mourns,
As in the rapt seraph that adorns and burns;
To him, no high, no low, no great, no small,
He fills, he bounds, connects and equals all."

Theologians of the old school have divided theology and religion, each into two parts, natural and revealed. Natural theology and natural religion consist of deductions from nature; revealed theology and revealed religion consist of systems of theology and religion deduced from the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures.

It is assumed that many centuries ago God saw fit to reveal to man through inspired prophets and apostles a scheme of human redemption, a plan of salvation, and that those who believe and accept the terms of this plan of salvation will be saved, while those who not believe and accept the conditions will be irretrievably lost. I am no iconoclast. I desire to treat respectfully and reverently opinions which have been dear and sacred to others. But mankind is beginning to learn that where the teachings of a book contradict the plain teachings of nature, the book and not nature must be held responsible for the disagreement. God speaks in nature only; and his word and his works never contradict each other. God reveals himself through natural laws only. These laws are uniform, consistent and persistent; the same yesterday, to-day and forever. Before Bibles were written, before the stones of Cheops were squared or hewn, his moral and spiritual laws were established. They are subject to no conditions or modifications. The book of nature is an open book to all who can read it. At no particular time, in no particular age or among any particular people, more than another, have its truths been revealed.

If the Bible could speak for itself, it would doubtless pray to be delivered from the mistaken zeal of its friends. We esteem it for what it is, not for what some suppose it to be. Every word in it is not, as some claim, the word of God—is not infallible, and does not pretend to be. Why, then, should it be deemed necessary in the interest of religion to throw a false glamour of sanctity over it? Why not admit the imperfections, inaccuracies, mistakes, bad morals and bad religion of portions of the Hebrew Scriptures? Why not say: The double account of the creation as recorded in Genesis does not agree with God's record as revealed in the stone libraries of the mountains? Why not say that all such stories as that recorded in Genesis about angels becoming enamored with the daughters of men, are purely mythical? Religion has nothing to gain by concealing the facts.

The Bible is mainly the production of many minds, of varied culture, covering a period of long centuries; and reaching back into the age of tradition, myth and legend.

It is idle to say that its earlier records are not mixed up with the crude religious conceptions of a primitive and barbarous age. It goes not only back of Christianity to Judaism, but back of Judaism to nature worship. It is the hope and not the despair of religion that this is so; that there has been a gradual evolution from lower to higher conceptions of God; that from a worship of sacred trees, stones, serpents, animals and the stars, man has arisen from a conception of the creature to a conception of the creator, and turns in grateful homage to the one living and true God.

Judaism was essentially a system of literalism; it was of the earth, earthy. Even its vague, undefined receptacle of human souls was a cavernous, dark and silent underground abode. It had never risen to a conception of spiritual realities. This was reserved for a later dispensation. Christ sought to establish a spiritual religion. He was not only the end of the law, but of the whole spirit of literalism; he came to lift mankind out of the dead letter of a textual religion into the glorious liberty of children of God. The Christian religion recognized a spiritual world of spiritual realities. The whole aim, purpose and end of his mission was to establish spiritual relations between this world and the next. Can there be a question of this? My kingdom, he said, is not of this word. He was in conscious communion with angelic hosts; conscious of their charge concerning him, and that they could come to his assistance and minister to him. With an assured conviction of this relationship, he predicted his return. Peter, James and John, who were present at the transfiguration, understood this; Paul, who was called to be an apostle by the risen Christ, understood it. He thanked God that he spoke in more tongues than them all. And it was his glory that he had been lifted up into Paradise and heard unspeakable things, which it was not lawful to utter. It was such experiences as these which enabled Christ's followers to suffer hardship, suffering, torture, imprisonment and death; it was the conscious ministration of the angelic world that inspired Paul to say: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" —the Christ who had appeared to him on the way to Damascus—"Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or nakedness, or peril on the sword?" As it is written, he says: "For thy sake are we killed all the day long; we are accounted as sheep for the slaughter."

The early Christian church was preëminently Spiritualistic. "He that believeth on me," said its founder, "the works that I do shall he do also." How many professed believers in Christ to-day would abide such a test? Paul said to the Corinthians: "To one is given by the spirit the word of wisdom; to another the gifts of healing by the same spirit; to another working of miracles; to another prophecy; to another discerning of spirits; to another divers kinds of tongues."

Philip, it is said, while baptising the eunuch was suddenly caught up out of sight and conveyed from Gaza to Azotus, thirty miles away. Ezekiel was lifted up and carried into the midst of the valley of bones. In answer to the prayer of Elisha, the eyes of his servant were opened to clairvoyantly behold the mountain full of horses and chariots of fire round about his master. Spiritualism admits the probability of these and similar phenomena, recorded in the Bible, because of continuous subsequent corroborative phenomena. Christian faith accepts them without question, while, in the same breath, it presumes to scout and deride the possibility of the occurrence of other like phenomena in our own day. And yet the former occurred, if at all, in an ignorant and credulous age, with no scientific methods of investigation, while the latter are attested and certified to by such men as Hare, Flammarian, Wallace, Crookes, Weber, Fechner and Zoelner. They can believe Elisha caused iron to float in water, that the shadow of the sun was turned back on the dial of Ahaz, that Aaron's rod, on being thrown down became a serpent, or that Balaam's ass, more human than his owner, beheld clairvoyantly, an angel in the way. They can believe such wonderful stories, related by unknown authors thousands of years ago. But they can not accept much less remarkable phenomena of to-day, either on the evidence of their own senses, or upon the testimony of such scientific investigators of the phenomena as I have cited.

History is ever repeating itself. As it was in the time of Christ, so is it to-day. You will remember how it is related, that after the crucifixion, certain women prepared spices and ointments and visited his sepulchre, and how they found it empty and saw the angels, and came and related to the disciples what they had seen and heard. It is recorded that their "words appeared in their sight as idle talk, and they disbelieved them." How pertinent the words of the risen master: "O foolish men and slow of heart to believe all the prophets have spoken! behooved it not that Christ should suffer these things and enter into glory."

Surely in the primitive Christian churches there could be no Spiritualism without religion, nor could there be religion without Spiritualism. They were one. Home says: "Not now indeed does faith subdue kingdoms, stop the mouth of lions, quench the violence of fire, escape the edge of the sword. By these things were the early Christians out of weakness made strong. These countless thousands, who in the time of the power of the Romans went to death as to a bridal, did not believe that the faith they professed was the truth, they knew it to be such. Spirits had spoken with them face to face; they had been permitted while yet on earth to catch a glimpse of the glories of the hereafter. It mattered not what men might do against the body; for the soul an incorruptible crown was laid up in heaven. Such Christians would have heard with mute amazement the assertion that death is a 'bourne from whence no traveler returns.' By a thousand incidents of their lives were such teachings disproved. Signs that a Thomas could not have doubted were continually afforded them of the watch which those who had gone before kept over the disciples of the true faith yet on earth. Some, like Stephen, saw in the hour of death the heavens open, and the son of man stand at the right hand of God. Others like Peter were delivered from bondage and the peril of death by spiritual hands. Like Polycarp they stood in the midst of flames and were not harmed. Like Polycarp, too, voices whispered to them to be strong and acquit themselves like men. As Ammon they were borne by spirits through the air. With Moutames they were thrown into ecstatic trances, and delivered messages from another world. With John they were circled at times by the glory of the inner heaven, and those that looked on them saw their faces as the faces of angels. It was by men like these—men strong with an unshakable certainty of the truth of what they taught—that Christianity was carried to the farthest ends of the earth. It was thus that the philosophy of Greece and the pride of Rome were overthrown, that incense ceased to smoke on the altar of Jupiter, and Poseidon and Isis were laid prostrate in the dust."

But, says the objector, the phenomena you speak of occurred long ago, in an age of miracle, never to return. I had intended to meet this objection by tracing these phenomena as occurring at intervals, at least, during the last eighteen hundred years. For, feeble at times though they may have been, their golden threads of light are carried as with a weaver's shuttle down through the centuries. Had it not been so, Christianity would have perished from the earth. At no time during the whole history of the church has Spiritualism been left without a witness. "Such was the faith of Savonarola, of Loyola, of Bunyan, of Fenelon, of Wesley," and many others.

But the objection is frivolous and futile. Spiritualism teaches us that those eternal natural forces, which move to the spheral rhythm of love and law, are as operative now and here as in Judea eighteen hundred years ago. God has not changed and man has not changed. This little speck of sand, our planet, our solar system, the universe and the unseen spiritual realm, are all governed by fixed and eternal laws. The same stars which look down upon our own lakes and mountains to-day, looked down upon the Galilean hills and were glassed in the Galilean lake when the footsteps of the Nazarene pressed its shores.

All are under the all-seeing eye, and repose as serenely in the all-embracing love of the Infinite One, now, as then,

"We lack but open eye and ear
To find the Orient's marvels here.

* * * * * *

For still the new transcends the old,
In signs and tokens manifold.

* * * * * *

Through the harsh voices of our day
A low sweet prelude finds its way;
Through clouds of doubt and creeds of fear
A light is breaking calm and clear.

That song of love, now low and far,
Ere long shall swell from star to star;
That light, the breaking day, which tips
The golden-spired Apocalypse."

HYPNOTISM IN RELATION TO CRIME AND THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

By A. Taylor Innes.

The scientific discussion of hypnotism or mesmerism, which has for some years passed in a full wave over the continent, has at last broken on our shores. Among the many resulting suggestions, I observe one constantly put forward. It is said that hypnotism is full of risks, not only in the region of health, but in that of crime; that its practice should not be allowed to remain in the hands of persons who are ignorant and unauthorized; and that it should be at once placed under legal restrictions and confided to the medical profession alone. It is, perhaps, time that this proposal should be looked at critically; and rather from the side of another profession, though, as I hope, equally in the public interest.

That hypnotism opens many possibilities of crime is undoubted. It does so, in the first place, as a mere state of passivity. If the human race had never known what it was to fall asleep, one could easily imagine (following the suggestion of Blanco White's sonnet on Night) with what well-founded alarm we should regard the first approach even of ordinary slumber—of sleep, with all its death-like helplessness and exposure to assault. Well, hypnotism presents us with a form of sleep, or of lethargy, or, at least, of passivity; and in all these forms it leaves the subject without defence against personal outrage. But the hypnotic sleep is characteristically the sleep, not of lethargy, but of somnambulism. It is active rather than passive; and though the activity is of the imaginative rather than of the reasoning faculties, it often reaches a high degree of exaltation. But the peculiarity of this form of somnambulism is that it is absolutely under the control of suggestion from without. The hypnotizer, or any other who puts himself into relation with the subject, can make him believe, or feel, or do, anything that is suggested to him. Everything presented to the subject's fancy becomes more or less a hallucination; and it is all inspired and guided from the outside. Here is a new danger, to which ordinary sleep, or even somnambulism, is not exposed; for I do not suppose that it would be easy to procure from a somnambulist a check for ten thousand francs, as a hypnotist, who was sentenced the other day to penal servitude in Paris, easily did from his patient. But a man in a completely hypnotic state at once obeys the suggestion to what thus injures himself, or even to what, if the actor was under his own control, we should all call a crime. And these risks are more alarming, because the patient does not usually remember on awakening what happened during the sleep. At all events, he forgets it when he is ordered to do so. The representatives of the best known foreign school of hypnotism, the Salpêtrière of Paris, tell us:* "The oblivion of what has occurred is complete when the experimenter has taken care to tell the subject that he will remember absolutely nothing. ....A suggestion will destroy the subject's recollection of all that has happened to her during hypnosis." And not only does he or she forget what has happened; they frequently remember, when ordered to do so, what has never happened at all. The hallucination impressed upon them while being hypnotized may thus be made permanent. The danger of this, even to third parties, is obvious, and is pointed out by the same authors. "If an unlawful or criminal act should be committed on the subject, or in her presence, an accusation might be made against an innocent person, and it would be maintained with the deepest conviction." The criminal possibilities of hypnotism, therefore, affect not only the accuser and and the accused, the person upon whom or by whom the criminal act is alleged, but they attack the witness box too. And all this has come more to the front in consequence of the universal acceptance in recent years of what is called post-hypnotism. Not only is it possible to make a man feel or do, while in the hypnotic sleep, whatever is suggested to him; it is possible to suggest or order him, while he is in that condition, to feel or do something after he has come out of it, and is in his ordinary state. "It is possible to suggest to a subject in a state of somnambulism, fixed ideas, irresistible impulses, which he will obey on awaking with mathematical precision. The danger of criminal suggestions is increased by the fact that, at the will of the experimenter, the act may be accomplished several hours, and even several days, after the date of suggestion." Dr. Albert Moll, of Berlin, in his very careful book recently translated,* says that "the longest post-hypnotic suggestion I have seen was executed at the end of four months; no hint had been given to the subject in the meantime." But he mentions another case, given on excellent medical authority, which was after exactly a year. Some of these were no doubt startling cases, like one recently reported in our newspapers. Dr. Charcot is said to have enjoined upon a gendarme to go to a certain corner of the garden and assassinate the President of the Republic. The man glided away to the spot indicated, made his stab in the bosom of an old tree growing there, and coming back, pale and trembling, confessed the crime. And Dr. Charcot's pupils tell also how they suggested to a subject when asleep that she should poison X. with a glass of pure water, which was said to contain poison. The patient woke, and without delay offered the glass to X. and invited him to drink by saying, "Is it not a hot day?" "We ordered another subject to steal a pocket handkerchief from one of the persons present. The subject was hardly awake when she feigned dizziness, and staggering toward X., she fell against him, and hastily snatched his handkerchief." Some day M. X—— will be found dead in earnest, and it will be pleaded for the hand which carried the poison or the knife that the act was done under hypnotic influence, and that the unknown inspirer of the deed and not the actor is responsible. When that defense is made, or when one of the many other accusations which hypnotism renders possible is made, a number of difficult questions will arise. But they will arise on a broad basis of well-ascertained facts, common to theorists of half a dozen different schools in Europe, and with which by this time we are or ought to be familiar.

We ought to have been so very long ago. I remember the occasion when this was first made plain to me. I was in a little town in the North of Scotland during the college vacation of 1851. The hall was filled with some two hundred people of both sexes and of every age, but all known to each other from childhood. The only stranger was the mesmerist, H. E. Lewis, a graduate of Edinburgh and a pupil of Professor Gregory there. Before he had been in the hall an hour he brought out all the ordinary phenomena. That is, he showed that a large proportion of those present were quite easily put into a state between sleeping and waking, in which every suggestion made to them was accepted as real by the imagination and senses, so as for the time absolutely to control the will. But on this Saturday night he went farther. Among the sensitive part of the audience was a young lad, named J. M. He was not only in perfect health, but, with his brilliant complexion and golden hair, a model of the Apollo type of youth. All the more astonishing was the contrast when Lewis, after making other suggestions which were instantly obeyed, put a staff into the young fellow's hand and whispered to him that he was an old man. He turned from Apollo into Tithonus before our eyes, the very muscles of his cheeks falling in, and the hue of age overspreading his face as he tottered amid the wondering crowd. But this, too, was in the familiar order of experiment. What followed was new. Just before J. M. wakened, Lewis repeated to him twice over: "At twelve o'clock on Monday—on Monday at midday—wherever you happen to be, you shall go with my compliments to Mr. Kenneth Murray at the bank." The other murmured an assent, but when awakened the next moment he started away in bashful surprise to find himself the centre of so many gazers. As usual in such cases, he had not the least recollection of what had happened before he woke; and when told of his promise he made it very plain that he did not intend to make a fool of himself again on Monday at twelve. I had determined to see out the play, and at that hour I found myself behind some windows which commanded the shop where J. M. was doing his daily work. Several men were in it, but with no serious expectation of seeing the result, as to which some of them were chaffing him. Twelve struck, and before the strokes ended the young fellow seemed to get confused and abstracted. As the last sound ceased he vaulted over his counter and came out into the street, bareheaded and blushing, and evidently exquisitely uncomfortable. Yet in this state of bashful torture (and not in the least asleep, as he had been on the Saturday night) he walked in the required direction through the assembled gazers of his native town; and when some of them, failing to turn him back by strong words, went in front and formed a chain with their arms linked together, he suddenly burst through them, broke into a run, and never slackened his pace till he delivered the message entrusted to him at the place prescribed.

Incidents of this kind have recently come to be accepted as among the regular phenomena. But at that time they were new, and only to be received where there were exceptional opportunities for scrutiny. And the opportunities for scrutiny into this kind of thing are perhaps greater in a quiet rural district, where every one is known to every one, than in the crowded meetings and platforms of a great city. Another such opportunity happened about the same time to a friend of mine, who is now Principal Miller, of Madras, a C. I. E., and well known as the centre of great educational influences in Southern India. He also was then a young student come home from college, not to Rossshire, but to hyperborean Thurso.

"Where upon the rocky Caithness strand,
Breaks the long wave that at the Pole began."

Lewis had gone north there also, and, finding a fellow-student of Miller's among his most sensitive subjects, had ordered him to go at a particular hour on the following day with the same sort of message to a house in Thurso. The student, when wakened, was indignant at having been made a subject of exhibition, and, while treating with scorn the idea of his obeying the injunction, he quietly arranged with his friend to put it out of the question by taking a long walk together, before the hour named, into the country. Accordingly, they were then four miles out of town, and deep in a metaphysical or literary discussion. Suddenly the student friend stopped, hesitated, apologized, struggled on again, and finally declared that he felt he *must* return. Dr. Miller tried reasoning, ridicule, entreaty; and at last resorted to friendly violence to tide over the bad minute. But the result was other than he had expected, for his friend (whose name I do not know or am willing to forget) first quietly deposited his mentor in the ditch by the roadside, and then taking to his heels ran the four miles into town, delivered his message, and was laid up for days thereafter in bed from fatigue or collapse.

Now such things as these called for careful inquiry, apart altogether from the theory which was presented along with them. Lewis's theory was that of his master, Dr. Gregory, of Edinburgh, who had translated Baron Reichenbach's book on odic force. This was a supposed vital force, which the will of the mesmerizer could direct and concentrate upon the mesmerized. Master and pupil fully believed in it; and when the hour came at which he had ordered one of his subjects to go and do anything, Lewis was in the habit of sitting down and deliberately willing him to carry it out. His volition, he asserted, was equally effective whether he was distant one mile, or ten, or a hundred, from the man to be influenced by it. I have no doubt it was. For with regard to this, and to nearly all the other mesmeric phenomena then attracting attention, some of us, who then studied the matter as amateurs at a very early age, came to the conclusion that the state of mind or will of the magnetizer had nothing to do with it. It was altogether, in our view, a question of the state of mind—the will, or the want of will—of the magnetized. In short, we gave in our adhesion substantially to the view which had already been put forward by Mr. James Braid, of Manchester, and which has since become famous under the name of hypnotism. The leading idea of Braid was that the mesmerizer was of no consequence—you could dispense with him and mesmerize yourself, if need be; the main characteristic of this extraordinary and hitherto unrecognized state being the absolute subjection of the subject to every suggestion which reached the patient from the outside—a subjection which sometimes prolonged itself, as we had ourselves seen, after the sleep proper was over. All this was even then abundantly and superfluously proved, and it was enough for science. There might perhaps be more. There was a fringe of further phenomena not quite proved or accounted for, but all in the direction of hyperæsthesia, exaltation of faculty, will force, clairvoyance, magnetic influence, etc. To facts that looked in such directions, we, in those days of youth, kept an open mind—greatly assisted by men like Sir William Hamilton and Sir James Simpson, who were then our guides in the Scottish capital and its university. But even then it would have required far more evidence than I at least possessed to make me ascribe the phenomena we saw either to a magnetic force, with Mesmer and Reichenbach; or to a will force, with our novelists and poets; or to a spirit force, with western seers and eastern theosophists. Nor did we need to go farther than what was already proved in order to excite intense interest in the subject. The territory even then opened to science was vast enough. It was full of magnificent promise, and it at least called for exploration.

It had to wait for it thirty years, and when it came the result was in one sense most honorable for England, in another, not so much so. What is flattering is, that all over Europe Mr. Braid is now regarded as the founder of the modern science. There is now an active school of hypnotic observation, not only in France and Germany, but in Italy, Greece, Switzerland, and Spain; in Russia, Denmark, Sweden, and Norway; in the South of America, as well as in the North. But everywhere its cultivators look back to

* "Animal Magnetism." By Binet and Féré. London. pp. 366, 367.

* "Hypnotism." By Albert Moll. London. 1890.

the Manchester surgeon. "At the time when the Paris Academy of Medicine was condemning animal magnetism, Dr. James Braid directed the question into its proper field—that of observation and experiment. Braid must be regarded as the initiator of the scientific study of animal magnetism. For this reason, since it expresses the change of method which he effected, it is usual to substitute for that of animal magnetism the word hypnotism, by which he designated the artificial nervous sleep."* This testimony is conclusive, because it comes from the school which regards Braid's theory as insufficient, though fundamental, and which for itself prefers the term animal magnetism, as embracing additional phenomena than those which are universally recognized. The truest representatives of Braidism or hypnotism proper, however, seem to be, in France, the school of Nancy. Their conclusion that everything is done by mere suggestion or working upon the imagination, and nothing by a direct physical influence of hypnotizer on hypnotized, is supported with great vigor of reasoning† as well as a large range of experiment upon sane and healthful subjects. Of course such a negative conclusion must yield to positive observations, and those which are put forward by the Salpêtrière, as proving a direct physical influence also, are admirably recorded, and would have great weight if the subjects were not in almost every case girl graduates who have taken a high degree in hysteria. The attitude of Germany and the rest of Europe seems to be very fairly reflected in the book already mentioned, by Dr. Moll. The Berlin writer thinks that nothing more than hypnotic suggestion has yet been proved, but that the alleged evidence for direct physical influence, though inconclusive, in the meantime deserves investigation. This is not unlike Braid's own attitude to clairvoyance and similar phenomena, for which he did not make himself responsible, while inquiring into them; and it is satisfactory that a common-sense method of investigation should have been once more derived by other countries from the country of Bacon.

What is less satisfactory is that in that investigation our country has, during the intermediate time, taken scarcely any share. There have been exceptions in our philosophical literature, notably that of Dr. Carpenter. There have been exceptions in our medical literature, as in the case of Dr. Laycock. When this was last a fashionable subject of inquiry—about the year 1850—at least two leading men in Edinburgh, Sir James Simpson and Dr. Bennett, took an active part in its cultivation. But the British medical faculty as a whole‡ has then and ever since ignored it. And this raises a question. We who live near the University of Edinburgh have all an admiration for that Faculty. And now that it has been proposed to hand over this whole matter to it exclusively, I can not but recall the reasons repeatedly given by very representative members for not taking any interest in the subject in the past. The reasons were not always consistent. Sometimes it was said the thing was not grave enough; that it might be fit for quacks and platforms, but not for a responsible profession. Sometimes, on the other hand, the experiments were deprecated as involving serious risks to the minds and bodies of those concerned. Plainly these two positions could not well stand together. Both reasons could not be true. But both might be worthless. That every showman could produce on a platform these hitherto unclassed and unverified phenomena, and that scores of schoolboys passed every evening under their hands into a physical or nervous condition not yet recognized by science or admitted into the books—all this was no reason for science closing its eyes against the thing, but very much to the contrary. And the well-founded surmise that, behind all this wealth of facile experiment, there might be serious risks, was a still stronger reason against ignoring it. Every power for evil is also a power for good, but not until it is studied and brought into its proper place in science. Every medicine is a poison, and, for all I know, every poison may be a medicine. But that is no reason for excluding poisons from the study of the medical faculty. Nor is it a reason for confiding poisons exclusively to its care, unless and until it has first made a study of their nature and uses. Now the positions I have mentioned were taken up expressly as reasons against undertaking such study in this particular department. And until that attitude is altered, and indeed reversed, I foresee extreme difficulty in persuading an English legislature to abdicate in favor of any profession, however learned. Why should it hand over the key of knowledge to those of whom it might for so many years be said: "They enter not in themselves, and those that would enter in they hinder"?—*Contemporary Review.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

*Binet and Féré, p. 67.

†"Suggestive Therapeutics." By H. Bernheim, M. D., Professor in the Faculty of Medicine at Nancy. Second edition. New York and London: Putnam. 1890.

‡ I quite acknowledge individual exceptions; Brown Séquard, etc.

LARGE PRODUCTION AND LOW WAGES.

Robert Giffen in the *Contemporary Review* says: "Workmen in particular employments do not get a reward at all in proportion to the increase of production in those employments." He refers in illustration to a cotton mill in which a single attendant will, with machinery now in use, produce as much in an hour as formerly in a year or two, but his wages are perhaps hardly double what they were when the production was so much less. The workmen in particular employments receive only a fraction of the gain. But Mr. Giffen holds that facts like these are quite consistent with an improvement in the position of workmen all round in proportion to the generally increased productiveness of labor. The employments, he points out, in which there is a great increase of production, are chiefly those in which there are great mechanical improvements from time to time. But these constitute a comparatively small part of the entire employment for labor, and by a natural law, labor in each employment finds its level.

The increase of the return arising from an invention in a particular employment results in a gain not to the particular laborers concerned, but to the whole community of laborers. That the gain may be general, it is, in fact, essential that laborers generally should gain as consumers rather than as producers, which implies that in a given employment wages should increase, not in proportion to the increased productiveness of labor generally. Hence, it may well be that while the productive power of machines may enormously increase, yet the general increase of productive power may be much less than would at first be thought, owing to the comparatively small proportion of laborers, after all, who use machinery of great capacity largely in their employments. Mr. Giffen doubts whether even in a society like that of England, the most manufacturing in the world, the fourth of the laborers use machinery of great capacity in their employments. We should therefore expect that in a given employment there would be a great increase in production with but small increase of wages to those engaged in that particular employment. The gain has to be diffused through society, and the increase of production generally is not nearly so great as in a few special cases. It is well to bear these facts in mind in discussing the relation of production to wages,

B. F. UNDERWOOD.

PERSONAL IMMORTALITY.

The truth is we are forced by the laws of cognition to postulate an unknown reality behind the known reality, both of matter and mind, a dark side of the material world and of intelligence, an imperceptible substantive being, out of which somehow comes the perceptible, and into which it disappears, a source of both material and mental phenomena, a cause of their effects, a permanent in which alone change is possible, a possibility for all actualities and a power which transcends knowledge but which is presupposed in all knowledge. This is the meaning of the paradox.

The lines of argument as to the question of personal immortality thus converge. Whether we look without or within the mind, we come to substantially the same result. If conscious mind be a higher force superinduced upon the vital energies, then we must believe in conscious existence after death. If force be persistent, if energy be conserved, if motion is continuous, if matter is indestructible, then the conscious ego is indestructible, the mental processes are continuous, the power of apperception is conserved and persistent. On the other hand, if we look introspectively, we find it impossible to think even of an interruption of consciousness, while all the considerations derived from an observation of external nature have increased strength when we consider the trains of states of consciousness as mental objects. The conscious ego persists—that is the selfconscious ego—the knowing, feeling, willing ego, for we know no other. That is what mind means.

It is no harder to understand the continued existence of personal existence after death than to comprehend its occultation in sleep and restoration afterward. As before said, the sleeper knows, subjectively, no interruption; he infers it from changes in his environment. Its occurrence, however, is quite inexplicable; yet no one speaks of any impairment of personal identity because of it.

The greatest perplexity arises, perhaps, over the fact of the failure of memory. Without memory there is no personal consciousness, and we often observe a progressive impairment of the representative power. Memory waxes and wanes according to bodily conditions. If, then, alterations of the nerve structure in disease will abrogate memory, the total disintegration of that structure, it may be said, will remove the possibility of representation—at any rate until some reintegration takes place. If, while life continues mind may fail, how much more when life is extinguished must we be compelled to the belief that the individual consciousness has irrecoverably passed away. But, after all, this deterioration of memory is only concomitant with degeneration of vitality. Vital force wanes and, perhaps, there may be by-and-by just this reintegration of which we spoke. Vital force, though it has disappeared, exists somewhere. There may be a lacuna in conscious existence as in sleep; but do not the considerations before adduced impel us to the belief that there may be an awakening even after death to the conscious identity which says I am I, I was and I am?

On every side, from beginning to end, this subject is beset with difficulties; but altogether I am inclined to the opinion that the ground for the assertion of post-mortem personal selfconsciousness in identity with ante-mortem selfconsciousness is firmer than for the contrary belief.

But one thing more ought to be said before we close. The same arguments that support the belief in continued personal existence after death tend also to prove an existence before birth. Is it possible that we must return to the preëxistence doctrines of the ancient philosophers? Is it possible that we must each say, I am; therefore I always was and always shall be? *Dios sabe!*

Is it wonderful, in view of all these things, that mankind clings to the belief that the inquiry raised by intelligence must be answerable to intelligence, that some conscious being somewhere, at some time or somehow must understand these mysteries; or that they voice the song of Omar Khayyam—

"We are no other than a moving row
Of magic shadow shapes that come and go
Round with the sun-illuminated lantern held
In midnight by the master of the show.

But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon this chequer board of nights and days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the closet lays.

The ball no question makes of ayes and noes,
But here or there as strikes the player goes;
And he that toss'd you down into the field
He knows about it all—he knows—HE knows!"

DANIEL GREENLEAF THOMPSON.

AN ALPHABET OF RIVERS.

A stands for the Amazon, mighty and grand,
And the B's Beresina, on Muscovy's strand,
The placid Charles river will fit for C,
While the beautiful Danube is ready for D.
The E is the Elbe in Deutschland far north,
And the first F I find, strange to say, is the Forth.
The great river Ganges can go for the G,
And for H our blue Hudson will certainly be;
The quaint Irraway for I has its claims,
And the J is the limpid and beautiful James.
The K is for Kama, I know in a jiffy,
And the L is the Loire and the prosperous Liffey.
For M we have plenty to choose from, and well,
There's the noble Missouri, the gentle Moselle.
For N we have Nile, and the Onion is O,
While for P you can choose the gray Pruth or the Po.
The Q is the Quinebaug, one of our own,
But the R comes to front with the Rhine and the Rhone.
For the S there's the Shannon, a beautiful stream,
And the T is the Tiber where Rome reigns supreme.
The Ural, I think, will with U quite agree,
And the turbulent Volga will fit for the V.
The W's Weser, and Xenil is X
(You may find it spelled with a J, to perplex).
Then for Y, Yang-tse-kiang is simple and easy,
And to end the long list with a Z, take Zambesi.

—*"The Traveler," in November St. Nicholas.*

Mr. Bancroft, who had hoped to finish his history this winter, said to a friend a few days ago: "I have laid my work upon the shelf and can now only wait for the future summons. Literary effort has passed beyond my powers. I can do no more; so I must accept the common lot of humanity. I enjoy taking a retrospective view of the events of the long past, but, dimmed with the infirmities of age, the scene is without the sharp lines of detail which younger faculties of mind bring out in interesting relief."

The *Israelite* says: "Monism is a sort of reversed Judaism with other names, although we would not maintain that the reversion will stand the rigid test of criticism." It was evident that what in certain quarters was called Monism was something "reversed," but just what, did not before appear.

The Countess of Aberdeen, who contributed so much to the popularity of her husband's viceroyalty of Ireland during the last administration of Mr. Gladstone, will edit a new penny monthly magazine for women and mothers.

THE TWOFOLD AWE.

"'Two things fill my mind with awe: the Heavens above me and the Moral Law within."—IMMANUEL KANT.

"Two things," said he of Konigsberg,
Most gravely wise of modern men,
"With awe my spirit fill, whene'er
They break upon my ken:
The starry heavens, when they show
Their countless hosts in order bright;
The Law within, which teaches me
The way of Truth and Light."

How poor the man who can not say
Amen to words so sweet and strong,
Whose heart has never known the beat
Of either mystic song!
Has never felt abashed and stilled
By starry splendors, cool and far;
Nor, when the inward silence thrilled,
How weak and strong we are!

But, oh, that each might win the grace
To hold the twofold awe as one;
To blend the inward voice with that
Which speaks in star and sun;
From shining orbs that never swerve
Upon their high and glorious way,
To seize the strength by which we might
That Law within obey!

Then would our lives as bravely shine
As ever pomp of clearest night;
For suns and moons and stars are pale
To Love and Truth and Right,
And then on whom in darkness sit
Should gladsome light arise and shine;
And in our glory men should walk,
And conquer by our sign.

—JOHN W. CHADWICK.

Mrs. Myra Bradwell, of Chicago, may perhaps be called the dean of the corps of women publishers, having started the publication of the *Legal News* twenty-two years ago in partnership with her husband. The story of Mrs. Bradwell's life is full of interest and fittingly illustrates woman's power to do what she wills. She was successful and much sought after as teacher in the vicinity of her home. Later on she studied law in her husband's office and applied for admission to the bar in 1869, but was refused because the law would not permit of a married woman practicing. The English common law, then in force in this state, regarded husband and wife as one, and the man that one. Mrs. Bradwell did not relax her efforts until this legal defect was remedied, but she refused to renew application and was not admitted until recently. Upon the court's own motion she became attorney-at-law. Mrs. Bradwell is the editorial head of the *Legal News*, and her reports of decisions and cases are accepted as authority in the courts by special enactment. She and her husband, Judge James B. Bradwell, own and manage a large printing establishment on Indiana avenue. Mrs. Bradwell manages this business in every detail. They publish the Session laws of this state, getting them out quickly after the adjournment of the legislature. Mrs. Bradwell is a true friend to her own sex, and has earned the lasting affection of many young women whom she has aided and encouraged in their self-supporting efforts. Her acts of kindness are performed so quietly that few of their recipients realize how much she does for them. She is fond of home life and presides over a charming establishment on Michigan avenue. She has a daughter (Mrs. Bessie Helmer) and son, both of whom are lawyers. Mrs. Bradwell does not practice, finding her time fully occupied by her publishing business and charity work. She is treasurer of the Illinois Industrial School for girls and active in its management.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, ex-president of Wellesley College, believes that in order to make women "healthy, happy, and sweetly reasonable," the higher education is an absolute necessity. The irregularities of home life, the late hours, teas, parties, want of moral discipline, and an unwise indulgence on the part of parents rob girls early of their youth, making them whimsical, moody, and easily subject to hysteria or nervous prostration. On the other hand, quoting from a recent address by Mrs. Palmer: "The college, with its regular thinking, ennobles and elevates them, fits them in sweetness and womanly graciousness to make the true homes that we need. It makes them younger. A gentleman whose name is well known here (Chicago), wanted to have me take his daughter who was but fourteen years old. As the seven hundred girls slowly filed out of chapel he insisted that many of them were younger than sixteen. 'There,' he said, 'now that young girl there, she is younger than that, I know.' 'How old is she?' I asked him. 'Why, she can not be fourteen years old.' 'No? Well, she is just twenty-three years old, and stands high up in the senior class.' Now this is absolutely so. Having made our girls strong and healthy, they must have new interests. Whims and moods—who does not know their evil influences?—when an east wind or a cup of coffee makes the woman of the home—shall we not confess it?—a discontent to herself and to all. To make them happy we give them such interests that they shall have whimless future lives. Women have all the grand work of making the true home. Send them to the very best colleges you can, for on them depends the preservation of the home, the noble, the enduring, the beautiful and true."

An aged Frenchman once said: "Girls are a poor man's property." He spoke of it rather slightly but to-day a family of girls are not looked upon as they once were. Because they are girls is no sign that they should be dependent on an over-burdened father or relative. I could cite many cases of families of five or six daughters who are all industrious, energetic and a credit to their sex. Instead of being helpless they are helpful. Some of them not only take care of themselves but are paying off the mortgage and helping to educate the younger children. I knew one family of eight daughters all of whom were practical, sensible and womanly girls. One was the housekeeper at home, two were teachers, one was in a newspaper office, another held an excellent and lucrative position in an office in a distant state, one was in school and the other two were married. Many a father has been disappointed because he had no sons and his girls have been made to feel their dependence from babyhood until old enough to leave home. In bygone years many a girl has married to get away from home and feel that she was dependent no longer, but to her sorrow often times has she found herself worse off than before. In those days there were few things that a girl could do to earn a living unless she taught school, entered the factories or did housework, but to-day there is no excuse for her marrying to be taken care of or staying at home dependent. She can heal and nurse the sick, preach the gospel, extract and fill teeth, plan houses, keep house, be a dressmaker, milliner, clerk, stenographer, copyist, editor, author, or do almost anything that a man does and equally well. To the girls all over our fair America I would say, be true to yourself and cultivate the talents God hath given you. Make the most of yourself and when you hear father or some man speak lightly of girls, resolve to prove to him by your own efforts that girls can live just as earnest, helpful and busy lives as their brothers, and make a success financially and otherwise. By your own lives they will learn to reverence all true womanhood. You can inspire them to nobler deeds and loftier thoughts and they will be the better for your influence.—*Farmer's Voice.*

In speaking of the qualities in a woman which attract a man the *Ladies' Home Journal* remarks: "Irreverence in woman is to him abominable." But is it really any more objectionable in her than in him? Why is it that drunkenness and profanity and smoking always seem worse in a woman than in a man? Do we not confuse moral ideas when we allow the question of sex to be associated in our minds with qualities of heart and character? Why should there not be the same standard of purity, truth, courtesy, and all other virtues and graces, for men and women alike? It is so among the noblest natures, and just in proportion as humanity is transformed into the image of Christ will the distinctions between male and female, as applied to moral characteristics, cease to be regarded.

The light house at Michigan City, one of the most important beacons on that sea of storms, Lake Michigan, has been for nearly thirty years in charge of a woman, Miss Harriet Colfax, a cousin of the late Vice President Colfax. At the time of her appointment lard-oil lamps were used, and it was her nightly duty to make her way along a slippery breakwater, often in the teeth of a gale, and climb an icy ladder, to set her light at dusk and replace it at midnight. Of late years gasoline has been substituted, and a narrow stairway leads to the tower; but at dusk and at midnight the lamps are still set with unvarying regularity.

Window plants may be grown in any season of the year in the following manner: Soak a large piece of coarse sponge in water, squeeze half dry, and sprinkle in the openings red clover seed, millet, barley, grass, rice, and oats. Hang it in the window where the sun shines a portion of the day, and sprinkle daily with water. It will soon form a mass of living green, where even the clover will bloom.—*Health and Home.*

The Democrats in Jasper county, in Missouri, nominated Mrs. Annie Baxter as their candidate for county clerk, and she was elected to the office by some seven hundred majority. There is no doubt that she has the right to accept and administer the office. The "male citizen" requirement of the constitution of the state was stricken out some time ago; and this makes her eligible notwithstanding her sex.

President and Mrs. Carnot recently visited Rosa Bonheur in her chalet of By, near Fontainebleau. They were shown her late studies and sketches and found her genius has not suffered eclipse, although she now works but little. She has made a fortune in her art and lives at her ease, taking much pleasure in her park, where she keeps a number of lion's whelps, buffalo, deer, bear and other animals.

Miss Katherine Pearson Wood, author of "The Metzeroth Shoemaker," is a Virginian and a disciple of Edward Bellamy. She entered as a novice the Convent of the Mount Calvary Sisters of the Episcopal church some years ago, but after remaining six months returned to the world. Her great grandfather was James McCabe, who fought in the French and Indian and Revolutionary wars.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

TO THE EDITOR: The philosophy of life is a study that reaches beyond the earthly sphere of our existence. We have outgrown the persecuting dogmatism of the past, and are now asking for the reason for the faith within you. Our common schools are bringing the masses within reach, as no hinderance is greater than ignorance. All forms of animal life below the human are impelled by instinct, and we can not reach them as we can reach one another. Careful as they are to avoid danger, yet we do not know that they fear death. The great purpose of life is something to eat. Almost all animals can be trained in various ways, but the philosophy of life and expectation of a life beyond the present, we do not know that any form below the human has ever been made to realize. Religion seems to belong to us, and how has humanity dealt with religion? How many systems have been formed and how much fighting has been done? The manifestations of nature are the same to each, and all have the same attention of sunshine and rain, of fruitage and balmey air; all are visited with storms and atmospherical disturbances. No system has more angry threatenings from its God than the Christian. In it, the lost vastly outnumber the saved. In it, a personal *devil*, as an opponent of its God, is allowed a conspicuous place. As thaught here, the weakness and cruelty of its God exceeds the most depraved of human character. The holding of a human soul in a condition of suffering only for revenge even for an hour is terrible enough, but for *eternity!* What parent can think of it? In the living inspirations of to-day, we are told of eternal progress, attainment and growth. Not one in earth life is perfect, all are subject to surrounding influences. Some have a longer earth experience than others. If the future state is one of fixed condition, is there equal opportunity? Heaven is represented as a *place*, and we must *get there*. About 75,000 of earth's children pass the change called death every twenty-four hours. Where is the congregation of the multitude as the centuries go by? The desire for comfort and happiness stimulate, all our efforts. If each and all retain their individuality through eternity, what pursuits have they, and are they more harmonious than in earth life? Are all planets inhabited, and do the same relations prevail, and the same destiny? Each luminous fixed star is supposed to be a sun to systems like our solar system. This is very reasonable, as the sun is the only luminous body in our system, and like the fixed stars has no orbit. The earth moves 58,000 miles an hour, and is 365 days and six hours in completing its orbit. Our sun, with its retinue of planets, moves 68,000 miles an hour; can we tell the time required to complete the orbit of this system? The imcomprehensible magnitude of space may suggest to the philosophical religionist, what is the purpose unless to be occupied by humanity? America as it is to-day was not dreamed of by Alexander when he wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. New discoveries in science and philosophy are offering for our use many things pertaining to earthly elements. The heavenly are also being offered, as the manifestations of the last forty years can testify. We are asking, are all immortal by reason of their natures and is progression within the reach of all? We are answered that such are the conditions, that progression is *inevitable*. The unfolded soul is in harmony, hence in peace, happiness and love. The dear kindred to whom we bade farewell forever, as we were told, are not dead. The spiritual element within us dies not, but casts off refuse matter, as does every living substance in the universe. "We have a natural body and a spiritual body." The tendency of all matter is towards the center of the earth, and we call it gravitation. Why should there not be a tendency of the spiritual towards its source? Adhesion and repulsion pertain to the elements and combinations make-up substances. These are subject to continual changes, and the changes tend to refinement. We may believe all things in a progressive state, and the work of creation not yet complete. The Mosaic account, with the six days' work, is very indefinite. The earth and its creatures constitute nearly the whole story. The mystery of Godliness, nor the milky way, no, not the smallest of nature's handiwork is yet perfectly understood. Creeds have been formulated from the letter, but systems have crumbled to decay. Old things give place to the new, and we are standing between two periods of time. All inspiration is adapted to the age in which it is given. Christ is the divine light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Before this spirit the darkness shall flee, and lo! God ruleth and God is love! "Oh death, where is thy sting; oh grave, where is thy victory!" The lost is found, for nothing can be lost, not even a dewdrop.

Angels now may beckon onward,
They were our companions here,
The clearest vision is the inward,
Bringing heavenly objects near.

PETER THOMPSON.

SEREDO, W. VA.

IMPRESSIONS.

TO THE EDITOR: Impressions are just as natural to some natures as the various talents, such as music, painting, sculptoring, etc., and, in all ages, it has been the life struggle in many cases, and great endeavor in others to cultivate these natural endowments. And how shine in impressive galleries, in halls of music and on glorious canvas, names of those who have reached art's high pinnacle. Yet but few cultivate the natural substance of "impress" made upon their delicate natures, as the winds of circumstance ruffle into brain and soul action, the calm surface of a nature two-thirds spiritual. If this natural endowment was nurtured, great voices would rise up to speak almost wonders of a wasted talent, and in many homes would rise a "mascot" or one who could put his ear to the earth and hear sounds that would surprise even themselves.

Those minds are full of unsounded prophecies. There is now a willingness to listen to some things that but a short time ago were termed unpopular. A prophet in the days of Christ was but the beginning of more to follow, and they have been coming ever since, and giving to the world glimpses of light on many subjects.

"I have the impression," says Edison, "that if I do thus and so, I shall be able to give to the world a reproduction of man's voice." Jay Gould says: "I am impressed to invest 'just in this direction' for gain." While some great writer is impressed with a wonderful web of thought as just the thing for a popular book or story, or a playwright, hastens to jot down the notes of his revelation that gives in panorama form the vast and shifting volumes of his happy conceptions.

We are impressed that we will like this, or that one, or that if we try to concentrate these ideas of almost inconceivable satisfaction to us, they will at some time benefit others. So in every phase of life, from the lowest to the highest, the impress of some partially revealed light exposes its fluttering wing. A blind Tom touches the ivory keys, and from the light and dark stops along the line comes a melody that almost dies before its sweetness is complete. A voice and presence unknown to the material world tell us of things beyond the sunrise that set the clockworks of dormant minds in action, and get the mills ready to grind out the grist that comes with each season of impressive improvement.

As we allow these ideas to push on one by one and give them vent, we shall see not "through a glass darkly" the heretofore inexpressible in life, but realize that something in the Spiritual world is closely allied to the natural, and, therefore, within our grasp.

The faculty of receiving "impressions" is an inheritance, and we are rich, indeed, who do not have to buy our ideas. Our minds are a vast kaleidoscope of ever-changing thoughts. So marvelous a phenomenon is nowhere witnessed in the material world. That part which we term soul, spirit, or life everlasting—that that has endured and will endure through illimitable time—is proving an unparalleled surprise to its possessors. We look in amazement at what thought has done for the world; all, everything, is subservient to mankind. Truly, they are justly the lords of creation.

A wise provision works slowly, and all the wonderful things that affect us are but the product of those invisible impressions made on the chemistry of the soul. Greater knowledge is the power that produces stronger outlines, and time fills in with the small ideas. And by the action of those delicate chemicals, "thought" gives us our impressions lightly; at first we realize them, afterwards they become our strong convictions, and we realize then what it is to be an atom of to-day in the presence of twenty centuries. If we have wit enough, we will reflect that all these wonderful outcomes are the direct handiwork of "impress," and, in reflection, a help often arises; a suggestion that there is something great within, and if we can only grasp and set in motion or crystalize these thoughts, we will have accomplished the power of concentration, and have mounted the first round on the ladder of success, and after all comes a happy period—

"When every heart appears—
The temple of high thought and noble deed.
When our most bitter tears are shed
O'er some melancholy page, we read."

JOSIE G. HAMMOND.

MATERIALISM.

TO THE EDITOR: Molecular physics utterly fails to explain the facts of human consciousness; and right here is where materialism broke its neck. Professor Tyndall says: "I have no power to imagine states of consciousness interposed between the molecules of the brain, influencing the transference of motion amongst the molecules;" but, he adds, "observation proves them to interact," that is, molecular motion produces consciousness, and consciousness in turn produces molecular motion. It is clear then that these "states of consciousness" are not material molecules, but are distinct from matter.

The mind or spirit is either entirely arranged by the molecules by automatic necessity, or these molecules are arranged by the mind or spirit. If man is not an automaton, his consciousness is not a mere function of the brain, but is an alien and disturbing element. Once let us deny that the mind is a machine, and that denial implies an *immaterial* universe. Every logical reasoner who admits the power of the will must also admit the supernatural, because the molecules of the brain are arranged and ordered by that agency; that is, their natural automatic movements are interfered with. God's will, as disturbing the universe, is conceived of in the same way as that of the will of man in the closed walls of his organism. Materialism describes nature as simply automatic, and man, its product, as an automaton. Man, it affirms, is no more free than a flower or a tree. Thus moral responsibility is at end, and the punishment of criminals is made absurd. Likewise, praise and blame, merit and demerit, vanish at the cockcrowing of this new philosophy. There is no standing ground for either morality or religion. Thus, if it were possible to explain the sad mystery of life on the hypothesis that "death ends all," it would not be worth explaining. Suicide is rational, if pains and aches are all. But if life has the significance of immortality; if it be rich by reason of love and hope, why impoverish it by doubt and unbelief? Why clip the wings that would soar above the new made grave to that heaven where death comes not? The *facts* of life, as known by the aged grandfather, should not be pressed upon the young and hopeful. Let the children be happy. Sorrow will come soon enough. But for poetry and romance the world were as empty as an eggshell. And such is the imperfection of human reason, and our methods of dealing with psychic phenomena, I know not but that hope and love are our best teachers. The instinct of the migratory bird is better than man-made chart and compass in the crossing of the heaven's pathless blue; so the instinct that makes us look up to the starry aisles of the spirit's home is just as infallible as that of the bird which journeys from the frozen lakes of the north to the warm Savannahs of the south. After all, life is less a reality than a dream—at least to the young who feel sure of being happy—but it is cruel in the old and experienced to thrust the death head and crossbones of unbelief among happy children. If death has no waking, one can not laugh at another for having believed.

R. E. NAELD.

PINNELLAS, FLA.

SPIRITUALISM IN GERMANY.

TO THE EDITOR: For about a year, I have been an earnest reader of THE JOURNAL, and I know how much work you must have on your hands. I will therefore express myself in as few words as possible. The progress of the Spiritualistic movement in Germany is, in comparison with the progress made by the same in your country, very small. Spiritualism is here represented by three periodicals, *Sphinx*, *Psychische Studien* and *Spiritualistische Blatter*. The principal reason for the slow growth of Spiritualism is the positive absence of well-informed mediums. We have here a large number of people who are perfectly convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, and who nevertheless could only speak of materialization, for instance, as they would of things in Africa which they have never seen, or like a blind man speaks of colors. A Mrs. Fay from Boston visited Europe last winter; she was a very poor physical medium, and she certainly used at times some trickery. The results were very poor, as far as the cause of Spiritualism is concerned. It is perhaps not tempting for an American medium to come over here, and to meet here constantly with trouble on account of police interferences and the like, without having, on the other hand, any assurance of compensation. This, however, would not be so bad as the mediums over there would be inclined to believe. In most of our large cities, we have societies the members of which believe in Spiritualism. These are usually known by some high and "learned sounding" name, but are in reality Spiritualistic societies. No doubt, these could protect the medium against outside interference, the press and the like, and could also make such offers to the medium as would prove satisfactory from a financial standpoint. We, as representatives of the Spirit movement in Germany, envy you the constant opportunities to enlarge your knowledge, especially by visiting the yearly camp meetings. You, Mr. Editor, could certainly do something to improve our condition here. On account of your far-reaching connections, you would certainly find it simple to suggest to a well-developed medium to make a trip to Europe, where hundreds of men, desirous of learning, could offer a field for labor which certainly would prove satisfactory in every direction.

Yours, respectfully,
L. DEINHARD.

MUNCHEN, Nov. 11, 1890.

WHAT BOEHME TAUGHT.

TO THE EDITOR: Allow me warmly to congratulate you and your readers on an article in THE JOURNAL for October 11, headed "What Boehme Taught." Perhaps its rare excellence can hardly be fully perceived without previous study of his books; but it is a fact that here doctrines of his, most abstruse and difficult to apprehend, are stated with masterly clearness and precision. I do not believe that any writer upon Boehme has ever presented his teaching as to the *contrarium* of good and evil with quite so much lucidity, or with a deeper mental plummet. Where one admires greatly refusal of full assent is very disagreeable, but when I came to the passage which begins with "by the light of the Son in woman he beholds his lost manhood," protest was unavoidable. M. C. has not, I venture to say, mastered Boehme's doctrine on this point; for he applies to woman as she is, or will be under improved conditions, what Boehme attributes to "the wife of man's youth," spoken of in Malachi ii, 14 and 15, who was to his "true manhood" what the woman, separated from Adam, is now to mortal man. It is true that to that half of Adam the victorious seed of the woman was promised, and that to woman belongs the light principle of the divided "*tincture;*" but unless from that latent seed the conqueror of sin and death is generated in the soul of man or woman, human nature cannot attain the light which shines in darkness. Christ being formed in us necessarily brings to man the heavenly wisdom (Virgin Sophia), for they are inseparable—her divine corporeity forming the *reactive-passive* of the *life* of Jesus in the Christ (i. e., the anointed humanity). Woman's salutary influence may, and undoubtedly often does, promote the formation of Christ—the new creature—in the souls of men and women; but no one who is acquainted with all the writings of Boehme will admit that woman's influence is essential to this process. In support of such a positive assertion I would only refer to what he says in his Treatise on the Incarnation, part 1, chap. ix, par. 26 and 87, to the end of that chapter and to the whole of chap. xii in the same book, and to his narration of his own experience as to the "bride of Christ" in his other works. As the coexistence of this entity with the human spirit is by far the most unfathomable mystery in Boehme's revelations—one frequently implied in our Bible, but never in the least degree elucidated—it is no slight to M. C.'s intellect to affirm that to him no adequate clue regarding it has as yet been given.

A. J. PENNY.

DEVON, ENG.

IS IT ACUTENESS OF SIGHT IN THE HYPNOTIZED SUBJECT.

TO THE EDITOR: I saw an article in THE JOURNAL of September 27th, copied from the *Fortnightly Review*, by Dr. Luys, on the phenomenal acuteness of sight in the hypnotized subject during the somnambulic state. He cites cases of persons who while in the hypnotic trance could pick a marked card out of a pack of like cards without mistake, etc. It is a question whether it is acuteness of sight or not on the part of the subject. When we hypnotize a sensitive, our personalities are blended, and the two become one whole. And when the operator shuffles the cards, one of which has been previously marked, his—the operator's—mind is concentrated on the card that is marked. The operator now proceeds to test the subject's acuteness of vision by asking him to pick out the marked card, reading, etc. May it not be possible that the subject uses the operator's sense of sight for the time being? When the operator hypnotizes a subject, a mere suggestion unexpressed is all that is necessary to make the subject perform any act that the operator has in view. The operator also senses all thoughts that flow into his subject's mind, and controls them to a certain extent, and is careful not to leave any foolish or ridiculous suggestion with the subject, which would be remembered when awake. If the operator has such power or control as this over the subject, is it not possible that the subject is sensing or borrowing the intelligence that he exhibits through the mind or eyes of the operator? We know very little about hypnotism, as it is in its infancy yet, but by inquiry we may learn much. I write this as an inquiry, being a novice in hypnotism myself.

CHAS. F. WATERS.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

A FRATERNAL WORD.

TO THE EDITOR: The change in the form and general makeup of THE JOURNAL would no doubt by a majority of its readers be hailed as a great improvement. There is no disputing that the contents are—if possible—of a higher order. In its corps of correspondents is a class of deep thinkers, and in almost every article is food for much thought and reflection, yet on its first appearance in its new and changed form a feeling of sadness was produced in the mind of your correspondent, as at the loss of a dearly cherished and intimate friend who had, for so many years, walked hand in hand in advocacy of a most glorious cause; but as time, the great healer of wounded hearts, passes our attachment is being transferred to the new order of things, and ere long no doubt will be warm and steadfast as in the past. The heroic struggles of THE JOURNAL and its editor to elevate the professed Spiritualist to a higher and purer Spiritualism, and its war upon a class whose aim has been and is to make merchandise of it regardless of the low depth of infamy to which they would drag the sacred cause, has greatly endeared both THE JOURNAL and its editor to the writer. None but a determined spirit and lover of the spiritual cause could have succeeded as has THE JOURNAL against the combined attacks and false charges of this unscrupulous and parasitic class. Notwithstanding the unsavory character of most of these people, their influence has been more extended than is generally credited by the friends of THE JOURNAL. As ever, yours in love and fraternity,

ST. PAUL, MINN. M. T. C. FLOWER.

REINCARNATION.

TO THE EDITOR: It is regretable to note any intolerant dogmatism in so liberal an organ as THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, as is the stigma of "silly" unsustained by any reasoning, as quoted from Sidney Dean, ex-member of congress, by Professor Wm. James. Historicaliy considered, reincarnation is the preponderant view of ancient Oriental philosophy, Brahmin and Buddhist and Magian. In modern times it is the neo-druid, a school in which are found such thinkers as Henri Martin the French historian, and Camille Flammarion the astronomer. Many pronounced Spiritualists belong to it and it necessarily implies the intermediate state of "spirit bodies," the etheromal of Fourier's view. I do not regard it as requiring the demonstrations of personal evidence like the intermediate Spiritualism, or of conscious memory which is attributed to Teresias and to Pythagoras.

Its rationality appears to me such that so long as I held the faith in which I was educated, of providential economy and distributive justice in the system of nature, I adopted it to apologize for the discrepancies of actual facts with this optimism.

It harmonizes with that organic memory which is called instinct, and with the continuity of organic types, unbroken by the deaths of individuals.

It seems necessary to the idea of human solidarity, a theme eloquently exposed by Reynaut, who with many other authors of high rank, both ancient and modern, are extensively quoted by the Abbe Pezzani in his learned compilation on this theme.

M. E. LAZARUS, M. D.

A TEST OF SPIRIT PRESENCE.

TO THE EDITOR: One Sunday morning not long since, there happened to be present in the parlor of my residence in New York Mr. Giles, the father of my son's wife, who then lived with us; Mr. Childs, a cousin of my wife; Mr. and Mrs. Childs, friends well known to us, who were making a friendly call, my wife and myself.

We were all aware that Mrs. Childs was something of a medium, though never publicly known as such, and it was proposed that she should give us some manifestations, to which she timidly consented. Accordingly, we all gathered around the dining table in the back room, and soon a message was rapped out to the effect that if we would go up stairs to Mr. Giles' room the spirit friends present would write for us. We were not inclined to credit the unexpected promise, but it was insisted upon, and finally we all went up stairs as directed.

Almost as soon as again seated, Mrs. Childs became deeply entranced and directed my wife to take into her custody two slates which meanwhile Mr. Giles had provided. These we examined carefully, and, finding them entirely clean, my wife put them into a cambric bag, tied it up with a string, and place it before her on the table with both her hands resting upon it. Immediately we heard scratching upon the slates, and as it proceeded, Mrs. Childs seemed to see various departed friends of ours, and correctly described them to us as she then saw them in the act of writing. Our sitting occupied about an hour, when Mrs. Childs awakened from her trance, and we proceeded to examine the slates still remaining in my wife's custody.

Upon the under side of the top slate had been written, without any pencil of our provision, six distinct messages purporting to come from as many departed friends of ours, whose names we recognized, and differing widely from each other.

Mrs. Giles was something of an artist, and her message to her husband—she had breathed her exit in that room but a short time before—was authenticated by a very

well drawn daisy, such as some of us had often seen her paint, and several of the other messages were natural and pertinent, and it is quite certain that there were none of them written by any one of our company.

This account could easily be verified by all of those whom I have named as present, if it were necessary. M. B. B.

SPIRIT INFLUENCE AS AN ANÆSTHETIC.

A lady in a letter for not publication and whose name therefore is withheld, makes the following statement:

I had a tumor upon my right hand, and it became necessary to remove it. My system was much depleted by a succession of colds, and I had not my usual fortitude. The night before the operation, after I had retired, I asked my unseen visitors to make me entirely unconscious of suffering during the operation which was to take place the next day. I further said "I know that such power can be given you as to make me oblivious to the suffering incident to the removal. I now wish to place myself entirely in your keeping, and shall give it no anxiety. I have regarded your requests, and it is but just that you should consider mine." The next morning we were at the surgeon's at 12 o'clock. Everything ready, the surgeon began by spraying my hand with ether, and immediately I began to float away. Presently —— said, "——, are you here?" I replied "yes." She then said, "You look so strangely, and have such a far away look that it did not seem as if you could be here." It was suggested by the surgeon that ammonia should be used, lest I become faint. The Doctor cautioning the use, because it was so powerful. I did not realize its effects. After a short time —— said, "Are you not faint?" I replied "no, don't give yourself any anxiety about me for all is well." The operation required about thirty five minutes. and I did not realize even as much as the scratch of a pin. I was not fully myself again for twelve hours. I am quite convinced that the spiritual can entirely control the material. Spiritualism is not dead, nor sleeping. Its power is felt in many directions.

THEORIES OF SPIRIT.

To the Editor: Although my experiences as to spiritual phenamena are of a comparatively recent date and my ability of expressing myself in the English language is very limited, I notwithstanding beg leave to advance an hypothesis in relation to the remark of Warren Chase in the article "What and Where is the Spirit-world," "but that the form of individuality is objective I am not satisfied, etc." If the returning psyche of one of our loved ones, manifests itself more or less different in regard to expression of thoughts, form and appearance, the differences or discrepancies are to be ascribed to the fact, that the psyche in question is the actual "ego" of the being manifesting itself to the mortals, and separated from the mortal body must appear to itself, as well as to us, in a different light of individual existence.

Now another reason for the apparent lack of objective individuality is the spirits' necessity of availing themselves for the purpose of manifestations, of material atoms and the physical organs of the mediums and their environments; that is they have to make use of tools not their own in order to manifest their presence. Consequently we are impressed to receive merely a reproduction or a copy of the original objective psyche and individual intelligence.

H. Handrich.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

A RATIONAL AND CONSISTENT ANSWER.

To the Editor: The most rational and consistent answer to my question, "What and Where is the Spirit-world," may be found in a communication in The Journal of November 8, over the signature of "A Student." It is not in conflict with nature, reason or what we know of it, and is the best I have ever seen coming from the next life! Substantially it is what I have long believed, but I could not prove it. It is not in harmony with the Christian doctrine that we are "conceived in sin and born in iniquity," and doomed to endless misery unless saved by the Catholic church, in which the sin is removed by their christening and other rites and ceremonies. I do not see in it any evidence that life, or state of existence, is eternal unless our planet is as a world. No one has tried it "out and out," as the boy said his father had the cedar posts and proved they would last one hundred years. Warren Chase.

Cobden, Ill.

UNNECESSARY EXPLANATION.

To the Editor: In The Journal of November 22 is an item by R. S. Perrin, in which he speaks of my disgust expressed for the phenomena of Spiritualism, I do not understand what he refers to, as I have *never* spoken nor written a word expressing disgust of the phenomena, but, on the contrary, have always defended, enjoyed and admired them, and am in almost daily receipt of them now as I near the other life where the operators live.

Warren Chase.

Many people mistake honest criticism and analysis for "disgust" and downright opposition. Without intelligent consideration, all phenomena are valueless, and, in many cases, even harmful. It would seem that forty years' support of the phenomena of Spiritualism ought to entitle one to the privilege of candid expression without incurring the suspicion of "disgust" on his part.

A friend writes: The articles in The Journal on hypnotism and kindred subjects are extremely interesting, and I greatly enjoy those on industrial and economic themes. The Journal as an educator is surpassed by no paper that I know of, and in my opinion it steadily improves.

SCROFULA

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors;" which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

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Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed

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One that does stand for common sense in religion, "truth for authority", believes that religion should be friendly to science, and advocates a religious fellowship that will welcome all of every belief who are willing to work for truth, righteousness and love in the world?—

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed, under this head, are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Webster's International Dictionary of the English Language. Being the authentic edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, comprising the issues of 1864, 1879 and 1884. Now thoroughly revised and enlarged under the supervision of Noah Porter, D. D., LL. D., of Yale University, with a voluminous appendix, Springfield, Mass. Published by G. & C. Merriam & Co. 1890. Price, $10.

The great work of Noah Webster, of which the publication has been carried on by G. & C. Merriam & Co., for more than forty years, has received from time to time a succession of revisions by the most competent scholars, by which it has been kept abreast of the swift growth of the language. In the International Dictionary is now offered a new revision, the product of the labor of a large corps of workers during more than ten years. Of the present book it may be said, in a word, that in the thoroughness and completeness of its reconstruction it surpasses even the edition of 1864.

Hitherto the title page has borne the heading, "An American Dictionary of the English Language." The present substitution of "International" for "American" marks an accomplished change in the relations of the English-speaking peoples. It is not their separation, but their community, which is now emphasized by the best thought and feeling in every department of life and literature.

Any complete dictionary of the English language must be so comprehensive in its scope, and at the same time so true to those canons of the best usage which are everywhere acknowledged, that it shall be serviceable to the inhabitants of Great Britain, of the United States, of Canada, of Australia, and to the English-speaking population of India and of Africa. The extension over the earth of the race elements that use it as their mother tongue, and the strengthening bond of unity among all English-speaking peoples, are among the most significant and beneficent facts of the age. It is in recognition of this, and of the wide use of Webster's Dictionary as an authority in Great Britain and its dependencies, as well as in the United States, that the present edition is distinctively called "The International."

The enumeration on pages three and four of the staff employed upon the general work of this revision, and of the special contributors to various departments, will show something of the wealth of labor and scholarship bestowed upon the volume, The preceding edition, with all its supplementary matter, has been restudied line by line. A close comparison has been made with a whole library of the most recent authoritative works in philology and in all branches of knowledge that include new usages of speech. Upon technical subjects eminent specialists have been employed, and their contributions have been carefully harmonized in form with the general principles of the revision.

As a comprehensive popular dictionary, Webster's International is worthy to retain that preëminence which has long been held by Webster's Unabridged. It embodies the ripest results of modern philology, in the degree and form appropriate to a work of its class. It is neither a library nor an encyclopedia, but it is a dictionary designed to meet the everyday needs of all who write or speak the English tongue. It retains that excellence in definitions which has made Webster the safe and familiar authority to which judge, journalist, scholar, artisan, and man of business refer. In etymology, pronunciation, citations, pictorial illustrations, it carries to greater perfection the merits of its predecessor. It adequately represents the vast and various advances in all departments of thought and knowledge in recent years.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Religion of Man and Ethics of Science. Hudson Tuttle. New York: M. L. Holbrook & Co. Price $1.25; Researches in Oriental History. Geo. W. Brown, M. D. Published by the author, Rockford, Ill. Second Edition. Price $1.50; The Voice in Speech and Song. Theodore E. Schmauk, New York: John B. Alden. Price 75 cents; Life. A Novel William W. Wheeler. New York: American News Co.; His Honor; or Fate's Mysteries. Cynthia E. Cleveland. New York: American News Co. Price, paper cover, 50 cents; News from Nowhere; or, An Epoch of Rest. William Morris. Boston: Roberts Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1,00.

The following from Lee & Shepard, Boston; A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago: Summerland. Margaret MacDonald Pullman. Illustrated. Price $3.75; Pards. A Story of two Homeless Boys. Effie W. Merriman. Price $1.00; Cudjo's Cave. J. T. Trowbridge. Good Company Series. Price 50 cents.

The following from United States Book Co., New York: By Whose Hand? and By a Hair's Breadth. Edith Sessions Tupper; Heart of Gold. L. T. Meade; Famous or Infamous. Bertha Thomas; Alas! Rhoda Broughton; It Happened this Way. Rose Eytinge and S. Ada Fisher. Price 50 cents each; Missing—A Young Girl. Florence Warden; Work While Ye Have the Light. Count Lyof Tolstoi. Translated by E. J. Dillon, Ph. D.; He Went for a Soldier. John Strange Winter. Price each 25 cents.

FOREIGN PUBLICATIONS.

L'Aurore du Jour Nouveau. Organe du Christianisme Esoterique (Organ of Esoteric Christianity) contains "Notes Hermetiques," by Edward Maitland; The Missionary Role of Theosophy, translation from an article from "The Path," by Alexander Fullerton, and, as a supplement, a translation of "The Perfect Way" of Anna Kingsford and Edward Maitland. Madame Duchesse de Pomar, in a reply to an observation of l'Abbe Rocca in the September number of the magazine, makes a vigorous defense of her own views of the nature of Christ, especially claiming "that the feminine intuition is capable of attaining the greatest heights of spiritual thought in advance of the masculine intellect, which accepts not without doubting and without hesitating the divine inspiration." Jules Doinel, in an article, "La Gnos,e" the Gnosis or Doctrine of the Gnostics, unfolds the theory of Valentininus, the most thorough teacher of 'The Gnosis.'"

Madame Blavatsky, in an article "An Astral Prophet," details a remarkable prophecy concerning General Yermoloff, "one of the most remarkable military heroes of our age," and thereupon asserts that the prophecy was a revelation of the "Superior Ego" to the personality known as Yermoloff; the superior ego knowing all the past, present and future of the individual.

Psychische Studien for October contains, among other interesting matter, Clairvoyance, by Carl du Prel, in which he declares that it is not necessary to account for this phase by supposing there is a sixth sense.

"In Spiritism Jugglery," by Dr. C. Wittig, a review of an article of Dr. Max Dessoir, in which Dessoir is quoted as compelled to confess that "after all possible and probable explanations of the various phenomena witnessed in the cases of Home and Slade, and before the Seybert Commission, there still remains a fraction—certainly a very small fraction—of spirit phenomena which he is not in a condition to explain with the aid of the conjurer's art."

C. Wittig also has a continuation of an article combating the materialistic view of Prof. Preyer with reference to the Principle of Life. Interesting also is the article "Some Ghostly Experiences in Old Leipzig." This publication, edited and published by Alexander Asakoff, seems to be thoroughly imbued with the spirit of scientific investigation.

El Bien Social is the name of a gratuitous publication of the Mexican Philanthropic Society (La Sociedad Filanthropica Mexicana) designed "for the instruction and moral improvement of the people." The two leaflets of October 15th and November 1st have articles rebuking the attendance of women and children on public executions, against duelling and usury, and translations of articles on Light, by Flammarion; Frugality, by Smiles, and biographical sketches of Mahomet and Alexander the Great.

The report of the president, Sr. Francisco Diaz de Leon, of the operations of this benevolent institution shows a steady increase of its beneficent work, and gives a pleasing view of a scheme of philanthropy worked in the interest of no sect and of no religious body in the city of Mexico.

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they *ACT LIKE MAGIC, Strengthening* the muscular *System,* restoring long-lost *Complexion,* bringing back the *keen edge of appetite,* and arousing with the *ROSEBUD OF HEALTH* the *whole physical energy* of the human frame. One of the best guarantees to the *Nervous and Debilitated* is that BEECHAM'S PILLS HAVE THE LARGEST SALE OF ANY PROPRIETARY MEDICINE IN THE WORLD.
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Join the Alliance!
Join the Alliance!
And help to right our wrongs.

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From East and West and South,
From Huron's heaving waters,
To Mississippi's mouth,
Is heard a swelling murmur,
A low, but ominous sound—
The farmer hosts are gathering
Upon the battle ground!

Our fifteen million farmers
Are rising in their might;
They are girding on their armor
And training for the fight;
They'll teach the politicians
In legislative hall,
They must respect the farmer,
Who clothes and feeds them all.

—E. GRUMDINE,

SINNERS AGAINST SUNDAY.

Oh, deliver us all from the man too good
To laugh and be glad on Sunday,
For it's ten to one he's not got enough
Of religion to last till Monday.

Who supposes the Lord set His day apart
As of all days the day most dismal?
Who imagines he meant to have Sunday sunk
In a depth of gloom abyssmal?

Are the skies less blue or the birds less blythe,
Or the flowers less sweet on Sunday?
Or does Nature bottle her glad wine up
And forbid us to drink on one day?

If some long-faced, lugubrious sons of men
Had their way there'd be no sunshine
On the Sabbath—of all the starry host
That night they'd not let one shine.

Oh, deliver us from all the women and men
Who, from Saturday until Monday,
Do their level best to make children hate
The sight and the sound of Sunday!

To them 'tis a crime to enjoy God's works,
Oh, their piety's so prodigious,
It's a wonder they don't set Dame Nature down
As a sinner most sacrilegious!

Did they stop to think, they'd no doubt indict
Her for running her workshop Sunday,
And swear 'twas heretical not to stop
Her machinery on one day.

They'd pronounce it profane for the birds to sing
And the streams to keep on flowing
On a Sunday, and say 'twas an impious thing
For the grasses to go on growing.

And yet when they come to gather their crops,
Do they never think, on a Monday,
What they'd do if God didn't smile on His world
On all days, including Sunday?

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An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail, by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 Powers' Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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I do not like to hear him pray
On bended knee about an hour
For grace to spend aright the day,
Who knows his neighbor has no flour.

I'd rather see him go to mill
And buy the luckless brother bread,
And see his children eat their fill
And laugh beneath their humble shed.

I do not like to hear him pray,
"Let blessings on the widow be,"
Who never seeks her home to say
"If want o'ertake you come to me."

I hate the prayer loud and long
That's offered for the orphan's weal,
By him who sees him crushed by wrong,
And only with his lips doth feel.

I do not like to hear her pray
With jeweled ear and silken dress,
Whose washerwoman toils all day,
And then is asked to work for less.

Such pious shavers I despise;
With folded hands and face demure,
They lift to heaven their "angel eyes,"
And steal the earnings of the poor.

I do not like such soulless prayers;
If wrong, I hope to be forgiven;
No angel wing them upward bears;
They're lost a million miles from heaven.

ALL SORTS OF GIRLS.

There's the pretty girl
And the witty girl,
And the girl that bangs her hair;
The girl that's a flirt,
And the girl that is pert,
And the girl with the baby stare.

There's the dowdy girl,
And the rowdy girl,
And the girl that is always late;
There's the girl of style,
And the girl of wile,
And the girl with the mincing gait.

There's the tender girl,
And the slender girl,
And the girl that says her prapers;
There's the haughty girl
And the naughty girl,
And the girl that puts on airs.

There's the tolu girl,
And the "fool you" girl,
And the girl that bets on races;
There's the candy girl,
And the handy girl,
And the girl that has two faces.

There's the well-bred girl,
And the well-read girl,
And the girl with the sense of duty;
There's the dainty girl,
And the "fainty" girl
And the girl that has no beauty.

There are many others,
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HYPNOTISM AND THE OPIUM HABIT.

There is nothing more amusing than the haste with which the medical profession adopts a therapeutic agent which has long been familiar to and used in the practice of "irregulars" and "common people," when once it has been stamped with the approval of some great name, unless it be the bigoted opposition always preceding the adoption. For hundreds of years, hypnotism has been successfully used as a curative agent in the East, and for more than fifty years it has been used to alleviate suffering and to cure diseases by such men as J. R. Buchanan, Samuel Underhill, Laroy Sunderland, W. B. Fahnestock and others in this country; and its potency was thoroughly proven by Mesmer and others an hundred years ago. Now that the medical profession in America have the authority of eminent French and German physicians to back them, they are tumbling over one another in their haste to exploit their skill and success in the use of an agent whose existence they stoutly denied but yesterday, as it were.

An associated press dispatch, published in the dailies last Monday morning, and sent from San Francisco the night before, says: Frank Edwards, a young opium taker now in the house of correction, claims to have been cured of the vice by hypnotism, under the influence of Dr. Brown, the jail physician. Brown has great mesmeric force. He determined to try hypnotizing Edwards, because he feared the prisoner would become insane from craving for the drug. He obtained such complete control over Edwards that the young man enjoyed the first refreshing sleep he has known for years, gained flesh, and lost all desire for opium, which has been necessary to his existence for years. A fellow prisoner who didn't believe in his reform offered him some gum opium, but it made Edwards sick, although before being hypnotized he would have enjoyed it. The physicians are undecided about the permanency of the effect, but Dr. Brown will make experiments and test his theory.

If these learned doctors will take the trouble to study the literature of mesmerism, they will find much that will inform them; and which will teach them that they are only novices in a field well worked by men of whom they never heard. Undoubtedly, within the next few years the hustlers in the medical trade will be besieging forty odd state legislatures to give them a monopoly in handling a curative agent which God has placed within reach of every family without price.

"ANCIENT WISDOM" AT GRAND RAPIDS.

Although Grand Rapids, Mich., is preeminently a rushing, money-making city, it has a large class among its leading citizens interested in occult matters. The *Telegram-Herald* of that city for November 26 says:

W. S. Gunn, one of our most successful and representative pioneer merchants, and his estimable wife, have opened their parlors to a series of lectures on the "Ancient Wisdom," which are now being delivered before a select class of the brightest and most advanced minds in our city.

The lecturer, Dr. W. P. Phelon, of Chicago, has won place among the occultists of the country, by his untiring pursuit of this line of thought. He is well known as the senior editor of *The Hermetist*, an occult monthly, and joint author of "Three Sevens," a work describing the ancient initiations. Personally, the doctor is tall, spare and gray, with a grave, kindly face, and eyes which have the far away look of the mystic.

A PROMISING AND NEEDED VENTURE.

Mr. J. J. Morse, assisted by his daughter Forence, has started a monthly magazine in Liverpool entitled *The Lyceum Banner*. It is devoted to the interests of children's lyceums and ought to be a great success. The crowning defect of the Spiritualist movement is the neglect to instruct children and youth in the philosophy of Spiritualism, and to interest them in progressive thought generally. No movement looking to the development of the spiritual and moral nature can ever be permanently great or long-lived that does not attract children, youth, and those in early manhood. THE JOURNAL welcomes the advent of *The Lyceum Banner*.

Mrs. F. L. Atkins is giving a course of lectures upon art in Unity Church parlors, corner of Dearborn avenue and Walton place, on Saturdays at 3:30 p. m. Reviews will be given of the history of the various Italian Republics (Amalfi, Naples, Pisa, Florence, Venice, Siena, Milan, etc.,) and of the development of their architectural styles, sculpture and painting; with accounts of the lives of the most famous artists, and of the religious beliefs, legendary or Christian, which inspired their works. Each lecture will be fully illustrated with the stereopticon. The pictures will comprise views of the principal buildings, paintings and sculptures of the great masters, portraits of artists and other eminent personages, maps of cities, plans of churches, galleries, etc. These views were collected by Mrs. Atkins during an extended trip through Europe with special reference to this work. Printed topic papers, carefully prepared, containing the subject headings of the various lessons, with lists of books for reference, will be given to the members of the class as guides for study. The price for the first ten lectures, or short course, will be five dollars; for the full course of twenty four lectures, ten dollars.

At Hartford, Mich., there will be held on December 6th and 7th a quarterly convention of Spiritualists. The meetings will be in the opera house, and the usual hospitalities will be extended to visitors. Among the speakers announced are Mr. L. V. Moulton, Mrs. A. N. Wisner and Mrs. Adah Sheehan. "All mediums are invited;" and "a general attendance of all members is desired, as important business will come before the association."

Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson has written an essay on "The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature," in which the principles of the novelist's art are examined, while especial attention is paid to the consideration of the moral aspects of the novel and of its influence for good and evil. Longmans, Green & Co. will publish it.

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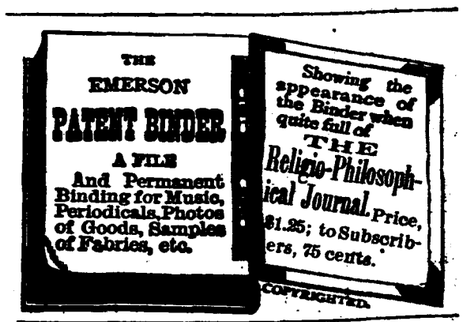
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ESTABLISHED 1865. CHICAGO, DEC. 13, 1890. NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 29.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Japan's first parliament was opened in November. It has 300 members. 109 of these are from the upper classes. The remainder represent the common people.

The constitution of Montana is a document supposed to embody the accumulated experiences and wisdom of all the older states of the union. But in the copy published at Helena "by authority," section 8 of article ix reads as follows: "No idiot or insane person shall not be entitled to vote at any election in this state."

Dr. Pean recently read a paper on Professor Koch's remedy before a host of medical men in the amphitheater of the St. Louis hospital, Paris. In regard to the experiments with lymph Dr. Pean said in substance: We are still in the experimental stage and are not yet able to deduce definite conclusions. You must not declare that these experiments demonstrate that Professor Koch has discovered an effective cure. It is certain that he has discovered a remedy that promises to render good service, but we must wait to know whether it will effect permanent cures."

Reports of meetings of the National Farmers' Alliance show considerable diversity of views in the organization as to current issues. The importance of unanimity in what is undertaken is at this time all important to the organization. "True unanimity," says Bacon, "is that which proceeds from free judgments arriving at the same conclusion after an investigation of the fact." This is the kind of unanimity the Farmers' Alliance needs. It will probably best compass its objects by working through parties already established, instead of forming a new political party. A class party is not desirable.

The question arose last week with the New York collector of customs whether the lymph for the cure of consumption, sent by Dr. Koch to Dr. Abraham Jacobi of New York, was subject to duty. "What is lymph?" Collector Erhardt asked: "Does it contain alcohol? Is it a proprietary preparation? What is its commercial value? These are some of the questions to be answered in connection with an importation of lymph, and I assume that a chemical analysis by the appraiser's department will be the best means of answering them. Dutiable goods sent through the mail are forfeited. The absence of intent to smuggle does not help the matter. Postmaster Van Cott has no discretion in dealing with dutiable articles, even if they pass through the postoffice. They are wholly within the jurisdiction of the customs authorities."

In Russia recently a long train filled with passengers was stopped by order of the government in a desolate place. The passengers were compelled to step from the cars into the fields and the train was set off on a side track. No one on the train knew the significance of the startling performance. There in the fields for seven hours the people waited, and then suddenly another train came out of the darkness and flashed past the wondering company. After the passage of the flying train the passengers were told that they might get aboard their own cars and they did so and resumed their journey. They were informed subsequently that the flying express bore the sacred person of his majesty, the Czar, who was fleeing like a hunted beast to his capital. The reason of the nocturnal performance may be summed up in a word, "nihilism!" Think of it. The ruler of a great nation so abjectly afraid of his own people that he has to flee like a criminal from one city of his realm to another. The power the Czar is able to wield through the military arm of the government and force of habit on the part of the people alone constrain to obedience and pretended allegiance. How long can a government maintain itself in the face of an almost universal hostile public sentiment?

One of the "sweet revenges" of time—a demonstration of the resurrection of "Truth crushed to earth" is the recent republication of Mary Wolstoncraft's "Vindication of the Rights of Woman," first published in 1794, and which met with a storm of religious vituperation second only to that which greeted Paine's "Age of Reason." But in the whirligig of time it is now not only given the honor of a republication by a first-class publisher, with a complimentary introduction by Millicent Garrett Fawcett, mother of England's girl senior wrangler, but is offered as a premium and desirable Christmas book by the Boston *Woman's Journal*, which is nothing if not conservative in religion; while the staid New York *Independent* in its notice of the work confesses that "public opinion has now approached to substantially Mary Wolstoncraft's position" on the woman question.

Mr. B. F. Underwood has been lecturing in New York and Brooklyn. The New York *Times*, of December 1st, says: "The members of the Brooklyn Ethical Society listened to a lecture on Spencer's Synthetic Philosophy by Benjamin F. Underwood of Chicago, at the Second Unitarian church, Clinton and Congress streets, Brooklyn, last evening. Mr. Underwood's audience paid him the strictest attention while he told what the work of Spencer had been, first, in supplying a ground on which realists and idealists could find a compromise in the experiential philosophy, and, secondly, in establishing the truth of evolution. Mr. Spencer, the lecturer said, could not be said by his philosophy to have denied the possibility of a future state of existence. The absolute demonstration of immortality would not, he thought, make it necessary for any modification to be made in the system as now set forth. On the other hand, Spencer does not, as some materialists claim, lean to the other side and afford any assistance to what they speak of as the superstition of religion. The main truth of evolution is simply that every state or condition is a slight modification of a previous condition, an advance toward coherency, heterogeneity, and definiteness. Mr. Underwood was warmly applauded after the close of his lecture, and after a short discussion by members of the society, in the course of which he received many compliments and some criticism, was elected a corresponding member." The Brooklyn *Eagle* published an extended report of the lecture given in that city.

The passage in the House last week of the international copyright bill by a vote of 139 to 95 yeas is in marked contrast to the defeat of the earlier bill some months ago by a vote of only 98 yeas to 129 nays cast against it. The condemnation of the former unfavorable action of the House by public opinion as represented by the press of the country, has doubtless contributed to the success of the present measure. By the new bill the privilege of copyright to foreign authors is confined to those countries in which the same privilege is obtainable by American authors. Provision also is made that all books copyrighted under the act shall be printed from type set within the United States or from plates made therefrom. There is no doubt that the bill will be passed by the Senate and signed by President Harrison who urged the enactment in his latest message. In the first copyright statute of this country, which was enacted in 1790, Congress announced that no foreign authors need apply for protection; only to Americans was copyright granted. Under this and succeeding statutes for a hundred years the productions of foreign men of letters have been in the United States legitimate subjects of piracy, and in consequence American writers have been refused protection in foreign countries. The new law will be the means of securing copyright abroad for American authors. The English government has the power under an act of Parliament to extend by an order in council copyright to any foreign nation that grants to British authors the same privileges.

Unitarians have a keen sense of humor, but do not consider it in good form to give it out except in high dilutions, so to speak, in which the ordinary mortal fails to appreciate it. Our esteemed contemporary of *The Christian Register* is, however, not a high dilutionist, seldom attenuating his sparkling wit and health-giving humor beyond the sixth degree, and often administering the "mother tincture." Sometime since *The Presbyterian* published an advertisement reading thus: "We know an excellent opening in Illinois for thirty horse-collar makers. Must be good workmen, and members of a Presbyterian church. Address," etc. *The Christian Register* comments on this specimen of Christianity in the following fashion: "The exact relation between horse collars and Presbyterianism so imperatively set forth in this advertisement is not evident to the general reader. The horse, though figuring as a religious animal in the Bible from Genesis to Revelation, is not known to be partial to Presbyterianism, nor does it appear that Presbyterianism is an essential ingredient in horse collars. Neither in the noun nor the adjective, then, is the connection evident. A collar stuffed with the Westminster Confession would be too tight and very apt to gall a horse's neck. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals would be obliged to insist on a revised version. Some of the best horse collars we have seen have been made in state prisons. Yet we doubt if more than four out of five of state prison convicts are Presbyterians. In every thirty collar makers there would probably be half a dozen, then, who did not belong to Presbyterian churches. Are these to be excluded from this excellent opening in Illinois because they happen to be Methodists, Baptists, or Catholics? This advertisement shows the peculiar commercial form which the doctrine of election may sometimes take."

A CASE OF DUAL PERSONALITY.

The American branch of the Society for Psychical Research held a meeting on Tuesday evening, December 2d, in Boston at the amphitheater of the Society of Natural History. Professor William James occupied the chair. Dr. Richard Hodgson read the minutes of the previous meeting which was held last March. Professor James then said in substance: We appear to have lost nothing by becoming merged in the English society and parting with our own council. Our membership is now 440, as compared with 350 a year ago. The results of our work were never more encouraging. Between 4,000 and 5,000 answers have been received to the hallucination circulars, of which about one-tenth have been positively in the affirmative. That is, we have now the records of about 400 persons who have had hallucinations, the circumstances of which bear investigation and yield scientifically valuable data. Our report upon this branch of the work will be ready by next summer. Not so many persons as formerly are now joining the society through purely sensational considerations. A deeper scientific interest is manifest. The members generally realize that patience and time are required in this department of research as well as in other branches of science, in order to secure satisfactory results. We must mass together a great number of cases before being able to draw trustworthy deductions from them, but these deductions are sure to follow, I am confident, sooner or later.

Professor James described a case of double personality of a so-called ambulatory type, which he had investigated. The subject is a man about sixty years of age, a carpenter by trade, until 1857, when he became an itinerant preacher, having been, as he thought, miraculously converted. In 1887 he abandoned preaching and returned to his trade of carpentering. One day while living in Greene, R. I., he suddenly disappeared from his home. Every effort to find him was unavailing. Two months later, in Morristown, Pa., a man named Brown, who kept a little candy store, woke up in the middle of the night and found himself in a strange place. His bed, the room in which he lay and the shop into which he groped his way were so unfamiliar to him that he was alarmed. He cried for help, fearing he would be taken for a burglar. The neighbors rushed out in the night and found the candy merchant in an unaccountable state. "Where am I? Who am I? Who are you?" he cried in great perturbation. He was thought to be crazy. When told that his name was Brown he denied it and gave his true name—that of the erstwhile preacher and carpenter. The village doctor, who pronounced the case one of mania, communicated with alleged relatives in Rhode Island and found Brown's assertions in regard to himself to be true. But Brown now had no recollection of his experience in the candy store, and was unable to explain how he had got from Rhode Island to Pennsylvania. All that could be learned was that the man had been away from home two months, six weeks of which he had spent at Morristown. In the course of time, when he was at home pursuing his trade of carpenter, he was induced by Professor James to visit Cambridge and to be hypnotized. The Professor believed that in a hypnotic state the man would remember his Brown experience. And so he did. He gave a circumstantial account of his movements during the two weeks that had been up to that time a mystery. Under the impression that there was trouble in store for him he had taken a horse car to Pawtucket, and proceed thence to New York, stopping one night at the Grand Union Hotel and going the next day to Philadephia, stopping there two days, and then proceeding to Morristown, having seen an advertisement of a small business for sale there. Such was his story when he was in the hypnotic condition. While in his waking state he had no recollection of his experience as Brown. "His Brown experience," said Professor James, "was a weak, insipid, diluted extract of his normal personality." He was hypnotized many times. but all attempts to effect even a partial fusion of his Brown condition and his normal condition were unsuccessful. But the hypnotic memory became more and more feeble until finally he could recollect only the barest outlines of his Brown experience, which was verified even to the street and number of his boarding house in Philadelphia. Professor James pronounced this example of dual personality one of the most complete on record.

The real name of this hypnotic subject, which does not appear in Professor James's Boston address, is Bourne. During a "revival" thirty years ago at Westerly, R. I., where he lived, he lost the power of speech which was restored to him at one of the religious meetings at which he was present. At previous meetings he had appeared as one who had been stricken dumb on account of his sins. He had risen for prayers and had held up his hands in an impressive manner as one whose condition was the result of his having been, on account of his blasphemy, smitten by the Almighty. His presence at the meetings, especially his regaining the power of speech, amid the excitement of a revival, was the means of converting and adding to the church scores, if not hundreds. His experience was quite generally regarded as supernatural; but the physicians did not give their support to the claims of the preachers, and after a while the case came to be regarded as one of a mind diseased. And now thirty years later he appears again the subject of a remarkable psychical experience.

SPIRITUALISM OR MATERIALISM, WHICH.

Which is the more reasonable as a philosophy, Spiritualism or materialism? Is it more in accord with the highest reason to ascribe all phenomena to the motion of insensate atoms or to a principle of life and thought? Atoms are supposed to be hard, variously shaped and indivisible particles, without purpose or design, without consciousness, without sentience, without life. Their activity consists, it is alleged, in change of space relations. Two or more atoms combine and produce a molecule; molecules combine and produce elements like oxygen, gold and iron; elements unite and produce compound substances like water, salt and rock. Is it conceivable that these atoms by any number of motions or variety of relations can give rise to feeling and thought? Remember that feeling and thought are not merely motions, are not simply objective changes, are not indeed anything external to the individual who experiences the conscious states, but on the contrary, are subjective experiences, are what enables somebody or something to say, "I feel, I think, I am conscious that I exist; I am conscious also that other beings exist, that there is a realm of being outside of myself." Is it possible for insensate atoms, by any possible combinations, to give rise to consciousness, between which and mere motions of matter there is nothing in common? How can motion be converted into thought? How can change of material particles as to nearness to, or distance from one another, be converted into knowledge or perception of these changes? One kind of molecular motion can be replaced by another kind of molecular motion, when the motion known as heat is replaced by the motion known as electricity; but how can these changes in the motions of material particles generate a new quality, namely, awareness that these changes are taking place?

What has materialism to say as to the passage from molecular physics to consciousness? Is there any such passage? Is such passage conceivable? Is such passage provable? Is such passage possible?

If material motion is not convertible into mental action, materialism as a philosophy, has no valid basis. If such conversion is a fact of science or is susceptible of any kind of proof, or is conceivable even as an hypothesis, why do not materialists attempt to show this either by *a priori* or by *a posteriori* reasoning? The fact is the leading doctrine of materialism is a mere dogma, as much so as that of the trinity or the incarnation. It is no more provable, no more conceivable than the doctrine of the creation of something out of nothing.

If consciousness can not be produced by the motions of atoms then it must have some basis deeper than atomic or molecular motion, some basis of which probably material motion is but a phenomenal manifestation. What is the basis? What but mind can give rise to mental phenomena? What other basis than a psychical one can account for psychical phenomena? Feeling is a primary fact of personal existence. If feeling can not result from the motions of particles that have no feeling, no life, then feeling must have some other than a material basis, and that basis must be in some way psychical. In other words consciousness, feeling, emotion, thought, intellect, must belong to an order to which the motion of matter is but secondary. The ultimate cause must be above and superior to matter. The relation of brain and thought must be concomitant and not causal. The brain does not think, but serves as an instrument by which a psychical or spiritual being manifests itself under the limitations of sense perception and material environment.

Independently of any special manifestations of spirit existence, it is evident that matter is but a manifestation, under the limitations of the organs of sense, of a deeper reality which is clearly identifiable with mind. Spiritualism is therefore justified, apart from merely special manifestations, on strictly scientific and philosophical grounds. Materialism, as a philosophy, is obsolete among thinkers. Will the editor of the *Twentieth Century* please make a note of this fact?

BOSWORTH STREET SOLICITUDE.

At the junction of two alleys, one of which is called Bosworth street, in the ancient city of Boston, is published our esteemed contemporary, *The Banner of Light*. The dear old soul who thinks he edits that paper has just discovered another source of solicitude and thereby added to his happiness—for he is never happy unless miserable. Having about exhausted all that part of his vital energy which can be wrought into support of and sympathy for the nimble dark-séance-and-cabinet workers, the good old man seeks comfort by materializing doubts as to the success of the "Columbian Exhibition," as he call it. Here is his song of sorrow:

According to present appearances the exhibition as planned for Chicago in 1893 is in serious danger of collapse. It seems that several of the head managers are in receipt in advance of large salaries, and have been called to account in consequence by those who object to their present methods. Whether or not the dual authorities there become so bitter as to endanger the success of the fair remains to be seen. Should this be the case the enterprise would result in failure, and Congress would be called upon by the national commission to repeal the act that selected Chicago as the most proper locality for the fair. It would be a lasting disgrace to this country to have the Columbian Exhibition fail through the cupidity of its appointed managers. As '92 is the time the fair should be held, many people are dissatisfied because it has been delayed until '93. This being the case, it is already mooted to hold fairs in New York City, and other places, in the autumn of '92, celebrating the great Columbian era. A call in New York, we understand, has already been mooted, to prepare for such a fair, and a series of festivals to be held during September and October, 1892. Under these circumstances Chicago must look out or she will be shorn of her laurels.

The collapse is all in the eye of this anxious Bostonian. He is blinded by the reflection from New York's brass mirror. There is a fund of $10,000,000 in hand, and a thousand acres of land on which to spend it. The United States government will have to expend several millions more in properly presenting its own exhibit. There has been less friction among the managers than might have been expected in the two bodies, and everything is now working rapidly and smoothly. Boston, New York, Amesbury, Cape Cod hamlets, Onset, Deerfield and other towns of declining renown in the east may hold all the side shows they can buy cotton to outfit, and they may coax all the pennies and nickels out of straggling visitors they can—and their ability in coaxing is great—yet will Chicago not protest. "Westward the star of empire takes its way"; and on the shores of Lake Michigan, in a city of over 1,000,000 people, on a site where the Indian and the prairie wolf held sway and the frogs gave great concerts no longer ago than the early manhood of the *Banner's* editor, in that city by the inland sea and on that site will be held the grandest exposi-

tion of civilization and human progress ever seen on this globe. To this stupendous affair we cordially invite our Bosworth street contemporary, with the assurance that he shall be well cared for and that no evil spirits shall molest him.

JUSTICE FOR THE JEWS.

That a broad spirit of humanity is rapidly dominating bigotry and prejudice is daily evidenced in one way and another. Lately a convention of Christian ministers and Jewish rabbis was held in a Methodist church in this city, at which the followers of Jesus were so considerate of the feelings of their Hebrew brethren as to wholly refrain from the use of the name of their master. While from a sectarian standpoint their action seems inconsistent, uncalled for, and bad policy for them, it does credit to their hearts; and they can afford to have their heads thumped by their more consistent but less humane brethren. Following quickly on the heels of this Christo-Jewish love feast the following plea for justice to the Jews appeared in a daily paper, with the hearty approval of clergymen of various sects:

In the dark ages, when history was unknown and when Jews were looked upon as especial foes of Christianity, no one then reflected that descendants of that race were the founders of Christianity; that its Divine Author in his human capacity was a Jew, a descendant of King David. The Apostles and Evangelists were all Jews. In these days of enlightenment and in this great country of America, which gives equal rights to all men, we believe a more Christlike action would be to evince a spirit of brotherly love and good will to all mankind. That religious prejudice shall have no sway, man should look upon man as his brother, of whatever creed, all being the children of one God.

It has been noticed that certain educational institutes have closed their doors against all Jewish children; that certain hotels will not heed the applications of Jewish families, be they ever so refined and cultured. This is un-Christian and un-American, for none will gainsay that there are among the Jews of this country families of high birth, education, refinement, and wealth, who can look with pride upon their members, who possess genius and talent, whom we should meet as our equals in any sphere. Let us be just to the Jews—discriminate between the cultured as with other American citizens—not encourage ostracism to those who are entitled to our esteem and respect.

Bigoted prejudice should be relegated to the dark ages and not countenanced in the enlightened nineteenth century.

W. M. Salter, resident lecturer of the Society for Ethical Culture, headed the list of endorsers with these words: "The humanitarian aim of this I thoroughly endorse." He is followed by the endorsement, in more or less emphatic terms, of the leading ministers of the city including Orthodox, Unitarian, and Swedenborgian; as well as of Swing, Thomas and J. Ll. Jones whose particular theological footing no man knoweth, but who may for convenience sake be called Independents.

SOCIALISTIC COMMUNITIES.

The latest outcome of the socialistic furore which began with the publication of Bellamy's "Looking Backward," is the ideal colony planned by Mrs. Olive T. Washburn, a prominent and wealthy Spiritualist of Santa Clara county, Cal., to be established on the Nationalistic ideas embodied in that book. She proposes to give the use of her home farm, comprising seventeen hundred acres of good land in the beautiful Santa Clara valley for the realization of her philanthropic scheme. A number of cottages have already been erected and applications for membership are coming in daily. The name of the new enterprise is "The Justitia Home Coöperative Colony." To a reporter who recenty interviewed her, Mrs. Washburn made the following statement: "We are erecting a number of buildings, and four persons have become colonists. They are working the ranch and express themselves as entirely satisfied with the arrangements. I intend to conduct this affair my own way and by the advice of a departed spirit. I am a Spiritualist and have my plan which I have not made known to the world as yet. I will not permit the organization of any stock company, nor do I intend to deed the property to a board of trustees. It shall remain in my own name. If any person joins the colony and wishes to withdraw I will return the one hundred dollars initiation fee upon a notice of three months. My hope is to place twenty-five or thirty families on the ranch, allow them to manage it themselves, and have a world of their own, as it were."

So far as outlined the new scheme is planned on common-sense ideas—if only those ideas will work out in the manner projected. Among the list of questions prepared for applicants for membership, to which favorable replies are expected, are such as these: "Have you maintained yourself in a creditable manner for the last year? Are you industrious, frugal, and saving when you work for yourself? Do you use tobacco in any form as a habit, or intoxicating drinks of any kind as a beverage? If so, will you promise to discontinue their use by the aid of medical treatment? Do you know that any valuables that you may bring to the colony, such as horses, cows, chickens, furniture, books, etc., you will be allowed full value for, and be credited on your life membership with their appraised value? Do you know you will receive thirty cents an hour in time checks for labor performed? Will you always conscientiously strive to make harmony, preserve order, keep the peace, avoid tattling, news-carrying, eaves-dropping, and do all else, and whatever can be done to promote the love, harmony, peace, and prosperity of our commonwealth?"

Recalling the fate of other generous donors to previous experiments of this sort, we think Mrs. Washburn shows good judgment in keeping her property in her own name, and while we heartily wish for her success equal to her benevolent intention in her enterprise, we still doubt very much whether she gets it.

There has ever been a wonderful fascination to the minds of idealist thinkers from the days of—and previous to—Plato, to our own, in the dream of a possible community of men and women working together so harmoniously toward the highest good for all that each and every individual of such community should be happy, well fed and clothed, and injustice be unknown. It is such an ideal ever in the minds of lovers of the true and good which gave us Plato's "Republic," More's "Utopia" and Bellamy's "Looking Backward," with hundreds of other dreams of like character running through all ages, because ever haunting, and ever longed for by the mind of man. Over and over again, also, practical humanitarians, believing in this dream have tried the experiment of making this ideal community a reality by founding socialistic communities where property was to be held in common, every individual a contributor to the commonwealth, giving both work and wealth, and every member sharing equally in both, without regard to the large or small comparative amount of his own contribution. But so far nearly every attempt of the kind, no matter how carefully planned, has proved a disheartening failure, nor can we understand how any student of the world's history, and of humanity, can expect anything else but ultimate failure for any new scheme of the sort, however carefully considered the provision against such failure. Those enthusiasts, who, like Mrs. Washburn, hopefully inspired by a romance like "Looking Backward"—which unlike reality, can not take into consideration the unexpected developments in human nature which are forever cropping out in actual life—should before undertaking the realization of their communistic ideal, read carefully such records of the wrecked projects of other earlier philanthropic dreamers, as they will find in Noyes' "History of American Socialism," published some twenty years ago, which gives the history of the many attempts to keep together successfully the numerous organizations on the communistic plan which have had their origin in this country. A few of these organizations, like Noyes' own, the Oneida (N. Y.) community, were held together for a longer lease of life than the rest, by the will power and personal strength of character of some one man. Since Noyes' book was written, and even before the death of that remarkable man, the community which gave him his notoriety was practically disorganized and its leaders at cross purposes.

In spite of the most cautious provision against possible bankruptcy in drawing up the articles of agreement, and of the wisest prevision as to the personal qualifications necessary for membership, the ultimate failure of such communities is reasonably certain. The explanation of such failure is to be found in the motives which lead people to join them. It is not the prosperous man of business, successful in his present line, because most of his intellectual faculties are active in the direction of that line, who would be likely to leave the business in which he is so keenly interested to embark in a community where he would no longer have full control, and where he could place no dependence on the ability of other members; nor would any professional man who has faith in his own skill be likely to join such associations, even when fortune was against him; for the capable man under adverse circumstances keeps up a hopeful courage born of his faith in himself, and prefers to struggle alone until he wins success. No, the sort of characters who join such communities are drawn from the ranks of the discouraged and dispirited because unsuccessful in life—from the weak willed, weak bodied, and weak natured, who long for, and need, some one or some institution stronger than themselves to support and uphold them—from the lazy, who hate to exert themselves either in body or brain, and like to save themselves even the trouble of thinking, and are glad to find direction and the meanest fare so they are not responsible for either—from high-thoughted idealists who construct beautiful theories of the brotherhood of man, based on their own noble ideals—and from the large-hearted, free-handed, wealthy philanthropists, who, ignorant of the many unsmoothed kinks and warps in human nature, long to do something to help men and women on lower planes to step at once into a higher life, and when they get such out of the sphere to which they have been accustomed grow impatient and disgusted that they do not adjust themselves at once to new conditions. So, while on one side, and that the side of the majority of members, there is helpless, confiding dependence, and lack of business knowledge, and on the other, helpful enthusiasm on which demands too heavy to be met for long are constantly made, the only possible outcome is final disruption and failure to meet the ends sought.

Here is something for strict vegetarians to consider. A vegetarian church is to be established in Philadelphia, says an exchange. One of the fundamental principles of the church will be that life is sacred, and that therefore the shedding of blood, even though it be for the sake of providing food for the human race, is wrong. But the vegetarians don't follow out their own principles. In the eyes of the scientist there is no appreciable difference between plant life and animal life. The only objection that vegetarians have to the shedding of blood is that it terminates a life, but from the scientific point of view they terminate a life every time they eat a potato or a turnip. Nor is it competent for them to say that one sort of life is more inviolable than another sort. Animal life is more highly organized, it is true, and therefore its sensations are better understood by human beings, but for aught we know the killing of a vegetable may be to it as much of a tragedy as the killing of an animal is to it. It is very convenient to make arbitrary distinctions between the different forms of life, but it is neither scientific nor logical.

Says Dr. Monroe in *Iron-Clad Age:* The matter of heredity and hereditary transmission of intellectual, moral and physical peculiarities, perfections and imperfections, is of first importance to every enlightened and progressive philanthropist. There can be no enlightened and humane treatment of criminals and cranks without a thorough knowledge of the laws of hereditary transmission. That which is a mere oddity or peculiarity in the father or mother, scarce noticeable, may become crankism in the son or daughter, and irresponsible monomania in the grandson or granddaughter.

DOUBT AND FEAR: THEIR SPECIFIC REMEDIES.

By Rev. T. W. Woodrow.

Being a Universalist I can not consistently ignore the evidences of what I preach, furnished in psychic phenomena; for these evidences come within the ample scope of the universal. Much less could I be prejudiced against those alleged facts, however little I may believe them, which are claimed as positive proof of that universal hope—immortality—which forms the basis of all religions, and without which the temple of universal religion would crumble into the dust. He is a Universalist who seeks for the truth in all the fields of inquiry and gladly accepts it no matter whence it comes or by what name it may be called; he is not a Universalist but a partialist and a bigot who confines himself within certain prescribed limits of thought and is prejudicially blind to all the results of inquiry outside of those prescribed limits; and he is a fool who becomes enraged because of the allegation of those facts which are offered as positive proof of the truth of what he fondly hopes and for which he earnestly prays. In ministering spiritually to the public good, furnishing hope and consolation, there are two kinds of mental ailments which demand attention, towit: skepticism and sectarian fear. The sectarian who fears does not doubt immortality—at least it is not the thought of annihilation which troubles him—it is not the main symptom of his disease. And in treating him I would proceed differently from what I would in case of the man afflicted with skepticism or with the thought of annihilation. In the early days of the Universalist church the more radical complaint of the popular mind was "fear which hath torment." Of this mental malady the theology of Universalism was curative.

Arguments drawn from reason and from the scriptures were effectually applied. "God is love" quoth the Universalist preacher. The love that throbs in human hearts puts the stamp of condemnation upon your doctrine of an endless hell and bids us hope for all. "If your doctrine is true what is the use of preaching?" he was interrogated by one whose religion consisted in a scheme to steer clear of hell. "We preach" answered the Universalist, "not to keep the people out of hell but to keep hell out of the people."

Now the people's minds are pretty well cured of the malady of fear and no more as of yore do we need to wage our powers of logic against this foe of the human mind, but doubt though not increasing yet remains as the most prevailing mental affliction casting a shadow over many lives. The theology of Universalism was a specific for orthodox fear but the arguments fail in the case of infidelity which denies the Bible and doubts immortality. Quoting texts to men whose minds are thus afflicted is a waste of time and the old *a priori* arguments for human immortality fail to satisfy in this age of inquiry and experimentation. We should keep pace with advancing thought and seek to adapt ourselves to the needs of the hour. The good physician does not go about with but one remedy in his medicine case but in treating the various diseases with which men are afflicted, after diagnosis, he gives the medicine specially suited to the disease. The work of the gospel minister is very similar. He doctors the souls of men. He gives medicine which heals the brokenhearted and comforts all that mourn. But many professed gospel ministers have "been forgers of lies and physcians of no value." In acting in this capacity as physician I do not always give the same medicine. The man who fears but does not doubt immortality may be treated to copious doses of the theology of Universalism and if his disease is not too chronic he will get well. But the man whose complaint is doubt which looks into the open sepulcher as the end of all human hope must have something different and stronger medicine. Hence I carry in my case a little vial labelled "Phenomena of Spiritualism," and when I come across a patient afflicted with doubt I prescribe this and if he takes my medicine according to directions it never fails to cure. I have the satisfaction of knowing some of the most stubborn cases to have been thoroughly cured by this remedy. I have in mind two men, one a preacher at the time and the other had been a preacher but lost his hope of immortality and left the pulpit. I heard the former preach a funeral discourse and I noticed a vein of doubt running through his discourse and the thought occurred to me that "you need a special manifestation of Christ like Thomas of old; a few good doses of phenomenal Spiritualism will do you good and make you a better preacher." He being a personal friend of mine I went to him privately and asked him if he was not troubled with doubt. Receiving an affirmative answer I told him about my little vial and advised him to take some from it. He did so and soon became well and happy. He grew confident in the pulpit and thereafter boldly proclaimed the great truths of religion. He became a better preacher, the public generally not understanding the cause. It did for him what it had done for me years before, it made him more spiritual and a more acceptable pastor in the estimation of all his people, not even excepting those prejudiced against Spiritualism,

The other man, who had been a preacher but quit preaching for want of faith in that alone which makes preaching possible, lived in a city where I was pastor. He was one of my most critical listeners and well read in the theological arguments for immortality and somewhat in the class of reading setting forth evidential phenomena. He frankly confessed that the only obstacle in the way of his joining the church was want of faith in immortality. "Prove that and I am with you," said he. I confessed to him that I could not convince him by such efforts as are adapted to an audience; or by any argument made of "words of wind." I told him that kind providence had provided a special remedy for such cases as his and that I must treat him privately and invited him to come to my house for private spiritual advice. He accepted the invitation and when he called I mentioned my vial of doubt remedy and said to him: "take this according to directions and if there are any brains in your head for the medicine to operate upon, within ninety days you will be sound in the faith and well." This notorious doubter became an open advocate of immortality a few weeks afterwards, and no Methodist convert supposing himself just snatched as a firebrand from hell, was ever more happy. The Methodist pastor met me one day soon after and asked "What have you done for H?" "Why, what is the matter with him?" I responded. He went on to say substantially, "He is surely converted, he seems so happy. He told us last Sunday he 'knows that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' He has had a complete change in his thought recently and says you are the cause of it." I did not divulge the secret process of his cure lest said preacher should think that instead of conversion, the devil had him in his grip more firmly than ever.

After this man was cured of his doubt he did not need to continue taking the remedy nor did he hanker after it, but occasionally for a season when he felt a returning paroxysm of doubt he resorted to the remedy, but as is usual he ultimately got beyond the need of it for himself and only kept a little on hand for the benefit of others. This I repeat is the common experience in the use of this remedy. There is scarcely one liberal minister of advanced age with whom I am acquainted who has not at some period of his life witnessed these evidential manifestations and had his doubts quieted by them. A few years ago when I wrote up and had published an unquestionable case of independent writings, or writings done by invisible agency, one of our church fathers in Kansas wrote me saying: "I have seen all that and ten times more. While modern Spiritualism has done some good in convincing skeptics of immortality, yet—" etc, etc. When at Minneapolis nearly two years ago I asked the pastor of one of the foremost Universalist churches of that city, "have you investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism or ghostology?" He answered "Yes, till I got tired. They prove immortality."

Nearly all the Unitarian ministers whom I have met to talk with on the subject have also been "duped" into believing that these psychic phenomena prove that their faith is true. The most intelligent, wide-awake clergymen of all denominations are silent converts to the same belief and some make bold to preach it to their congregations. This remedy is an infallible cure for doubt and blessed is the man that can use it wisely. While duly appreciating the virtue of other remedies in certain cases, I would not exchange my little vial for the combined wealth of the Vanderbilts and the Astors. Ministering to the spiritual wants of men I feel it my duty and claim it my right to use this remedy whenever my judgment dictates its expediency, and let no one who has not thoroughly tried it make any objections. Ignorance may hurl at me the poisoned arrows of prejudice but still they will avail nothing against my own judgment as to expediency in the use of a remedy often found good and never found bad in a long experience.

It is as sure a cure for materialism as Universalism is for partialism. In both cases the patients are certainly cured when induced to take the medicine. It is to doubt what perfect love is to fear, it drives it away.

The use of it has not to my knowledge weakened any man's allegiance to the church but rather it has drawn men to the church. What would Universalism, Unitarianism or any other "ism" amount to without the hope of immortality? and what harm can come to the church through the demonstration of that hope which constitutes its foundation?

Hence the antagonism of ignorant and prejudiced churchmen is pure folly. The church should welcome those who claim to have infallible proofs of the truth of the faith which the church preaches.

In conclusion I would inform the reader that I have never said that these psychic manifestations such as rappings, independent writings, and visible appearances of persons known to be dead—intimating the presence and agency of excarnate intelligence—are spirits. They claim this for themselves and it sufficieth me until I know better. Till a better explanation offers itself than what the facts themselves report, I will not deny it. Welcome the investigator who can lift the veil of mystery from the field of psychic inquiry even though he shows that these manifestations are not what they uniformly report themselves to be and thereby wakens millions of otherwise intelligent men from the dream of a demonstrated immortality.

[When I sat down to write this article it was my intention to furnish Thomas Paine's and Paul's arguments for immortality and a comparison of the evidences on which each based his argument. I still hope to be able to do so at some future time for the readers of The Journal.]

Marshalltown, Iowa.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

By J. D. Featherstonhaugh.

VIII.

INDEPENDENT WRITING.

When the writing occurs without the use of the hand, we come upon higher and more satisfactory ground than that of the preceding paper, where the intelligence displayed may be and doubtless is influenced by our mental characteristics. In writing by the hand, or in speech from the lips, it is sufficiently apparent, whatever foreign force may be supposed to be present, that much of our own unconscious mental action is mingled with the communications. But in those intelligent efforts not expressed by human organs, there is a wide distinction to be observed, and it is here that we find the most distinct traces of mentality exterior to ourselves. In the involuntary writing by the hand, it is quite possible to foist in a fictitious name, but more rarely in the independent writing, and so rising, the less our own organs are employed, by more marked degrees of exterior personality, to the independent voices which seldom confound themselves with and often contradict any mental process of our own. The communications thu

written bear the character of reasonable and consecutive statements, where for the most part we fail to trace any connection with our own modes of thought, or perhaps with any conscious knowledge of the matter presented. Yet sometimes we may recognize the mentality to be our own, and here too we are left with the impression of duality in the moving causes.

The first of the two following experiments was intended to demonstrate that a successful result could not depend upon a fraud perpetrated in the darkness, and the second as corroboration in the light. Having prepared at home a small piece of cardboard, and written on it two questions in almost invisible letters, involving the necessity of a name and a relationship in the answers, I attended a séance at a place where I have never been, and where I had no manner of acquaintance with the people I met. As soon as the light was extinguished (and it will be noticed that the experiment was more perfect on account of the absolute darkness) I drew the cardboard out of my pocket, where it had been concealed up to that moment, and silently laid it with a short pencil on the floor. Holding my feet about two inches above the paper, a rustling sound was soon heard, and I felt what seemed to be a pencil tapping the sole of my shoe. Very shortly the paper was handed up to me and I put it in an inner pocket, after releasing the medium's hands. On returning home I found both questions replied to correctly, in one answer, containing the name and relationship. In this experiment there was an intelligence that perceived through the darkness the inscription on my card, knew and wrote the correct reply in parallel lines and signed the right name.

In the other experiment above spoken of, with a view to obtain farther proof as to the genuine character of the fact, I visited a slate-writing medium, and not wishing to use his slates, took with me some marked cards. The medium had almost closed the slates when I quickly slipped a card between, and at once pressed them closely together, as they lay on the table before us in the full light of day. In a few moments rapping was audible and taking the slates into my own hands, the card that had been marked and slipped in was covered by a communication of several lines, apparently written in lead-pencil. The medium then wrote with his own hand an event that had taken place in my family thirty years previously, as a continuation of the matter on the card, and signed the name of the only person besides myself who was ever cognizant of the affair.

Here then we have what may certainly be called an intelligence, giving the name of a dead friend, the only one except the inquirer who had ever known the facts, minutely relating things that had transpired in the long past, and writing part of this account, without any visible means, on a paper brought by myself, placed between two tightly held slates, untouched by the medium, whom I had never before seen, and who was alone in the room with me.

To verify a thing so hardly credible, on a subsequent occasion I visited the same medium, taking my own slates, purchased at a book store, holding them myself, and neither permitting them to be touched nor releasing my grasp for a moment. Under these circumstances what seemed to be writing was heard and felt going on within them, and still grasping them I returned to my lodgings, and found a communication of four well written lines within, in answer to a remark I made whilst holding them, purporting to come from a deceased friend. No other person but myself had in any manner touched these slates after they were purchased.

In the experiment about to be related the medium was placed at a table with her hands resting on the middle, where she kept them continuously. The table had a lower horizontal shelf, which filled up the space and was about three inches above the floor. Under this shelf I placed a clean slate, with a short pencil lying on it and surrounded the legs with a thick cloth. We joined hands on the top of the table and soon perfectly audible sounds, as if writing, were heard, the t's being crossed and the i's dotted vehemently. The writing stopped and a noise was heard which caused us to exclaim that the slate was being turned over.

Then the pencil began again and presently the slate was handed up and put on my knees. Then for the first time I released the medium's hands, and taking the slate, found both sides covered with writing, each in a different hand, mentioning altogether six names I knew, and signed with the correct names the text of the letters required. This occurred when I was alone with the medium, in a lighted room, and with a new and unused slate she did not touch. One of the words had been rubbed out, and another substituted in more distinct letters than the others. The lines were straight and parallel. It must be particularly noticed that the noise of the writing began after I had grasped the medium's hands and was finished before I released them. Placing the slate on my knees was the intelligent movement of an object untouched by those present; psychography is virtually of the same character. The slate that was written on was the same slate I had placed under the table without a pencil mark on it, and the medium's hands were held on the top of the table from the beginning to the end of the writing. The slate could not be reached by the hand without kneeling on the floor, and there was not space enough to put the foot beneath the table.

TABLE TURNING WITH AND WITHOUT CONTACT.

These two methods in which motion is produced naturally come together, as it soon becomes evident that the same force imparts motion to the object, whether touched or untouched. Movement may be imparted to a light stand by some muscular tremor, but if we find that heavy tables rise up against the pressure, or move without touch, the possibility of pushing is a matter we may safely neglect.

In experiments of this kind we come upon totally different conditions to those considered previously. None of the physical agencies we are accustomed to, do, or can, produce the motion in all these cases. Here a new book is opened to us, and we must read it, if we would speak wisely of it.

It would seem almost to be beyond the power of evidence to convince that very conservative portion of the world, which bows down to authority more than to fact, that any other force besides muscular impulsion is concerned in this phenomena. But the question has assumed a disingenuous shape. The inquiry is not so much whether the muscles ever bear a share in these experiments as it is if they bear the whole. It is a mixed question, and if from the contracted observation of a part we form sweeping conclusions as to the whole, we are unjust to ourselves and injurious to others.

It will be remembered that I have already stated that the hand of a person, moved by some other force than his own conscious will, made an appointment to visit a medium on a distant day, promising that a decisive proof would be given, by the movement of a table without human touch. The circumstances of the writing were of too extraordinary a nature not to be followed up by a visit to this medium. Accordingly I went there on the day appointed. After sitting at the table watching for thirty minutes, and carefully avoiding to mention the object of my visit, I mentally requested the movement to take place. Instantly, as the wish came to my mind, the table revolved half-way round, the feet and hands of the medium, the only person in the room with me, being in full sight. I at once moved the medium ten feet away, and after examining the table and passing between it and her several times, took my seat by her side and awaited but hardly expected the movement without human touch. In a minute or so, the table rose with two of its claws in the air, labored like a ship at sea, balanced itself and rushing across the intervening space, struck me sharply on the chest. It required some exertion of strength to replace the table in its proper position.

In this experiment, not instituted by any conscious human will, we have a direction to visit at a certain hour a person who under ordinary circumstances could only be seen by appointment, with a promise that an utterly incredible thing would happen; this direction and promise made known to me in a way that never had happened before; the latter being exactly fulfilled, and both being the direct consequence of a statement voluntarily made by rappings on an untouched table, several weeks previously. The occurrence itself was not more remarkable than the circumstances and design that led up to it.

(To Be Continued.)

CONCERNING THE SOCIETY FOR PSYCHICAL RESEARCH.

By J. T. Dodge, C. E.

In a leading Spiritualist paper of last February, a somewhat characteristic acticle headed "Psychical Societies," was published under the name of Lita Barney Sayles. I say charactertstic, because it illustrates the ideas of not a few persons in the world.

From what appears in her article, her knowledge of the work of the English Society for Psychical Research is derived from Part XV of its Proceedings, which she claimed to have before her, and she says that "these consist of reports of experiments by various talented individuals, but they give no report of the Society as a whole, and after seven or eight years' work and expense do not inform the eager, waiting world that they, as a society, have come to one single conclusion," and adds; "if I had spent seven years in investigating the simple phenomena of Spiritualism as well as other relations of mind to matter and was not ready to report to the world that I was convinced of any one thing about them, I would stop using my time in that foolish way and wait till I arrived on the other side to finish my investigations."

The members of the society ought to be impressed with a deep sense of the insignificance of their labors and humble themselves before this high priestess of wisdom. How easily she could solve all the mysteries of the universe and how well she knows all about the work of the Society for Psychical Research from a simple sight of Part XV of its Proceedings. To her how simple are all the phenomena of Spiritualism! Now this woman is a sample of many teachers of Spiritualism, who solve the darkest enigmas by a single word, and their wisdom is poured out upon the world largely through the columns of the paper above alluded to.

I have thus devoted considerable space to what is important only by its contrast to the work of the society which she assumes to criticise. By such writers no just idea can be given of that work, for it is not probable that they have studied it at all.

It is highly improbable that a body of educated and able men and women should have spent eight years of unremitting labor upon any subject to no purpose.

The extent of their psychical researches is indicated by the publication of nearly six volumes of about 500 pages each, and by a work in two large volumes entitled "Phantasms of the Living," by Gurney, Myers and Podmore.

Their first and most striking success has been in establishing by experimental evidence the fact of thought transference. Many indications of this fact have been known for an indefinite period, but it remained for members of this society to collect evidence in a scientific and orderly manner, showing that the thoughts of one mind have been transferred to another through other than the ordinary sensory channels.

It has not been done in any case infallibly, not often very perfectly, but it has been done so frequently and with such a degree of success that the theory of chance coincidence utterly breaks down in trying to explain it. In the light of this fact established, the society has accumulated a large amount of evidence of spontaneous phenomena of the same class, including many cases which have been classed under the head of second sight, with which it has also coördinated the phenomena of apparitions and hallucinations of the senses.

A new and more thorough study of the phenomena of hypnotism or mesmerism, as a special field of thought transference, has been made and it has been prolific of results. New light has been thrown upon the subject of personality. Cases of alternating personality, or double consciousness, have been produced experimentally as well as found existing spontaneously. Very important contributions in hypnotic research have come from certain physicians in France where the subject has been studied with renewed zeal during

the last fifteen years. By these researches in experimental and spontaneous thought transference the society has not only earned a right to exist, but has laid society under obligations for having enlarged our field of knowledge.

The experiments of Prof. Charles Richet in hypnotic lucidity or clairvoyance go very far to establish the fact of a power of vision independent of our ordinary visual sense and by no means dependent upon thought transference. A card was drawn at random from a mixture of ten packs, and, unseen by the experimenter, placed in several opaque envelopes, defying all retinal vision, and yet Lonie B. in fifteen cases where she described the card completely was correct twelve times. The hypothesis of fraud being set aside and chance coincidence being untenable, it is difficult to say that we are not forced to the conclusion that there is "some capacity of obtaining knowledge, whose *modus operandi* is absolutely unknown to us."

One very elaborate article in volume three was the result of three months investigation in India of the merits of the claims of Madame Blavatsky to the production of occult phenomena, and it gives the clearest proof that she is an expert in fraud. The committee having that matter in charge conclude their report by saying, "We think she has achieved a title to permanent remembrance as one of the most accomplished, ingenious and interesting impostors in history."

Another very instructive article is a report of experimental investigation in the field of illusion. Mr. S. J. Davey, who had had his attention attracted to Spiritualism, and afterward found that deception had been practiced upon him, began to try, for himself, how far people were liable to error by mal-observation. He became quite proficient in slate writing and materialization, without really claiming any spiritual agency about it He received no pay for his services, and usually advised his visitors to observe for themselves and draw their own conclusions. They were especially requested to write out an account of what they saw, for his use. The result was that most of his visitors were deluded, except where they were specially posted beforehand that they need expect nothing but conjuring tricks.

The president of the Society for Psychical Research and some others were taken into his confidence and made aware that he was really a student of fraud. He has not thought it best to explain his methods in detail, but I infer that one important element of his success consists in fatiguing the attention.

The attitude of the society towards Spiritualism has been one of very decided skepticism, yet some of its most active members are known to be Spiritualists. Although these latter are believers in it, they are fully aware of the very inconclusive character of most spiritual phenomena and of the fraudulent character of nearly all commercial mediumship.

That a skeptical attitude should tend to render fruitless their search for truth in that field is certainly not more strange than that the percipient, in thought transference, should be unable to manifest that power in the presence of strangers. This inability was very marked in the case of two percipients at Liverpool who had been very successful in the presence of Mr. Malcolm Guthrie, J. P., and Mr. James Birchall, honorary secretary of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool, at all their regular meetings, but at some extra meetings held for the purpose of exhibiting the newly discovered power to some of their fellow members the experiments proved total failures.

Mr. Guthrie says, "It would appear that any mental disturbance on the part of the operators or on the part of the 'subjects,' due to anxiety to succeed or to the novelty of the *éntourage* of persons or things, very much interferes with the success of the experiments. The result of our experience is that success or failure depends as much (if not more) upon the condition of the agent as upon that of the percipient....On account of the disturbance of the agent's mind as well as that of the [percipient or] 'subject' it is judged that experiments in a drawing room, before a large miscellaneous company, are not likely to be successful."

Mr. Guthrie having been one of the most successful experimenters, his remarks quoted above are entitled to much weight.

The skeptical and critical spirit which has usually been brought to the investigation of Spiritualism may well have been the cause why genuine manifestations could not occur, while the easy credulity of many believers, though lending itself to the most facile control, has offered no bar to fraud, either of mundane or spiritual origin.

Steel is an excellent metal for cutting and working all other metals, but about the worst for receiving casts or impressions of other objects. On the other hand lead is excellent for the latter use but worthless for needles and fine cutting instruments. If you wish to perforate sheet metal you lay it upon a bar of lead and with a steel punch do it with ease, but reverse the plan and try a lead punch and you reproduce the experiment of Mr. Furness of the Seybert commission, who sought to become a medium. Rude as the above illustrations are they indicate to some extent the characteristic differences of different personalities.

Some physical phenomena were reported by Prof. Barrett, an active member of the Society for Psychical Research, which he declares were "inexplicable by any causes at present recognized by science," yet they were not conclusive of a spiritual origin. As he very justly observes, "Experience shows that the real difficulty with Spiritualism is in arriving at sufficiently conclusive evidence pointing one way or the other."

After attending numerous public and private séances during a period of fifteen years, he found by far the larger part of the results had absolutely no evidential value in favor of Spiritualism. A few cases however were exceptions.

I have thus very cursorily gone over some of the principal features of the work of the Society for Psychical Research, thinking those who have not had such an opportunity might be interested in so meager a sketch. Only those who enjoy abundant leisure can even superficially examine the results of that society's work, and, after having devoted several months to it, I am impressed not with the idea that those results are meagre, but with the industry, patience and critical skill which have been employed and have produced such very positive contributions to our stock of psychical knowledge.

THE IDIOSYNCRACIES OF FAITH.

By Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt.

III.

In my last paper I wrote more particularly of "the age of personal recognition," that found its highest development in Egypt during the period of her highest national greatness. It was a recognition of the source of the inspiration, the trance, the control, and the other hypnotic states of mind as witnessed in their acknowledged priests, vestals, and sybils of the world, being none other than those who were once the living ones of this human race, but now the no less living ones of what we call the unseen world.

In this paper which completes the series, I propose to discuss more particularly the age of spirituality, as distinguished from the spiritism of the preceeding age. It marks a new departure in faith as connected with these phenomena of mind that have in their various ways given us all that we have of religious belief, under whatever name, concerning that which is commonly called the supernatural or divine life, and of our relationship to it.

Renan, in his history of the People of Israel, says that the unknown author of what is known to scholars as the 'Iahveist Manuscript of Hebrew Scriptures, written or compiled about 850, B. C., is "the real doctrinaire" of prophetism, and is the founder in fact of the religions of Judaism, Christianity and Islamism; but I am compelled to feel that this unknown writer, or compiler rather, would never have arrived at the height of moral grandeur, of sublimity, which we find in the old scriptures of Hebrewism if he had not received the mental training of added centuries, as his inheritance of spiritual philosophy. We do not, as individuals, all at once spring up so far beyond the height of our immediate surroundings, but we find the evolution of the spirit to be slow as is the evolution of the intellectual life in the race, and for that reason if no other, I would name the beginning of this age of the spirit at a much earlier date.

Indeed I do name it as beginning with the period corresponding with what we familiarly call "The Exodus" of Israel from Egypt; and its representative "Son of Man" I would name as a no less person than the chief Pontiff of the mysteries of Egypt, the supposed reincarnation of Osiris, known to us by the Hebrew corruption of the Egyptian speech as M'-Oses (please note the division of the name).

Familiar as he necessarily must have been, by virtue of his training and office, with all phases of the hypnotic state of mind, such as trance speaking, ecstacy and enthusia, and knowing too that these all were produced by the will of "the unseen life beyond the veil," he also made discovery that we are all able to come *en rapport*, and do so come *en rapport* in the simple and rational exercise of our every-day human faculty of reverie,—this faculty that we all do exercise in what we sometimes call "talking to one's self." This simple discovery, or discovery of simple method, like as the falling of an apple for a Newton, revolutionizing philosophy, revolutionized religion. It did this, because it at once placed the man in the desired rapport, in a reasonable state of mind—a state in which he could and would give full exercise to his reason in judgment, even while consciously listening to the flow of "the still, small voice" of the unseen guest, who was quietly "saying things" just as we all reason and judge, while listening to our fellows.

Had it not been for this discovery of natural rapport, we would not have known of spirituality in religion, as distinguished from the spiritism of the previous age, would not have found a departure from the worship of local divinities, but little if at all removed from the level of human life as met in the every-day contact of man with man in the walks of life. Neither would we have found in sacred scriptures the phrase "the Highest," as the name of God, whom men should worship. "The unity" of God, the Oneness, is not that of person, as is commonly supposed, but is of the spirit, and that spirit the highest state of the soul of which the man could conceive.

Following this discovery of natural rapport we find by the record the man "M'-Oses," in his séance with God on Sinai, confronted with the abrupt "I am who I am," of the unseen guest who was there in converse with him. Instead of the olden answer of a personal name to his query, the one of God compels M'-Oses to judge the word of an unknown person; and hence the "I am" who repeats the inspired law to Israel, we must recognize as the man who uttered the law! Was it a revelation? Yes; but M'-Oses, the high priest and lawgiver, must be held responsible for it and its effects upon the life of the new nation. To some, perhaps, will occur the old name, "Jehoveh," but when we rightly consider it, we will find that it is not a divine, but purely human name, like that of "Elijah;" —Elijah meaning "El-is-God," and so read "Jah-Hoveh," "God-is-my-Father,"—which is, I am satisfied after a study of years, the correct signification, and is the personal name of the man who as priest was M'-Oses.

Personal responsibility joined with conscious inspiration is the real cause of spiritual development of character, and is, if I may use the figure, the first round of the ladder that towers so high, and upon which we find the personal characters of history—M'-Oses, Samuel, Elijah, Isaiah, Jesus, and such as they, whom we count as the spiritual leaders and uplifters of the race.

It is this sense of personal responsibility, in the mind of the prophet, seer or Christ, that has caused the people of Israel as a whole to give no personal name to God, feeling that it is the spirit manifested by the personal guest, rather than the person of the guest, that is and ever must be the best token of divinity. But more than even this, in its effect upon the believer, was the sense or realization of the prophet or seer, that "like seeks like," and that this law of mind applied in his relation to the unseen, as much as to the seen; for this realization caused him

to note the state of his own soul; he felt that his own spirit of mind must be at its highest, purest, if it would enter into rapport with sublimity, and so there came as a natural result, a development of spirituality in the race. When such a religious state of mind is regnant with a people, we may naturally expect to find among that people marked individualities who become the religious leaders of their times; lawgivers of ethics, as well as prophets of promise, such as we have found in the people of Israel, who are, so to speak, the custodians of this spiritual and spiritualizing faith.

But because I thus express a belief in th actual inspiration of these seers of Israel, I do not by any means assume for them infallibility of utterance; for the very fact of this sense of personal responsibility for the effect of their word, though it did come "from the Lord," would forbid such assumption. The man would feel that he must reject all words that his reason could not in a measure at least understand and approve,—I mean of course, those pertaining to ethical culture and spiritual development. These did, it is true, utter prophecies, and relate visions, but prophecy or vision I do not, can not consider as possessing the value of a spiritualizing word when we would look for best results in the race; and to Israel seems to have been given the great work of humanizing or spiritualizing our race. Besides, let us note, that with such a faith as this, the communication, or prophecy must be of such nature as best adapted to the man's previous mental and moral training; if there were restraints put upon the prophet, so too there were restraints put upon God, upon the divine life communicating; not all at once is the word of the highest spoken, it is still speaking it! All that I claim of superiority in this Age of the Spirit over the preceding age of spiritism, is its added sense of personal need of truth and spiritual development of character, as the means by which to secure the highest and holiest word, and it is this rather than belief in a personal God that has given us the finest flowers of soul culture, that to-day grace our homes and temples: and in closing this study of faith, may I not express the hope that we all may so exercise this natural method of rapport with divinity, that we too may become like the seers of Israel, leaders of the race, patterns of spiritual grace, and humane helpers, everywhere, of our kind!

SATURNIAN SYMBOLISM.

By Professor Coues.

Saturn was regarded by astrologers, I am informed, as a "cold, dry melancholy planet"; but I perceive that this does not prevent my esteemed friend, Mr. Jackson of Hockessin, from poking fun at me in a good-natured way in a late JOURNAL. I have seldom been more amazed or amused than I was when I found him investing me with astrological functions. What I said about the heavenly Kronos was strictly correct—and so elementary that I suppose it is on every text book of astronomy, though I have not looked to see about that. But since my astronomical science is so seriously called in question by my amiable critic, I should like to sit at his feet as a learner; and to this end I will timidly ask him two questions.

Is it true, my dear Mr. Jackson, that Saturn and Jupiter exercise a curious mutual influence, analogous to that of one pendulum upon another swinging from the same support, and that this is owing to the fact that the period of Saturn is very nearly two and one-half times that of Jupiter?

Is it true, my friend, that since the year 1790, when Saturn had lagged 50 minutes behind and Jupiter had advanced 20 minutes beyond the positions they would have had if undisturbed, Saturn has been moving continually faster; and that the whole period of the inequality is 929 years?

These are grave questions, but upon their proper answer depends another serious matter, viz., whether or not this is the greatest of the perturbations affecting the motions of the principal bodies of our solar system. If you should answer the above queries in the affirmative. it would show that your former conclusions respecting myself were erroneous. If you should reply in the negative to the above queries, it would prove you wrong respecting Saturn in the present instance. An awkward dilemma truly.

I will submit one other proposition to the intelligent discernment of the JOURNAL's readers. Asserting that the mean density of Saturn is either greater or less than that of water (but without saying which it is), I also assert that this planet itself has never been seen by mortal eyes; and I am prepared to maintain this declaration, should any one wish to dispute it.

HYPNOTISM IN RELATION TO CRIME AND THE MEDICAL FACULTY.

By A. Taylor Innes.

[CONCLUDED.]

Has that attitude been altered? I am sure that to some extent it has; and symptoms like the appearance during last winter of the able papers of Dr. Felkin in the *Edinburgh Medical Journal** are reassuring. But I wish to propose a test case. Suppose a grave inquiry arising in our courts into a murder or personal outrage, with hypnotic agency as the main ground of accusation on the one hand, or defence on the other. As things stand at present, it would be a sensational trial; and the mere fact that it was coming on would strengthen the demand for handing over to responsible guardians a region with such hideous possibilities. But suppose the day of trial actually come. You can not try such a case without skilled witnesses. Are the witnesses skilled in this particular matter to be those habitually and professionally occupied with it, or are they to be medical men? And if medical men, are they to be men who have made a special study of this region; or men of eminence generally, who may be supposed to have all the regions more or less before them? If we get the latter, as in so many respects is desirable, is it quite certain that the results of examination and cross-examination would be satisfactory to a jury, or to the public outside? The facts have, no doubt, been before this country for forty years at least; and they have been so common and notorious that their notoriety and commonness have been pleaded against the profession inquiring into them. But could we depend on the leading men of the profession even now agreeing (apart from theories to account for them) on the great mass of unquestionable facts? Are they as skilled witnesses prepared, with a decent measure of unanimity, to separate these facts, accepted throughout Europe, from those others on which the most zealous schools are not agreed? That is, of course, one of the first things which a witness professing knowledge would be invited to do. And the attempt to discriminate between facts ascertained, and facts more or less doubtful, would lead to the region of theories, in steering amid which the witness would have the usual opportunities of shipwrecking his credibility. Let us hope that he will not think it necessary to commit himself, as the *Quarterly Review* of July is disposed to do, to Mesmer and his universal magnetic fluid. That sort of eccentricity, at the recurring periods when this discussion becomes fashionable in England, is the pendant of the equally unscientific neglect of the facts for the twenty-five years or so between. We will believe rather that our coming witness, after overawing the jury by his height of professional attainment, proceeds to fascinate them by his common-sense use of it; that he discriminates the hypnotic state from madness, hysteria, and somnambulism on the one side, and from sleep and lethargy on the other; that he informs us what proportion of healthful persons in every room are capable of passing into it, if not by what test we may beforehand distinguish such persons from their neighbors;† that he goes on to testify to the control which one *en rapport* with the subject, even for the first time in the latter's life, may have first over his imagination, and then over his will, and lastly over his memory—and not only his menory of the past, but, if I may use the expression, his memory of the future—for the phenomena of post-hypnotism, however they are to be explained, must often be the central facts in the evidence; that, after speaking of those who are susceptible generally, he gives the result of his observation of the individual (for each subject has his hypnotic peculiarities and specialties, and the question for the jury is not whether a man was so influenced, in point of fact, as on the one side or the other is alleged); and lastly, that, passing from experience and observation to experiment, he enables justice to use tests like that "memory bridge"* by which truth, which in this matter dwells so near the bottom of her well, sometimes leaps out of it.

Well, all this may happen. And sooner or later it will happen. But until something of the sort does turn up, I do not believe that the larger jury outside, which elects our legislature, will be persuaded to pass a law restricting experiment in the vast region around psycho-therapeutics, even to a recognized and privileged and highly cultured profession. The suggestion that it should do so was made by medical men forty years ago, when the subject was last under discussion, and it is always one deserving consideration. But before handing over the key of knowledge, the public desires to know whether it is to be used in order to open or to shut. And there is too much foundation for the criticism that if this transfer had been made forty years ago, the whole region would have been still under lock and key. It is quite certain, indeed, that the blame of the neglect of this subject in Great Britain during the last four decades does not fall on the medical profession exclusively. During all that time experiment has been free. It has been carried on largely for the amusement of the idle and the curious, but it was open to the members of any profession —say, to that of law—to take it up more intelligently and persistently. They have not done so, and must bear their share of the blame. But, on the other hand, the medical is the only profession for which the claim has been made that this region belongs to it—belongs to it properly and perhaps exclusively. There is a sense in which I believe that claim to be well founded. Experience, I think, shows that until this great section of our educated men have taken up such a subject as this for persistent study, there is not likely to be real advance in it. But they must take it up, before they can exclude others. They must annex the region professionally, or at least scientifically, before they can be allowed to evict from it the whole human race. That they have now, however, begun to explore it, though after long delay, and after letting other countries get too much in advance of us, the original and translated works which have been cited bear witness. The first steps have been taken,† and we may look forward to the public being satisfied—perhaps not in the dramatic way that I have suggested—that the whole subject is now being explored with the explorer's passion, and can at any moment be explained with an enthusiasm at once professional and scientific.

But when that happens, another question may arise. The light of the investigating lantern will ~~their have~~ been turned on this hitherto obscure corner of human affairs. It will reveal among other things crime and the appliances of crime. But it will necessarily reveal at the same time the means of its prevention, of its detection, of its proof, and of its punishment—or, if it does not reveal them all at once, it will point in the direction in which that may be done by

* Since published as "Hypnotism; or, Psycho-Therapeutics," by R. W. Felkin, M. D., Edinburgh.

† The former question is comparatively easy, the proportion being undoubtedly large; but the latter I have never seen answered.

*"Erinnerungsbrücke": a man who when awake has forgotten what he did, or experienced, in the hypnotic state, when put back into that state instantly recalls it. There is a double consciousness, and each consciousness has its own memory, but—it must be added—its own lapses of memory.

† The British Medical Association held its meeting this autumn at Birmingham, and its Psychological Section, on August 1st, unanimously passed the following twofold resolution:

"That the subject of hypnotism should be considered by a committee of medical men, with the object of endeavoring to ascertain the true nature of its phenomena, and the value of its use in the treatment of disease, and that the Council of the Association be requested to sanction the appointment of a committee for that purpose.

"That this section protests in the strongest manner against the public exhibition, for unscientific and miscellaneous objects, and for purposes of gain or amusement, of the phenomena of hypnotism, as being a practice antagonistic to public morality."

The first part of this characteristic utterance is excellent, except that a committee if it had been appointed half a century ago, might have perhaps not been one exclusively "of medical men." It was proposed by Professor Gairdner, of Glasgow, who went on also to move the second clause, but at the same time intimated that he "did not trust much to the legal restrictions" it demands. This also is wise. The dangers of hypnotism to "morality," if any, are connected with the secret practice of it within walls through which justice and the public can not look to arrest what is wrong; not with "public exhibitions," which are under effective restraint from both powers. Some of these exhibitions seem to me repulsive (though not so much so as the morbid cases cultivated by certain distinguished specialists). But others during the last three decades, though open to any observer who paid a couple of shillings, have been conducted with skill and good taste, and with a liberality of mind which the educated observers did not always share. Professor Gairdner, himself a man of distinguished and discursive intelligence, stated in his speech that he had recently attended a demonstration of hypnotism, "for the first time for twenty years," and "a change in the attitude of his mind on the subject had been produced by what he had witnessed." Let us hope that even if the association refuses the desired committee, the Psychological Section will not think it necessary to wait another twenty years before commencing their investigation.

further investigation. Are we likely to take the opportunity, just when we have gained so much by the use of our lantern of publicity, to shut up the slide? Or, are we likely to hand over, even to a profession which has proved itself willing and worthy to deal with such matters, the power to slip the slide in or out at its pleasure? No one would have proposed this in the old days, when the relatio_ of the profession to this subject was that of alternate denunciation and ridicule. Few would propose it now, when that is changed so much for the better. But even in the days fast coming, when that relation is to be at its healthiest and best, there will still be difficulties about restrictive legislation.

The first objection will be in the general interest of science. The practical or therapeutic aspect of hypnotism is only a part, perhaps a small part, of the whole. Up to the present moment, its very existence has been doubted or denied. The psychological and scientific interest of all parts of the field, on the other hand, is undoubted, and the whole must not be sacrificed to a part. There is a kind of utilitarianism which has always been the reproach of England, a tendency like that of the child, which, whatever you give it, puts it at once into its mouth. But that a thing is good is no reason why it should disappear into the professional map. It is true that up to the present time the therapeutic side of this subject has been neglected by the faculty as much as the scientific. That, however, will be no longer the case; the risk already is that, in professional minds inside, as in vulgar minds of all kinds without, the practical or technical interest may swallow up the rest. That it should do so would be a great misfortune, even for the study of hypnotism in its restricted sense. The few but distinguished medical men—from Scotland rather than England—who committed themselves to this inquiry at Birmingham, must not imagine that the harvest of theory has been already reaped abroad. We look for sheaves to them also—not, I will add, as a committee, but as individual observers. Two facts alone seem to me to show that we are entitled to do so. It has, in the first place, never been quite settled whether hypnotism is an active or transitive phenomenon, or a merely passive one—whether, that is, it is in any sense an animal magnetism (a certain influence of one organism upon another), or a mere susceptibility which any one can excite in those who are susceptible. And secondly, supposing this last to be the case (as must be assumed till the other is proved), there has been no answer as yet to the obvious question, Who are the susceptible? What are the qualities, characteristics, habit of mind, habit of body, "temperament" (or whatever is the present medical equivalent of that useful old word), which determine that one man or woman shall be susceptible, or more than commonly susceptible, to hypnotism? A field with fundamental questions like these unsolved is full of invitation. But I must not rest my case for freedom on this or that bribe. The main ground is that science is wider than art; and in the interest of art itself it is needful that science shall be free. Above all, it must not be restricted in the interest of one particular art founded upon it, however legitimate. The world is wider than the Salpêtrière; and psychology demands other than morbid subjects to experiment upon. But even psychology does not exhaust the range of the speculative relations of hypnotism; nor is medicine the only profession whose instinct it is to say: "You must investigate through us, or you shall not investigate at all." The authorities of one ancient church some time ago attempted, in vain, to arrest the inquiries which Europe has now taken up. The authorities of more novel and nebulous churches, psychical and spiritualistic, struggle against the same tendency. They, too, are tempted to restrict the conclusions, and even the methods, of this science according to their own more special views. To all such pretensions, from whatever quarter, the answer seems to me to be the same. It may be desirable to have priests of every science, as of every art. But it is very undesirable to give any of them exclusive or authoritative powers. To do so would be in the first place to surrender what it is not ours to give. And our treason to truth would soon find its appropriate punishment; for exclusive powers, demanded for investigation, will come almost certainly to be used rather for repression.

And I conclude by putting the same general objection in its legal form. It rests upon that fundamental principle of legislation for adhering to which England, though reproached by a few, has on the whole been the envy of the wise and good. This is not a matter on which we are at all likely to follow precedents from abroad. In France, Charcot approves of the practice of hypnotism being restricted to medical men, and perhaps to its being exercised only on that class of patients which he cultivates. In Prussia, public exhibitions of hypnotism have already been forbidden, and Moll, though hesitatingly, approves. But in those countries, where human life moves under the sanction at every step of police authorization, there is no such presumption against the institution of restrictive or preventive or *préalable* legislation as there is, and I hope will long continue, in our own. Our principle rather is, that every one shall have freedom to investigate all the secrets, and to exercise all the powers, of nature and of mind—reserving to law the right *ex post facto* to punish the abuses of the liberty which it concedes. It may well happen that in the case of hypnotism it shall never be found necessary to depart from this most healthful general rule. It is at all events far too early to do it now.—*Contemporary Review.*

ZSCHOKKE'S INWARD SIGHT.

It has happened to me some times, on my first meeting with strangers, as I listened silently to their discourse, that their former life, with many trifling circumstances therewith connected, or frequently some particular scene in that life, has passed quite involuntarily, and, as it were, dreamlike, yet perfectly distinct before me. During this time I usually feel so entirely absorbed in the contemplation of the stranger's life, that at last I no longer see clearly the face of the unknown wherein I undesignedly look, nor distinctly hear the voices of the speakers, which before served, in some measure, as a commentary to the text of their features. For a long time I held such visions as delusions of the fancy, and the more so as they showed me even the dress and motions of the actors, rooms, furniture and other accessories.

By way of a test, I once, in a familiar family circle at Kirchburg, related the secret history of a seamstress who had just left the room and the house. I had never seen her before in my life. People were astonished and laughed, but were not to be persuaded that I did not previously know the relations of which I spoke, for what I had uttered was the literal truth. On my part, I was no less astonished that my dream pictures were confirmed by the reality. I became more attentive to the subject, and when propriety admitted it, I would relate to those whose life thus passed before me the subject of my vision, that I might thereby obtain confirmation or refutation of it. It was invariably ratified, not without consternation on their part.

"What demon inspires you? Must I again believe in possession?" exclaimed the spiritual Johann Von Riga, when in the first hour of our acquaintance I related his past life to him. We speculated long on the enigma, but even his penetration could not solve it.

I myself had less confidence than any one in this mental jugglery. As often as I revealed my visionary gifts to any new person, I regularly expected to hear the answer—"It was not so." I felt a secret shudder when my auditors replied that it was true, or when their astonishment betrayed my accuracy before I spoke. Instead of many, I will mention one example, which preëminently astonished me.

One fair day, in the city of Waldshut, I entered the Vine inn, in company with two young student foresters. We were tired rambling through the woods. We supped with a numerous company at the *table d'hote*, where the guests were making very merry with the peculiarities and eccentricities of the Swiss, with Mesmer's magnetism, Lavater's physiognomy, etc. One of my companions, whose national pride was wounded by their mockery begged me to make some reply, particularly to a handsome young man who sat opposite to me, and allowed himself extraordinary license. This man's former life was, at that moment, presented to my mind. I turned to him and asked whether he would answer me candidly if I related to him some of the most secret passages of his life, I knowing as little of him personally as he did of me? That would be going a little farther, I thought, than Lavater did with his physiognomy. He promised, if I were correct in my information, to admit it frankly. I then related what my vision had shown me, and the whole company were made acquainted with the private history of the young merchant; his school years, his youthful errors, and, lastly, with a fault committed in reference to the strong box of his principal. I described to him the uninhabited room with whitened walls, where, to the right of the brown door, on a table, stood a black money box, etc.

A dead silence prevailed during the whole narrative, which I alone occasionally interrupted by enquiring whether I spoke the truth? The startled young man confirmed every particular, and even, what I had scarcely expected, the last mentioned. Touched by his candor I shook hands with him over the table and said no more. He asked my name, which I gave him, and we remained together talking till past midnight. —*The History of the Supernatural.*

MINISTERING SPIRIT, OR WHAT?

Over fifty years ago I caught a cold which brought on instantly a severe attack of consumption, and after struggling on for some time under the best medical treatment, I left my situation and went home, as I thought, to die. Gradually, but rapidly and surely, I grew weaker. Knowing what the symptoms were, I had no hope of recovery. I was then about twenty.

My home was at a village in Yorkshire. The butler at the Hall, as we used to call the principal residence, hearing of my condition, was induced to run across the village with a book he happened to have, containing some information about a medicine useful in cases of consumption, and which he thought might be helpful to me.

I read the book, and as I read, an impression was made on my mind of a very powerful nature, as if some intelligent being had said aloud in my hearing, "That medicine will cure you." The words were so emphatic and so forcible that I replied, as in answer to whoever spoke, reasoning against using it, and I quietly laid the book down. I did not yield to the prompting then.

I recovered a little, and by request returned to my situation as a visitor, but not to business. Soon the symptoms assumed intensified power; the end of my conflict seemed to be very near. Again that impressive suggestion, or utterance, and in the same words, "That medicine will cure you," was heard. This time, after a little further hesitation, I replied, "This seems to be, or it may be, a providential interposition for my relief and recovery: live or die, I will try it." In one month from its use I was well. All who knew my condition looked upon the recovery as a miracle. The doctor was greatly astonished. That medicine has several times enabled me to keep down, or to remove, relapses of the consumptive symptoms, and in other ways it has been most useful to myself (and many more) unto this hour. And, except for accidents, I have never had need of medical aid during those fifty years.

The question seems to arise, were those words, "That medicine will cure you," a coincidence merely, or an imagination, or, in keeping with present knowledge, were they a ministering spirit's audible whisper? —E. M., in *Light.*

HARVEY'S WONDERFUL POWER.

A young printer employed by the Blakely Printing Company is astonishing his associates with some marvelous feats. The accuracy with which he takes measurements with his eyes and mind seems really supernatural. In using pica measure—a pica is one-sixth of an inch—he employs no guide to aid him, but adjusts his stick, cuts rules and leads the desired length by measuring the space in his mind. In giving an exhibition of his powers lately he took nine pieces of brass rule and cut them to 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 and 15 pica ems respectively, and on measuring the cut rules they were found to be the exact length. He then cut twelve pieces to one length without comparing them. The pieces were gathered and compared and could not have been shaved nearer one length. He tells longer measures with equal accuracy. A piece of wood was handed him and he was asked the length of it. "Two feet five and three-eighth inches," was the quick and absolutely accurate reply. He was also asked if a certain block was square. "One of its angles lacks a little of it," he answered. The angle referred to was found to be slightly acute. Another curious freak of this printer is that he never carries a watch, but is a positive regulator at telling the hour. One dark afternoon, after having not seen a clock all day, one of the men jestingly asked him the time of day. "Seven minutes after 3," was the prompt reply, and all the correct watches in the house testified to his accuracy. To more fully test his ability in this direction, his roommate awoke him a few nights ago and put to him the query as to the hour. The reply this time was "twenty minutes after 2," which was correct to a minute. The young printer dislikes notoriety and refuses to use his peculiar gift publicly for gain. His name is Joe Harvey. Since a boy he has been able to accomplish remarkable feats of this kind.—*Farmer and Exchange.*

There is something more than even the prolongation of a brilliant and important literary work in the prolonged life of Dr. Holmes, writes Lilian Whiting in the *Inter Ocean*. A friend of his who has known him intimately for nearly half a century told me the other day that if the Doctor had only lived to the prescribed three-score and ten, full completeness of his character would never have been known; that within the last five years, the spiritual side of his nature has developed in a manner that is impressive. Not but that the author of "The Chambered Nautilus" must always have had, of course, a profound insight into spiritual forces; but now this element in him dominates rather than coexists with the purely intellectual.

A young girl who has run away with a married man three times, explains her unconventional conduct by saying that she was hypnotized and really could not help it. The man "suggested" the elopement and he only was to blame. Was it in this way that Satan influenced Eve and Eve persuaded Adam?

WOMAN AND THE HOME

HE WILL FALL IN LOVE WITH HER, SURE!

O, the woman of the future! I can see her through a haze;
She is coming minus bustle, she is coming minus stays;
I can see her through the shadows of the present's misty light.
She is coming, she is coming, like an angel of delight!

The woman of the future! O, how beautiful she seems,
As in fancy I behold her, in the brightest of my dreams;
In fancy I behold her, and I long to hear her voice
Ringing down the pleasant valleys, "I am coming O, rejoice!"

The woman of the future will not trifle with our hearts,
She will find more time to study into sciences and arts;
She will not be too disdainful, irreverent, and proud,
But with all the highest virtues and attainments be endowed.

The woman of the future will be modest in her looks,
She will sing the sweetest ballads and peruse the choicest books:
Her sympathies will widen and her goodness will extend,
Until the poor shall bless her and the weak shall call her friend.

The woman of the future will not throw herself away,
For the ballroom's giddy pleasures, bringing wrinkles and decay;
Nor drink the honeyed nectar of enchantment, long and deep.
Sowing seeds of dissipation that in anguish she must reap.

The woman of the future will come to us as pure
As the fragrant Easter lilies, and her fame will rest secure;
When she comes to dwell among us, in her eyes that light will be
That we have never seen on land, nor not yet upon the sea.

O, the woman of the future will be generous and brave,
And her honor she will cherish without blemish to the grave.
In joy I wait her coming; she will blossom like a rose,
And her heart will find a lover who is worthy to propose!

—Moses Gage Shirley.

For the first time this year, in the Congress of the United States, the House judiciary committee reported in favor of a sixteenth amendment to secure the political rights of women. In one great state, Wyoming, women are voters on the same terms as men. For the first time, two United States senators have been chosen by a legislature elected by the votes of women. The Mississippi constitutional convention seriously considered the admission of women to all the rights of citizenship. From this fact the question was discussed all over the south, until, last week, at Atlanta, a vast audience of men and women rose to express their full acceptance of the idea of equal rights for women. This at the south! The great university of Johns Hopkins has given its pledge that women should be admitted to all the advantages of its well equipped medical school. The Kentucky constitutional convention is securing better laws for women. South Dakota has heard in all its borders the good gospel of equal rights for women. In the Vermont legislature ninety-eight men voted that the women who pay taxes may vote for the men who have the spending of their money. The whole Methodist church has become a school for the discussion of woman's rights, with the votes at this date in favor of women. For the first time, a great body of women in New York City, beginning with those of St. George's Episcopal church, entered earnestly into the movement for better municipal government, and their move was seconded by the best men of the city. For these things, and for a growing public sentiment in favor of a government truly representative of men and women, let us be thankful.

The board of lady managers for the World's Fair is now thoroughly organized, with Mrs. Potter Palmer as president, and Miss Phœbe Couzins as secretary. Doubtless, in the present stage of social evolution, the appointment of such a board is to be counted a sign of advanced public opinion; but we hope that long before the fifth centennial of Columbus' discovery has rolled round the need for two separate boards of management, one composed entirely of men, the other of women, will be as much out of date as the wooden partition that is still used with some religious sects to separate the sexes in church. The question of a separate exhibit of woman's work is under eager discussion among the members of the board, and those in favor of it may well claim that the logic of the situation is on their side, since there is no more inconsistency in a separate exhibit than in a separate board. History proceeds, however, by many illogical processes, and we have already spoken against the separate exhibit. It is better to have the separate board than not to have woman represented at all. That the subordinate organization will do all of its share in making the coming exposition a success we have no doubt, and the general management as well as the coming patrons of the great show are to be congratulated on its appointment.—*Unity.*

Dr. Marie J. Mergler has been elected to fill the chair of gynæcology in the Woman's Medical College of Chicago, which place was recently left vacant by the death of that good friend of women physicians, Dr. William H. Byford. Dr. Mergler is well fitted to fill this honorable position, both from accomplishment and character. She was one of the earliest graduates of the Medical College of Chicago, and was among those who did good work by their brave persistence and modest self-respecting deportment in pursuance of their chosen profession in overcoming the strong earlier prejudice against women entering this department of scientific study. She inherits her aptitude for the medical profession, being the daughter of a German physician who practiced for many years in this country. Her sister, Mrs. Ernestine Mergler Schell, is a graduate of a dental college, and was recently practicing dentistry in this city, but has lately removed to Philadelphia.

A novel element in the political life of the west and south, that receives the attention of the Omaha *Bee*, is the growing influence of the farmers' wives, who, with their sons and daughters, are welcomed in the minor administration, and especially in the social pleasures of the alliances. While these meetings have tended most happily to relieve the drear monotony of farm life on western prairies, they have meanwhile increased not a little the influence of the women in matters of political action upon which the alliances have lately turned the whole strength of their organization. Like all organizations of the sort, which perhaps unconsciously touch upon the outskirts of socialism, the farmers' alliance recognizes more or less the right of women to exercise political powers. Their influence in the recent elections in the west must have been considerable, and is likely to be greater in the future. As the *Bee* says, "It is an element that political managers can not afford to overlook."

Among the many branches of business which women are entering is that of canvassing for advertising, and in this they have succeeded admirably. Mrs. Susan C. Vogl, who has recently died, was for many years the advertising manager of the *Woman's Journal*, and she brought the paper into prosperity by her able endeavors. She made herself friends by her genial cordiality. She was true and honest, and her every statement could be relied upon. Men used to say sometimes that they would give Mrs. Vogl advertisements when they would not give them to any one else. It was Mrs. Vogl's sunniness that won every time, and her genuine good will to everybody. There are one or two advertising firms in Boston composed of women, and they do a very good business. They have a large number of patrons, and they control several newspapers. They evidently are making money, for everything about them bears the stamp of prosperity.—*American Commercial Traveler.*

At the close of the recent meeting of the board of women commissioners of the Columbian Exposition, Mrs. Isabella Beecher Hooker, who throughout the convention had kept up the Beecher reputation for brilliancy and wit, and who was described as the mother of the board, invited all present to attend her golden wedding, which is to be celebrated at Hartford, Ct., August 5th, 1891. It was unanimously voted to accept.

Mrs. Francis Darwin, daughter-in-law and biographer of the famous naturalist, has recently written an article on the much-mooted domestic service question, making the astonishing demand that servants about to be employed should have the opportunity of hearing the "character" of their proposed mistress from two or more of the "servants" whom she had previously employed.—*Investigator.*

The will of Austin Phelps, of Andover, bequeathed $1,000 to Smith College, of Northampton, the income to be used for the increase of the books of the philosophical library, in memory of Prof. Stuart Phelps.

Miss Charlotte Robinson, of London, is art decorator to her majesty. She is the only woman in the world who has the right to have that legend above her shop door or on her cards.

The parliament of New Zealand has granted the right of voting for members of the house to women. The vote for the measure stood 35 to 11.

The New York Central railroad has twenty-six women employed as station agents, it is said.

STOPS HIS PAPER.

A stockholder in the Credit Foncier of Sinaloa, which is the motive power behind the Topolobampo scheme, writing from New Birmingham, Tex., says:

"My subscription to THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL will expire some time this month. Please do not send the paper after that time.

"Why do you persist in misrepresenting the Topolobampo colony? Your last article was full of misstatements and misrepresentations. I have sent you books and papers in the endeavor to enlighten your mind on the subject, but it appears my trouble has been in vain. To-day I send you the last number of the *Credit Foncier*. Vale et salve."

THE JOURNAL has never yet refrained from publishing what it believed to be the truth, through fear of losing subscribers or of being charged with misrepresentation. It is not improbable that the visionary people who concocted the Topolobampo scheme are honest in their desire to promote the welfare of humanity; but an honest visionary is often more dangerous to the public than is a knave.

The cranks, the shiftless, the broken down, the restless and the dreamers who essay the establishment of a modern paradise have not yet reached that sublimated condition wherein they can live on air; and from all the data obtainable that is about the only sustenance that can be relied on at Topolobampo.

The end of the Sinaloa business is likely to be that, after a few years of privation and misery, the pioneers now wrecking their lives on an arid soil and under a burning sun, surrounded by every accessory of discomfort, will, if anything can be made of the country, give way to a population with practical views and disposition to acquire an individual competence. It will be the old, old story over again. There has been from the first special effort made to enlist the interest of Spiritualists in this Mexican craze, hence THE JOURNAL has felt it to be its duty to warn the public, and this it will continue to do, no matter how many subscribers to the paper may be subscribers to the stock of *The Credit Foncier* of Sinaloa. It is all very nice to live in New York amid all the advantages and comforts of a great metropolis, and promote a "coöperative" land scheme in Mexico. One can talk humanitarian views with great unction under such circumstances; but how about the "other fellow" down in Mexico who, with empty stomach and miserable facilities, is wasting his life, too poor and weak of will to get away?

MY HOUSE.

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

The extract from my letter recently published in THE JOURNAL, describing my house building, seems to have interested a certain number, as I have received several letters in regard to it. One of them suggesting that I write a description of my plans for publication in THE JOURNAL. It is hardly feasible to do that, since it would occupy too much space to the exclusion of probably more interesting matter. I will, however, briefly refer to the subject.

In the first place, I ought to say that the house I am building is in no way suited to a northern climate. It will only do for a climate like Florida, where the temperature seldom reaches the freezing point. Built at the north, it would only do for a summer residence, at camp or seaside. It is what is there known as a "box" house, built without a frame, of upright boards, to be battened when completed. These boards are planed on both sides, and the house is finished exteriorly with cornice and the usual trimmings. Inside, in my hall, dining room and library, the board walls are battened to the height of the windows and doors, then there is a three-inch strip of wood, and above this an eighteen-inch frieze of wall paper, with a molded wooden cornice as a finish at the top. The sleepers above are planed and left exposed, and the flooring of the second floor, having been planed on the under side as well as the upper, serves for a ceiling. The siding and ceiling are left the natural color of the wood (yellow pine), while the base board, battening, narrow strip above the battening, cornice and sleepers are stained walnut, with a wash of powdered burnt umber and water, the whole to be sized and varnished. The other rooms will be finished in a similar manner, only the battening will reach to the lower edge of the window, with wall paper above the wooden band, and frieze the same asd escribed. In one chamber, I shall, for variety's sake, reverse the order of staining, staining the boards and leaving base board, battening, etc., in the natural color. My hall floor will be stained every alternate board; the dining room and library floors will be stained in some set pattern, and the parlor floor will be entirely brown, or possibly brown with a light center.

The material used so far has been as follows: 2,500 feet of boards, technically known as "boxing," 1,800 feet of flooring, a portion planed on both sides, 1,685 feet of rafters, sleepers, etc., including shingle lath; 453 feet of narrow lumber for casings, etc. All this has cost me just one hundred dollars. The nails so far have cost $8.25. Twelve windows at $2.50 each will come to $30. One door will be $1.50; the balance will be battened doors. Hinges and latches will cost me $6 for twelve doors. I will have to order 400 feet of lumber in addition to that already used, at a cost of $6, and two or three dollars will yet be required for nails. These figures will probably cover the expenses, except battening, which I came near forgetting. That will require $10 for 500 feet—2,000 running feet. Perhaps I ought to mention that for my kitchen I shall use the lumber of a small cabin which has served us as a home for a portion of the time. My husband has made the shingles, which would otherwise be an important item of expense, as the house, when completed, will require at least 9,000. He has also hewed the sills and a portion of the sleepers for the lower floor.

This description would be incomplete if I failed to tell you about my windows. They are really the distinguishing feature of my house. Now, I never could understand why people should put big windows in their houses, and then more than half cover them with curtains. I like light and plenty of it, and while it is cheap I mean to have it. It would never do to abolish the curtains, I suppose. So my windows must be modified. I have bought large ones—each sash 29x39 in., and instead of putting one on top of the other in the usual way, I have put them side by side, thus securing a broad view. My curtains I will put above them, just as though there was window there to hide, and no one standing inside will discover the difference. Of course, the house looks a little odd from the outside, but does not look badly after all. I expected every one to criticise and find fault, but, strange to say, the first exclamation of everyone on entering the house and taking a look around is: "I like your windows, I didn't think I should when you told me about them, but I do." In fact, they have been unani-

mously pronounced the prettiest feature of a very pretty house.

The entrances from hall to library and from library to parlor and dining room have no doors, but are intended for portieres. This idea has met with unanimous approval from the masculines who have examined my plans, on the ground that it would save expense in the matter of doors. It has not occurred to a man of them that portieres are the more expensive of the two. Of course, I keep my mouth shut on the point, for I want to gain the reputation of building a cheap as well as a pretty house, and whatever the expense of furnishing may be, it really ought not to go into the estimate; do you think it should?

I have said nothing about a chimney. They are not indispensable in this climate, and ours must wait a little while before it is built. When I get to writing about my house, I could go on forever, but I think I have trespassed on as much space as I dare.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

AN INTERESTING NARRATIVE.

To THE EDITOR: Responding to a request from a very dear friend who is a writer for THE JOURNAL, I now detail one incident out of the many experiences that to me are proof of our immortal existence.

In 1859 Morris B. Snyder passed to spirit life from Olney, Illinois. He, for many years previous, had been clerk of the circuit court of that (Richland) county. His son, Samuel C. Snyder, then a boy of fifteen, was a good "psychological subject," and I was just commencing to learn hypnotism and "Sam" was one of my subjects. After psychologizing him one evening, he was suddenly taken from my control, and seemed to pass under the control of his father, who then and there wrote a communication in the well known hand of the old clerk, which was a peculiar handwriting and very different from "Sam's," whose handwriting was scrawly, small, and almost illegible, while his father's was a very legible and bold one, and one that the boy tried afterwards when in his normal condition to imitate at my request, but failed to do so.

The spirit then talked through his son's organism, imitating the voice of the so-called dead man in a marked degree. In other words, the boy's voice seemed to change to the voice of an old man—Mr. Snyder was between sixty and seventy when the transition occurred—and the language was that of a cultivated and refined old gentleman, the opposite of the boy medium, who was as near the plain of the "street Arab" as one could imagine, except that he lacked the brilliancy and wit that characterize some of that class.

I at once recognized the new intelligence that possessed the boy as our old clerk. The inferior mind of the boy appeared at once to be suppressed, as the little fellow's mind seemed to have expanded and become the mind of a teacher and philosopher. I will never forget what he said to me. He seemed overwhelmed with joy when he assured me that we were immortal. He said that he had hoped for it, and had prayed for it as a consistant Christian, but, notwithstanding all the consolation that the church afforded him, he had his doubts and misgivings, and was frequently tortured by fears that he could not vanquish, so that when he approached the end, for a time, hope had fled, and he awaited the oblivion of unconsciousness to end the scene.

I then requested him to describe to me his conscious awakening to life on the other side, which he did in the most elegant and graphic manner. Said he: "Brother Livingston, as you know, our circuit court was approaching the fall term, and I, of course, was during my illness thinking of my work of preparation; I had the 'judge's docket' all made up, but the 'bar docket' I had not commenced on. So when I awoke to consciousness, the first feeling was a placid harmony of delightful repose, from which I did not care to arouse. This 'incipient consciousness' soon gave place to active thoughts of myself, family and business. I then remembered that I had been sick, but realized that I was now well, and felt joyful in anticipation of the thought that I would yet be able to get my bar docket ready for court. So I at once resolved to get up and go to the court house and go to work on it; just as I was seemingly in the act of rising from bed, the fuller consciousness of my real condition burst upon me. I saw that I had passed the boundaries of another world. I saw then for the first time my weeping family, and my old wasted, diseased body, cold and rigid in death: seeing my family weeping made me weep, but all the while there resided in me an indescribable joy in the realization of the fact that my individuality and personality had survived the stroke of death. I accompanied my remains to the grave, and saw them buried, and then returned with my family to the old home, and there for the first time saw the spirits of departed loved ones gone before."

Here, spirit Morris B. Snyder, in answer to my interrogatories, explained how spirits travel from place to place. Said he: "We travel by an exercise of the will, but in our successful passage from one point to another we must fully know and comprehend the exact points to which we desire to go, for we can not go to an indefinite point; for magnetic connection is a positive, fixed attachment to a real place. There is no such thing as aimless wandering or drifting there. Our will is the motive power, it takes the place of the horse cars and steam cars, the steam and sailing vessels on our waters, etc., etc."

Upon my asking him if he had yet gone to the sun and the planets, he answered, "No." I then asked him if he could go. He answered, "Not yet, but hope to in time."

I then asked him where the spirit world was. He answered, "It is on this earth for most of us, at least for those who have unfinished work to do, but we occasionally go to our heavenly home, soon to be recalled to earth by the silent wish of loved ones which draws us from what you would call immensity of distances. Thoughts are infinite, they reach as far as they can think; they strike the sensitive nature of the spirit in immortal life and quickness, conscious rapport with it, but the mortal thinker is all the while unconscious of his thought's effect on the immortal side." Here this séance ended, and here the incredulous materialism of my nature was broken on the wheel of phenomenal facts. I asked myself if it were possible for this ignorant little boy thus to personate an intelligence far above myself as well as him.

After the boy awoke from his trance, I questioned him, using great care so as not to, by a leading question, reflect on his mind the kind of answer I desired, but my caution was unnecessary; his mind was a blank—a piece of unmapped and unexplored territory—he knew nothing of what had transpired. He did not so much as know that his father had the "bar docket" to make up, or that there was such a thing as a "bar docket," and I myself did not know at that time that the clerk had failed to have the bar docket made up at the time of his death, but afterwards learned from his successor that such was the fact.

From that time to the present, I have been investigating, and have seen all or nearly all phases of mediumship, and am sorry to say that many professionals have gone to the wall. Those who practiced fraud deserved their fate. But, on the whole, the world is better: the coming of Spiritualism has marked an epoch of advance in church and state.

B. F. LIVINGSTON.

EXTRACTS FROM THE NOVEMBER "LA REVUE SPIRITE."

To THE EDITOR: An interview with l'Abbe de Meissas, first chaplain of the College Rollin, on the subject of hypnotism and magnetism, in which in answer to the question, "How ought magnetism to be looked at from the Catholic point of view?" replies, "Simply as utilization of the forces of humanity. There is no diabolic power in it. It was folly to charge Mesmer with being a charlatan, especially when such people as the Marquis de Puysegur could be reckoned among his defenders and disciples. Catholicism could no more combat the theories of magnetism than it could contest to-day the theories of Galileo. Magnetism *exists* and the earth *moves*, and there is nothing in it contrary to the dogmas of the holy church."

To the question, "Do not certain persons see a difficulty in reconciling suggestion and free will?" he answers, "They are wrong. I defy any one to suggest a bad action to a nature thoroughly honest. Of course, I make no allusion to the experiments made by Dr. Charcot at La Salpêtrière. The agitation of the doctors is the most inauspicious to which the study of magnetism can be subjected. We can very easily conceive what interest the doctors have to put the light under the bushel. With magnetism as I understand it, every father of a family should become familiar, so as to be able to take care of his own without even going to a doctor in the majority of cases. I have acquired the absolute conviction that magnetism is a sovereign therapeutic agent, and I do not hesitate to assert that there is not a single morbid condition from the simplest headache to a cancer which can not be quite cured or at least successfully alleviated by magnetism."

A society for the study of spiritism has just been formed in Paris called "La Société du Spiritism Scientifique," of which M. A. Laurent de Fagot is president.

The address of the president at the opening meeting of this society, October 9th, is given in full. Among other things, he said; "At this hour, when even in France the spirit of cliques, the fanaticism of some, the imbedded incredulity of others, the indifference of the vast majority in philosophical-religious matters, warp the judgment of the nation and destroy in the human heart something of its spiritua'ity and freshness of feelings; in face of a revolting materialism which seeks to invade all classes of society, allow me to say to you, not without a legitimate pride, that we have for our mission to plant the banner of fraternal Spiritualism, of experimental Spiritualism, which shelters in its folds, science, that is the truth. Not obeying any particular interest, without any ambition, except that of being truly useful in supporting ourselves on facts to build up theory, we wish to study spirit phenomena, analyse their causes, investigate their consequences, philosophic and moral, labor, in a word, to frame the foundations of a true science of the soul.

"We would place ourselves at the point of view of him who, full of sympathy for the teachings of Spiritualism, desires to test for himself the facts of spiritism, in order to be absolutely certain of the reality of the communications between the visible world and the invisible world, and draw from them the consequences which he shall believe just and natural. Why do we, whom a long experience seems to have enlightened, put ourselves back in the primitive condition? For several reasons. The first is that it is good to strengthen ourselves in the elements of Spiritualism, as it is good sometimes for a person to re-read his grammar when he thinks he has acquired a tolerable style and it is perceived that certain elementary rules have been forgotten. The second reason is that there are several interpretations of the teachings of the spirits; such as have been formulated in the fundamental works on the doctrine have been contested, even in our ranks, and sometimes with a certain sharpness little compatible with the principles of fraternity which flow naturally from Spiritism. Thinkers who approach us on certain points, but all whose opinions we do not share, do not understand the nature of spirits and their mode of action on matter as Spiritualists do. We open this school of spiritism to hear our opponents in it, to enlighten our mutual convictions by putting them in contact, and, from serious and fraternal debate, to make to appear the truth without alloy, which is the purpose of our efforts.

"Another reason for this organization is that, thanks to the numerous spiritual publications of to-day, thanks to the multiplication of societies and centers of Spiritualism, and especially the two magnificent congresses at Barcelona and Paris, our ideas have made some advance among men. Spiritualism is not yet recognized officially by science, but we have grounds to hope that it will force the gates of the academies

"If some persons, eager for immediate solutions, demand of us more than we can actually grant; if they wish us to catergorically pronounce on certain points which are contested in Spiritism, we will answer that nothing reaches maturity before its time. We do not shut ourselves up against the admission of questions of high philosophy, of social economy, of abstract science and elevated morals.

"Spiritism is a vast field where, whatever the number of reapers, there will always be spears of grain to glean. But we repeat, in closing, our first aim is and ought to be to confirm and have confirmed by science the reality of spirit phenomena. When we shall have proved to men of study without bias that there are intelligences who communicate with us from the other side of the tomb, we shall have procured a great advance in modern philosophy. Unite then with us, free-thinking philosophers, Spiritualists or materialists, who sincerely are willing to demand of nature the secrets of life. Let our object become yours. We will unite with you in our turn to give satisfaction to your just requirements or your ideal aspirations. But be persuaded to wait, and let us work together with a spirit of persistency, constancy, devotion and good feeling. From our common efforts shall come still more complete the certainty which all are searching for, the proof of the existence of the soul, its survival of the body, its immortality.

"And then, with the aid of all those who labor to the same end as ours, shall fall one by one the barriers which separate men. All those here below shall at last understand that they are issue of the same origin, and that they tend towards the same end; that the obstacles accumulated on their route, both individual and social, are the means chosen by destiny to elevate them morally and intellectually through study, labor and suffering." K.

D. D. HOME'S BOOK—PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

In October we published that we were authorized by Madame Home to furnish gratis to free public libraries a copy of the book, *D. D. Home, His Life and Mission*, an interesting and valuable record from the life of one of the most remarkable and upright mediums ever known. We have been surprised at the large number of responses to that offer; requests for the book still continue to come in. There seems to be, however, a misapprehension of the terms, in that most of the applicants misconstrue the meaning of "free public library." A majority of requests come from those interested in society libraries, Sunday schools and private organizations having libraries. It is not the donor's intent to cover other libraries than those entitled to be called "free public," and belonging to cities and towns. The thought of Madame Home was to get the work into channels where otherwise it would never reach, and where it could be read or referred to by those not associated with Spiritualist societies. To free public libraries the book will be sent free on receipt of request from an officer, accompanied by seventeen cents to pay postage. The work is a fine 8-vo of 428 pages, printed from large type and well bound in cloth, and the price, $2.00, at which we sell it, is only one-half of that put on it in England, though it is better bound and superior to the English. Copies with gilt top will be supplied at $2.25. No Spiritualist's library is complete that does not contain this admirable work.

MRS. RICHINGS' LECTURES.

Mrs. Richings' lectures on Spiritualism in Richmond, Ind., are said to be drawing large and interested audiences. At a recent lecture, the following, among other questions and answers, were propounded and given:

"Why are bright forms of human beauty given to us and then recalled, leaving us desolate?" In reply, Mrs. Richings contended that suffering is but the schoolmaster by whom we are taught duty and progress.

"If spirits are able to travel in space, why do they not inform us in regard to other planets?" Mrs. Richings explained that false spirits may make false statements. So in regard to distant planets, though information was often given, we have no means of verifying their truth. So nothing definite could be known in regard to other planets and their inhabitants. It was asked "if there are any true marriages on this earth, and what the conditions of such marriages are." Mrs. Richings said there were many true marriages here on earth, and only the minority were based on unworthy motives. These brought on themselves their own punishment. Another question was in relation to a personal overruling Being, who plans and is the Arbiter of the destiny of man. To this the speaker replied that the best

spiritual thought acknowledges God in everything and everywhere, the source of all light and inspiration.

We glean these notes of Mrs. Richings' methods from reports in the Richmond *Daily Telegram.*

The yearly calendars begin to remind us that the Christmas holidays and a new year are very near to us. Among the first to arrive for 1891 is an esthetically gotten up as well useful one, than which there can be no more appropriate gift to the woman of to-day with her growing interests and wider outlook—an outlook which is no longer confined to mere housewifely knowledge and duties, but takes in the larger area of literature, art, science and philanthropy. "*Chimes* for 1891" is the title of this calendar, which is compiled by Elizabeth Smith Miller, the cousin and intimate friend of Elizabeth Cady Stanton, and daughter of the millionaire philanthropist and anti-slavery apostle, Gerritt Smith. It is made after the fashion of the Browning, Geo. Eliot, Emerson and other popular calendars, with a new leaf for every day of the year, and an appropriate motto for each day. Its scope is best explained in its rhymed "Preface," which is here given:

"Three days in each month here are goodly receipts
For dishes or draughts for the sick;
Two days there are riddles, charades, or conceits:
One day there's a rule or a trick
For knitting, crocheting, or making something
Ornamental or useful in dress;
And sometimes a hint upon health we shall fling
On our pages to soothe man's distress.
One day there are lines to some plant, tree, or flower,
To some animal, insect, or bird;
But through all the rest of the month shall be heard
The strains of the poets—the dower
Most precious to hoard they have left us, the gold
For our life streams to shine with and hold."

Address Mrs. Elizabeth Smith Miller, Geneva. N. Y. Price, $1.00.

C. E. Abbott writes us from Spirit Lake: I am more and more pleased with THE JOURNAL. Every number is a feast of reason. I would like to see the time come when we could organize, bring into our fold all that know and all that seek knowledge of the after life, and form a true "Church of the Spirit." A church in which we could all unite in the common-sense idea and belief of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Go on, Brother Bundy, your mission is a noble one, and while, at times, it may seem a thankless task, you can be assured that many a soul, released from the thralldom of old superstitions through your noble pen, will rise up and call you blessed.

On Monday evening, at the residence of Dr. M. L. Holbrook in New York City, a meeting was held for the purpose of organizing a sub-branch of the English Society for Psychical Research. This is a step in the right direction. In this connection, THE JOURNAL would remark that it regrets to see the growing practice of naming the conventional Spiritualistic society Psychic or Psychical. It is misleading, inappropriate, and calculated to confuse the public and hamper the formation of societies for scientific study and experiment in psychics.

On another page will be found a contribution concerning the Society for Psychical Research from the pen of a Spiritualist who is able to rise above partisan considerations. Mr. Dodge has made a record as a civil engineer of which any man might be proud, but of which, in his modesty, he never speaks. As a student of psychics, he never strays from the judicial attitude in weighing the evidence and acts of others, nor from the scientific spirit in experimenting or in analyzing evidence.

"We are especially pleased with THE JOURNAL in all its departments," writes J. L. Reed. "Out of several Spiritual publications received usually the same day, THE JOURNAL commands our attention first. This would indicate the esteem we have for it over all others I wish you long life and abundant success."

A. C. Strong writes: We have quite enjoyed the articles from Hon. Joel Tiffany, knowing him, and Dr. Mathevits, formerly also. I meet many ministers of the Unitarian and Universalist denominations who are readers of your paper; all speak highly of it and of its editor.

Mr. J. S. and Mrs. Maud Lord Drake are still guests at the Sherman house in this city. Mr. Drake is likely to be detained longer than he anticipated, in order to superintend large contracts, and Mrs. Drake contemplates returning alone to their beautiful winter home in California.

Dr. J. K. Bailey, during November, lectured in Arkansas, at Stuttgart, Almyra, Glenwood and Arkloe; and at Liberal, Mo., the 13th ult. Address him for engagements, 812 South Washington avenue, Scranton, Pa.

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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch. or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[Books noticed, under this head, are for sale or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

Our Destiny. The Influence of Nationalism on Morals and Religion. An Essay in Ethics. By Laurence Gronlund. Boston and New York: Lee & Shepard. pp. 219. Paper 50 cents. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

Mr. Gronlund is satisfied that Nationalism—"by which," he says, he "means American Socialism"—will be the future economic system of civilized countries. That it will be inaugurated "not by violence, but by enthusiasm." That it will establish a veritable kingdom of heaven on earth, that it is eminently religious, and that "it will evolve an irresistible belief in God and immortality that will satisfy all the instincts of the human heart, as well as the most developed intelligence." Mr. Gronlund says: "Instead of spiritual degradation, American socialism, as I understand it, will give us a profound conviction of the presence of God in Humanity, and confer on Humanity a special dignity fit to inherit endless times and eternities. And if the American people can be persuaded that Nationalism really offers them such an ideal, the next half century will be a period of change, compared with which the past fifty years will seem tame and uneventful." The last chapter contains interesting but fragmentary remarks on memory, amnesia—loss of memory—personality, psychical research and immortality.

A Woman in the Case. An address delivered at the annual commencement of the National Medical College in the Congregational Church of Washington, March 16, 1887, by Prof. Elliott Coues, A. M., M. D., Ph. D., etc. Second edition, with an introduction by Elisabeth Cavazza. Boston: The Occult Publishing Company, 66 Boylston street. 1890. pp. 54. Price 50c.

This bold and brilliant address, as most readers will remember, produced quite a sensation at the time it was delivered, and it led to a severance of the relations between Prof. Coues and the college at the commencement of which it was given. Publication of commencement addresses was omitted that year. The discourse was in reference to the conferring of a degree upon the first woman graduate of the National Medical College. Professor Coues' letter to the faculty is given in this edition, which is very neatly printed.

Destiny, or A Commonplace Life. A Story for Young People. By Mrs. R. E. Nelson, author of "Dorance." New York: John B. Alden. 1890. pp. 270.

Mrs. Nelson's first novel, "Dorance," produced a favorable impression as to her ability as a story writer, which a perusal of the second novel can hardly fail to confirm and strengthen. "Destiny" is not only extremely interesting, but it will serve as a moral stimulus to many minds, to give incentives to youthful readers to better work and nobler lives.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

The following from Lee & Shepard, Boston; S. A. Maxwell & Co., Chicago: The Demagogue. A Political Novel. David Ross Locke ("Nasby"). Price, $1.50; Wonderful Deeds and Doings of Little Giant Boab and His Talking Raven Tabib. Ingersoll Lockwood. Price, $2.00.

From Funk & Wagnalls, New York; William E. Dodge. The Christian Merchant. Carlos Martyn. Price, $1.50; Studies in Young Life: A Series of Word Pictures and Practical Papers. Bishop John H. Vincent. Price, $1.25.

My Uncle Benjamin. A Humorous, Satirical and Philosophical Novel. Claude Tillier. Translated from the French by Benj. R. Tucker. Boston: Benj. R. Tucker; Chips. Lectures in Rhymes, Poems, Messages and Songs. Through the Mediumship of Jennie Rennell.

From United States Book Co., New York: Le Beau Sabreur. Annie Thomas; A Very Young Couple. B. L. Farjeon; A Bride from the Bush; A Laggard in Love. Jennie Gwynne Bettany. Price, each, 25 cents; The Black-Box Murder; Basil and Annette. B. L. Farjeon; Brave Heart and True. Florence Marryat; The Demoniac. Walter Besant. Price, each, 50 cents; Departmental Duties. Barrack-Room Ballads, and other verses. Rudyard Kipling; History of My Pets. Grace Greenwood; Stories of My Childhood, and other Tales. Grace Greenwood.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER RECEIVED.

The Atlantic Monthly. (Boston.) A fine outlook is presented by the *Atlantic* the coming year, in short stories from Rudyard Kipling and Henry James; strong papers by James Russell Lowell and Francis Parkman, and some hitherto unpublished letters from Charles and Mary Lamb. For this month, there is an account of the new rival of the French salon in a paper entitled The New Departure in Parisian Art. Many more articles and two serials complete a delightful number.

The Arena. (Boston.) The opening of the third volume of *The Arena* is celebrated in this, the December number, and it appears in a new cover with good effect. The frontispiece is a remarkably fine portrait of Count Tolstoi, and the opening paper is on The Christian Doctrine of Nonresistance, and embodies the views of Count Tolstoi and Rev. Adin Ballou. Rev. Minot J. Savage contributes a paper entitled Then and Now, which will be enjoyed by every reader. Prof. N. S. Shaler appears in a strong paper on The Nature of the Negro. Professor Shaler is followed by a broad-spirited and able paper by the Rev. Lyman Abbott, What is Christianity?

Revista Pscicolgica (*Pschycological*), a monthly devoted to Spiritism (Spiritualism), magnetism, and general culture, published at Cienfuegos, Cuba, by Eulogio Horta, is a new Spiritual publication. The editor in his announcement says, *La Revista Pscicolgica* is not the organ of a school, of a sect, or of a system, but the modest champion of science which proclaims the immortality and the eternal palingenesis of the spirit against materialism or annihilation. In various portions of the long announcement he says that he wishes to be understood as in favor of the scientific method of investigation. He has many notices of Spiritual publications, THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL among them.

The Popular Science Monthly. (New York.) The first of a series of carefully written, illustrated articles on the Development of American Industries since Columbus is commenced in this issue. The Manufacture of Iron and Steel is to be described, and the initial paper deals with our first steps in iron making. Appleton Morgan asks the pertinent question, What Shall We Do with the Dago? Much more varied and interesting reading adds to the value of this issue.

The *Wide Awake.* (Boston.) Beginning with the Christmas number, is permanently enlarged to one hundred pages, resplendent in new and larger type, a new style of page and strong literary and fictional attractions. The array of talent engaged for the coming year is sufficient to assure the readers of what a delightful time they are to have upon receipt of *Wide Awake* for another twelve months.

The Chautauquan. (Meadville, Pa.) In the *Chautauquan* for December, Prof. Woodrow Wilson gives a graphic description of the Rise of the House of Commons to pre-eminence of power, and this is followed by several articles upon The Intellectual Development, Religious Aspect and the style of living of the early English.

St. Nicholas. (New York.) The Story of the Golden Fleece, retold for American boys and girls, the introduction only appearing this month. Strong serials, by J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Brooks and Mrs. C. V. Jamison, with shorter stories by Joaquin Miller and Frank M. Bicknell are given.

The Westminster Review. (New York.) The writer of the article entitled, Popery and Home Rule, points out the dangers the Nationalist cause is to undergo from the church of Rome. A timely article is that on the Political Position of Holland. Quite a lengthy review of "Lux Mundi" is given by Walter Lloyd.

The English Illustrated Magazine. (New York.) F. Marion Crawford continues his story, The Witch of Prague, in the November number of this popular monthly. Winchester College is a descriptive article finely illustrated, and as also A Holiday in South Africa.

Current Literature (New York.) The best specimens of literary and journalistic style are here presented, and well edited. The various departments contain extracts from the latest writings from all sources.

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For the summer scarce is gone,
Goldenrods are yet in bloom;
Ye too early sought your tomb,
Morning glories.

Whither did your beauty vanish,
Morning glories?
Out into the unknown spaces
Bending o'er us?
Like the soul of man, that goes
Whither, wherefore, no one knows,
So your bloom at summer's close
Morning glories.

Common flowers we called you, too,
Morning glories;
Not like those that grow in rare
Conservatories;
But like common friends we meet
Daily, on the well trod street,
Yet whose souls like yours are sweet,
Morning glories.

Faded now, each blue and crimson,
Morning glory,
Like the prophet's withered gourd, in
Hebrew story.
Frost and blight ye could not bear,
Flowers so common, yet so fair—
Human hearts are like you there,
Morning glories.

—LOUISE FARLEY SUDDICK.

TWO WOMEN.

I know two women; and one is chaste
And cold as the snows on a winter waste;
Stainless ever in act and thought
(As a man born dumb in speech errs not.)
But she has malice toward her kind—
A cruel tongue and a jealous mind.
Void of pity, and full of greed,
She judges the world by her narrow creed.
A brewer of quarrels, a breeder of hate,
Yet she holds the key to "society's" gate.

The other woman, with a heart of flame,
Went mad for a love that marred her name.
And out of the grave of her murdered faith
She rose like a soul that has passed thro' death.
Her aim is noble, her pity so broad,
It covers the world like the mercy of God.
A healer of discord, a soother of woes,
Peace follows her footsteps wherever she goes.
The worthier life of the two, no doubt;
And yet "society" locks her out.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

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She said to him "Go!" and he went
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Ere the coveted competence came.
He returned, filled with love and with pride,
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A poet had struggled along
Through a life time of sorrowful years,
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Little touched at the sight of his tears.
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Better the laugh and the jest my dear,
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Better the word that is kind.
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Better the word that is kind, my dear,
Better the word that is kind.

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APPENDIX.

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THE PUBLISHER.

"INCOMPARABLE,"

For a publisher to be constantly sounding the praises of his paper seems in almost as bad taste as trumpting one's own virtues and abilities; hence I never refer to the merits of THE JOURNAL without diffidence fearing that I many be misunderstood. As I have often said, THE JOURNAL'S prestige, influence, ability and effectiveness are the results of the joint efforts of subscribers, contributors, editor and publisher; and this being the case, when I speak of the paper or quote opinions concerning it, I feel that I am discussing an impersonal theme; yet I know how difficult it is to do this in a way to avoid the appearance of egotism and self adulation, displays for which every well ordered mind has supreme contempt As you know THE JOURNAL has never aimed to secure the plaudits of the rabble, never sought the approval of the unthinking, the fanatical, or those of questionable moral sense. THE JOURNAL, however, in its representative and collective capacity keenly appreciates the approbation of intelligent inquirers, real Spiritualists, critical but fair and candid researchers in the fiel of psychics, upright mediums and lecturers, in a word, all whose good opinion carries with it moral power. While I fully realize, as one who knows from severe experience, that moral power will not pay printers, paper makers, assistants, rent collectors and postage, nor feed, clothe and house my family; yet I have never, as you well know, allowed THE JOURNAL to be used in any questionable way to increase its income. I would rather have such an expression of opinion as I am about to quote than the millions owned by some who profess a knowledge of the continuity of life and spirit return, if to get such wealth I must sacrifice my own self respect or lower the high standard of THE JOURNAL by a hair's breadth. Mrs. Emma Miner of Clinton, Mass., is a finely developed medium who under inspiration writes admirable stories, and who in many ways is helping to bring the world to a higher spiritual plane. In a business letter of late date Mrs. Miner writes: "I am reminded every week that you live, by the reception of that very brainy paper. THE JOURNAL. I do not know of any paper to compare with it. I think you are doing a good work. I hope I feel at all times disposed to be charitable, yet it seems to me there is a word equally good, equally great, and that word is *justice*." I might quote still more pointed extracts showing how thoroughly Mrs. Miner approves of THE JOURNAL'S position that justice to humanity as a whole embraces the highest conception of charity, and how seeming charity to the individual is often only weakness resulting in injustice to many.

It is my aim and ambition to make an incomparable paper in every way. I hope and believe it is your desire and ambition that THE JOURNAL should be such a paper. I hope those of you who have so long and ably aided me will redouble your efforts and feel that your interests are identical with my own in this work. I hope those who have heretofore contented themselves by wishing me well and paying their annual subscription, with more or less promptness, will awake to a realization that the life of money getting and absorption in worldly affairs will soon end for them at the grave, and that their best opportunity for aiding Spiritualism, to which they owe so much, is swiftly passing. If you will do for THE JOURNAL a little of what you would like me to do for it were our places changed, I shall be able to still further improve the paper; and thousands who need the assistance and guidance which continuous study of its pages afford will become regular subscribers and thank you from the depths of their souls for having induced them to take the paper.

Only seventeen days from the date of this issue remain of the current year. Every subscriber in arrears ought to make a heroic effort to settle up and renew for another year before the new year is ushered in. Collectively you are owing me many thousands of dollars. Treat me as considerately as I have you; pay your debt and reënforce my strength for the coming year. You can do it if you really try, every one of you.

CORRECTION.

In the interesting "Test of Spirit Presence," published last week, page 442, there occurs a grave mistake, arising from a misconception on the part of those handling the manuscript. The first paragraph should have read thus:

One Sunday morning not long since, there happened to be present in the parlor of my residence in New York Mr. Giles, the father of my son's wife, who then lived with us; Mr. Childs, a cousin of my wife; Mr. and Mrs. C——, friends well known to us, who were making a friendly call, my wife and myself.

Throughout the communication, wherever the name Mrs. Childs occurs it should read Mrs. C——. The coincidence in the initial letter in the lines quoted above led to the blunder.

Anonynous communications will receive no attention. Correspondents who desire their names suppressed will be accommodated when there is good reason for it. Writers of critical articles should have the courage to attach their names.

A. B. Wilkinson, Camden, N. J. writes: I have been a reader of your very valuable paper for many years, and feel that I could not get along without it.

"Words can not express to you more fully my appreciation of THE JOURNAL," declares M. J. Ramsdell.

A catalogue of books for sale at THE JOURNAL office will be sent to any address on request. Now is the time to order books before the holiday rush sets in and prevents immediate delivery. Any book to be had in Chicago will be promptly mailed on receipt of price.

One day, when Mr. Harness was staying at a famous country house, he found a gentleman pacing up and down the parlor in the most distressing agitation of mind. "Is there anything the matter?" inquired Mr. Harness, anxiously. "The matter?" he replied. "I should think there was! Three of the worst things that can possibly happen to man. I'm in love, I'm in debt, and I've doubts about the doctrine of the Trinity."

The fourth annual convention of the societies of Ethical Culture of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, St. Louis, and London, was held in New York City on the 5th, 6th and 7th of December. Among the speakers were Wm. M. Salter of this city, Prof Adler of New York, and Stanton Coit of London. The special purpose of the convention is the devising of ways and means for the better education of the clergy in regard to the objects which societies of ethical culture have at heart. Among the topics for personal discussion was that of improvements in the training of moral and religious teachers; their more thorough study of economic ideas, and of the best methods of social reform. Much interest was manifested at the meetings.

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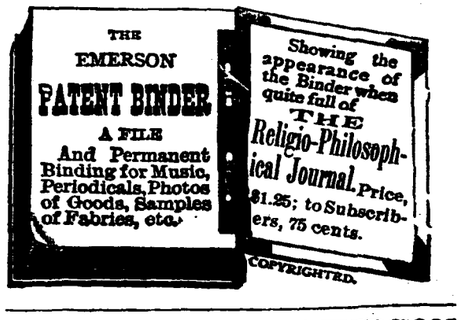
writes the Rev. M. J. Fallihee of Freeland, Pa. January 18th 1889, was CATH. BRISLIN suffering from fits and convulsions, she had 3 or 4 attacks every week, tried many remedies and doctors without any relief, but since she began to use Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, she is able to work, and make her own living.—Another case is that of M. GALAGHER of the same place, he is 16 years old, had fits since 9 years, so severe that we thought several times he would die, tried different Doctors and Medicines without relief, but since he used Koenig's Tonic, he had only slight attacks, which were probably caused by violent exercise.

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ESTABLISHED 1865. • CHICAGO, DEC. 20, 1890. NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 30.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

The Italian and Swiss waiters of New York, determined to protect their tips and to resist the interference of their bosses, have organized a mutual protective society.

The sympathy with Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett in the death of her son, Lionel, will be as extended as the readers of her books. He was the original of Little Lord Fauntleroy. Mrs. Burnett in search of material found her choicest suggestions in her own household.

The imperative duty of Parnell, in our judgment, is to retire from the leadership, says the *Irish World*. Mr. Parnell, however, shows no disposition to retire. At this writing he resembles a monarchical pretender, who believes the country can be saved only by him, who refuses to see any reason for his deposition, and who, no longer the head of the national party, but the misleader of a faction, is bent on "fighting it out" to the bitter end.

The sad experience of the unfortunate Kentucky heiress whose rascally Spanish husband has fled with the fortune she had confidingly intrusted to him, leaving her impoverished and friendless in New York City, should serve as a warning to American girls not to believe all that foreign wife seekers say and promise, however fascinating they appear or however many titles of nobility they prefix to their names.

The influence of the extremists seems to have predominated at the farmers' convention at Ocala. Among other demands in the platform are those for the abolition of the national banks, the establishment of government sub-treasuries to loan money on farm products at a rate not to exceed two per cent. per annum, unlimited silver coinage, the increase of money in circulation to fifty dollars per capita and the adoption of an income tax.

The present phase of Home Rule is Homeric, says the Boston *Herald*. Helen is Mrs. O'Shea, Parnell is Paris, who has everything and won't give up anything; Gladstone is the many-wiled Ulysses, "a Solomon in the council and a Samson in the field;" the London *Times* is Thersites, backbiting everybody out of spite for his own broken nose; Balfour is the Trojan horse, and Old Ireland is Hellas, with all the Greeks a-fighting and bound to get the better of their enemies in the end.

When Mr. Mounteney Jephson, who had an engagement to give some lectures in New York before the Lotus Club, arrived in the city he skeda a newly made friend who met him through Henry M. Stanley some questions that sounded strange to American ears. "I have some friends in Bostonmass, you know," said he. "Do tell me where Bostonmass is, you know, and what is 'mass' any way? Now, by the way, do I pass near Chicago, you know, when I go to Philadelphia and is it anywhere near Brooklyn, dear boy." The dear boy was amused of course.

The late Daniel B. Fayerweather, of New York, whose large bequests to a score of colleges have made his personality a matter of interest, began life as a bound boy to a Connecticut farmer, then learned the shoemaker's trade and on account of ill health left it for a time for tin peddling and drove a cart through Virginia. Afterwards a New York leather firm from whom he used to buy his stock, induced him to work for them and he won his way up by diligence and good judgment. It is estimated that he left from $5,000,000 to $8,000,000. He was not a man of culture, but it seems he appreciated the importance of education. His name is in no danger of being forgotten.

In the current number of the *Forum*, Professor R. H. Thurston declares that it is practicable mechanically to attain a speed of one hundred miles an hour or more in railway travel. Higher speeds cost money for initial and operative expenses in vastly higher ratio than either increase of speed or the returns to be expected on capital so invested. Our faster trains do not directly pay even now, when the wear and tear of engines, cars, roadbed, and bridges are considered. When the people want higher speeds and need them so greatly as to be able and willing to pay for them the engineers will construct and the railroads will furnish trains of still higher velocity and of still greater safety. It is true that expense increases in ratio with the speed, but time is money in this generation and this fact will enter into the settlement of fares.

After half a century of agitation on the subject, an international copyright bill was passed by the United States House of Representatives on December 3d. This action of the house is sure to be ratified by the senate and the president, and the new order of things will doubtless be inaugurated July 1, 1891. The measure provides that copyright for America may be secured by the citizen of any country which confers equal privilege on citizens of this country. The condition is made, however, that a book, in order to be copyrighted in America, must be printed from type (or plates made therefrom) set in this country. This fully protects the type-setting, printing, stereotyping and electrotyping interests. The bill will not of course affect books heretofore published, but only those published after the bill becomes a law.

It seems to be very hard to convince the custodians of ecclesiastical structures that the average church bell is continually more and more liable to be a nuisance, particularly in large cities, where an increasing number of people have to work at night and get their sleep in the day time, says the New York *Press*. Such people naturally seek quiet neighborhoods to live and sleep in, and the neighborhood of a church often has a deceptively quiet look. Yet when such noises are complained of the church people reply that the bells bring religious consolation and comfort to the pious people who hear them; as if genuine piety would not make them shrink from doing to others what they would not have others do to them, namely, disturb their hours of rest. Church bells were necessary in feudal times, and even now, in rural communities, they have their uses in notifying the congregation, in a case of doubt, whether there will be a service or not. But with good clocks selling at less than a dollar, nobody needs a church bell to tell him when it is time to go to church. It may not be necessary to abolish church bells entirely, but it is certainly a most ill mannered and therefore unchristian practice to ring them at hours that are objectionable to anybody.

At a meeting of the Boston Homeopathic Medical Society held in that city December 6th, Dr. Conrad Wesselhoept presented a paper in which though he approved of the death penalty he deprecated present methods of inflicting it, as barbarous and equally horrible whether by hanging or electricity. He contended that all executions should take place privately, with an air of mystery, no publicity and no visible paraphernalia. He advocated chloroform as the best agent in executions, as it is swift, sure, painless and silent. The change in the laws of the State of New York, making electricity instead of hanging the agent in the death penalty, may result through such discussions of it as this by the Homeopathic Society, not only in substituting some less painful mode of execution, but by calling the attention of the public to the barbarous immorality of inflicting the death penalty for any crime whatever, may also be the means of doing away with it forever and substituting some more civilized method of dealing with our murderous criminals.

At a general meeting of the American branch of the Society for Psychical Research, held in Boston on December 2d, the chairman, Prof. William James, pointed out that the associate members of the parent society in England pay one guinea (about five dollars) each per annum, and the full members pay two guineas; whereas, although the full members of the American branch pay ten dollars per annum, the associate members pay only three dollars, and much the larger part of this three dollars goes to England in payment for the *Journal* and *Proceedings* which all members receive. It was suggested that the annual dues of associates of the branch be raised from three dollars to five dollars for the purpose of ascertaining how many associates would withdraw from the society if such a change should be made. It was resolved that the secretary should issue a circular asking for an immediate expression of opinion on this point. "The American branch," says the management, "in future must be self supporting. If all the present associates agree to the proposed increase of assessment, the income available, after payment for the publications sent from England, will be about one thousand dollars. But for the salary of secretary and assistant, expenses of traveling, for the interview of witnesses and for experimental investigation, the sum of at least five thousand dollars is required, so that the continuance of the investigation in America must depend almost entirely upon voluntary donations. Many opportunities for experimental investigation have been missed owing to lack of funds." THE JOURNAL sincerely hopes the American branch will be generously supported and its able secretary, Dr. Richard Hodgson, encouraged and aided in his work. Those interested can address him at 5 Boylston place, Boston, Mass.

T. DE WITT TALMAGE, ATTENTION!

Most brilliant sensationalist and successful seller of pulpit products, Palestine hustler and would-be journalist we beg your brief attention. It is some time since you have libeled Spiritualists and Spiritualism in your pulpit. It looks as though the flaying you received at the hands of Judge Dailey in the Brooklyn papers and the frequent doses of moral physic administered to you in these columns had arrested the progress of the malady which threatened at one time to destroy your limited stock of moral sense. Since you are an adept in arranging, months in advance, surprise receptions for yourself, since you were able to work your Palestine fake so cleverly, and in view of the fact that you so characteristically built the cablegram exploiting your visit to Gladstone sometime since—in which there was one part of "Grand Old Man" and nine parts of Brooklyn's pulpit gymnast—and as you have established a sort of sporting religious newspaper, it may be that you are sufficiently receptive to profit by the sermon of Rev. J. H. Crooker, published on another page, and to ponder on other matters to which attention will be directed. True, Mr. Crooker is a Unitarian and a gentleman, still it may be possible that you have developed in the past two years so as to be able to comprehend what he says, and to recognize that he gives you the lie indirect as to your wholesale allegations against Spiritualists and Spiritualism. It is not likely that one on so high a moral, spiritual and intellectual plane as is Mr. Crooker could have had the least thought of you when he wrote the sermon; nevertheless, it will be just as good medicine for you and forward your moral convalesence as swiftly as though he had prepared it expressly for you—provided you take it in the right way.

You will recall that after your malignant onslaught on Spiritualists in which you sweepingly denounced their morals, THE JOURNAL established a Talmagian court before whose bar it arraigned clerical criminals and crooked men of your theological cult. It must be confessed that this court was not discontinued through any consideration for you, but simply because of the overwhelmingly large docket, and the impossibility of finding room for matter germane to the objects of THE JOURNAL if justice was done to your friends in the faith. However, as the closing of the Columbian Exposition on Sunday; the right of women, in the language of Samantha Allen, to set on the conference of a sister sect—or of a brother sect as Josiah Allen would insist on calling it;—the little unpleasantness caused by ministerial and crafty criticism of that noble brother-in-the-Lord, Col. Shepard, editor of that christo-commercial daily, *The Mail and Express;* the McKinley bill; the democratic landslide; the revision of the Presbyterian creed; the free coinage of silver; the inter-state commerce law and other vexing troubles are disturbing the religious serenity of your people, as well as the mental equipoise of those foreordained and predestined for the Presbyterian hell, as all these things are perturbing both the elect and the non-elect, we desire you to exercise your potent influence with the daily press. We implore you to mitigate some of the virulent causes of general demoralization by inducing the daily press to refrain from chronicling the crimes and crookedness of preachers, orthodox Christians, Sunday-school superintendents and others prominent in the vineyard of your Master. For weeks lately the papers were full of the dreadful details of the trial of one your brother ministers for the trifling offense of poisoning his wife; and the prejudiced jury went so far as to convict the preacher. Since then several leading spirits in the church have proven large defaulters. And last week it came out that a Baptist brother of yours preaching at Burlington, Iowa, had, while at Franklin, Pa., engaged to marry a young lady member of his congregation, he being already married, and that he left Quay's late kingdom without paying his debts. Even the fact that Pennsylvania had elected a democrat for governor didn't seem to inspire the Franklin people with charity tow poor unfortunate preacher. Then all the dail of the 10th inst., took delight in further demoralizing the public and increasing doubts as to the so vency of Zion's bank by discrediting one of its directors, the Rev. C. S. Daniels, rector of St. Chrysostom's Protestant Episcopal church in Philadelphia. All that was proven before the church tribunal against the Rev. Daniels was that he attended a variety theater, visited a beer park where rum and music mixed and where he danced with low women. True, it was shown that when his children had the smallpox he left his home and allowed his wife to get on the best she could; and furthermore that one night in the winter of 1888 he was riding in a street car when two women got in, whereupon he became free with them, even going so far as to take one of them on his lap and hug and kiss her. But these offenses together with the charge that Rector Daniels had appropriated $18,000 of church money to his own use, were all that was proven or charged; yet on these trifles the daily press felt warranted in strengthening the stringency of moral and religious capital by giving them publicity. As there is a widely prevalent notion abroad that human nature is pretty much the same whether in or out of the evangelical fold, the public might have maintained its poise in the face of these panic-breeding reports had the press been discreet enough to have suppressed the knowledge of the heresy which came to light the other day at Pittsburgh, but that capped the climax and very nearly precipitated the threatened panic. Here is the story as it appeared in the Chicago *Tribune:*

PITTSBURG, PA., Dec. 9.—[Special.]—The Revs. O. B. Milligan, E. M. Milligan, H. W. Temple, W. L. Simpson, and Hugh Reed were to-day placed on trial before the Reformed Presbytery of Pittsburg for heretical utterances. There was a great throng to witness the proceedings, which were at times very lively. As is well known, in view of the absence of God in the Constitution, Reformed Presbyterians (or Covenanters) make it a part of their doctrine to abstain from exercising the right of suffrage. The five young ministers already named are, however, more liberal in their views. Last July they attended a conference which adopted a platform of principles in which this plank appeared:

> That persons who make credible profession of Christ should be received into church membership on the acceptance of our testimony and terms of communion without binding them to our explanation in the matter of political dissent or in other questions.

At this conference there were representatives from five states and half the Presbyteries in the country. Pittsburg Presbytery decided to rebuke the young men and directed a committee to prepare formal charges of libel against the seceders. This was done to-day.

We need say no more, Mr. Talmage. You see the emergency and you are equal to it. Issue your edict, and if it is not obeyed, take every last one of these rival sensationalists to the River Jordan and there treat them as you did that poor devil of an Arab whom you hired to allow you to baptize him. That will reform these dangerous journalists, save the country and add fresh radiance to your halo.

PARNELL AND IRISH HOME RULE.

Mr. Parnell could have given no stronger proof of his devotion to Ireland than by forgetting self aggrandizement and sinking himself for the benefit of the unhappy country which he professes to love. His ability as a leader is unquestioned and his services are entitled to the gratitude of the Irish people, but home rule for Ireland can not be established without the help of the English liberals, and a close alliance with Mr. Gladstone and his followers is indispensable to victory. A few weeks ago the cause of Irish home rule was on the verge of success. By Mr. Parnell's criminal folly and by his refusal to retire from the leadership of his party, the success of the Irish cause is indefinitely postponed. Mr. Labouchere says that the leader has lost his reason. Certain it is that he has acted of late like a man without public honor as his conduct was in certain private and social matters without moral principle. Some of the statements in his manifesto are, on the testimony of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Morley, than whom no two public men in England have a higher reputation for veracity, wanton falsehoods. When a public leader has offended the moral sense of his own country and of the civilized world, and has thereby so far impaired confidence in himself that the wisest men of his own party demand his withdrawal, it is time for him to step down and out. No man's past services can warrant the subordination of a nation's weal to his own personal advantage. The clamor for Mr. Parnell's retention, it is freely declared in well-informed circles, is urged on by Nationalists of the House of Commons who are paid yearly salaries from the fund of which Mr. Parnell has entire control and who, it is presumed, prefer a state of perpetual agitation to that in which they would find themselves after home rule had been achieved. If this opinion is correct—THE JOURNAL can not vouch for its correctness—then another instance is presented of the betrayal of the Irish cause by Irishmen from selfish and sordid motives. The chief envoys of the Irish party now in America collecting funds for its use, it is gratifying to know, are among those who, seeing the seriousness of the situation, and the wise and honorable course to pursue in this emergency, have protested against Mr. Parnell's manifesto and joined in requesting his retirement. The rupture of the Irish party being now complete, and the majority of the Nationalist members having rejected the leadership of Mr. Parnell, both factions will speedily devise a way for taking the sense of the Irish people, as to whether Mr. Parnell or Mr. Justin McCarthy shall be recognized as leader. The Irish warmth of heart and impulsiveness of action have been characteristically illustrated in the disposition shown in many quarters to stand by Mr. Parnell in spite of all objections. But the influence of the clergy from the archbishops down to the humblest parish priest will be against him, and this influence will be reinforced by the conviction among the cooler-headed politicians that the continuance of the old leadership means the indefinite postponement of Irish hopes, because even aside from considerations of personal character, Mr. Parnell's conduct in disclosing negotiations between Mr. Gladstone and himself makes it impossible that any English leader should treat with him on public questions. It is still expected by some that the Irish party will soon be reunited and this is possible, but the line of cleavage shows edges so jagged with bitter enmities and political rivalries, that there seems but little ground for hope that the two factions will come together and work harmoniously again in the immediate future. Mr. Parnell may succeed in dividing the Irish people as he has succeeded in breaking up his delegation at Westminster. Meanwhile the enemies of home rule remain in the field triumphant and the friends of the Irish cause are greatly disheartened. Mr. Parnell's great ability and past services can not atone for his jeopardizing this cause by his present action.

STUPENDOUS STUPIDITY.

Since the blathershite Barney was kicked out of *The Better Way* there has been no malice in that sheet; amiable stupidity took its place and filled the vacuum. Mediocrity has always characterized its pages, but then mediocrity in spiritualistic journalism is so prevalent as to point to the probability that it is most in demand. At present *The Better Way* seems to flourish better under the domination of mental and moral obfuscation mixed with psychical putty than it did when saturated with Barney's moral effluvia. While it spreads before its readers as veritable proofs of spirit manifestations the threadbare and easily detected trickery of some of the most notorious frauds, its editorial columns are pervaded by a spirit of goody-goodiness which impresses the intelligent reader that the editor means well and ought not to be seriously blamed because nature did not more generously endow him. Though inanity is everywhere apparent in its pages, yet is venality not observable; and to that extent is *The Better Way* to be commended. From its issue of December 6th is selected a specimen of the stupendous stupidity which characterizes *The Better Way*. In that issue appeared the following editorial item:

> Ingersoll is our candidate for President, since nominations are in order. Let us have a freethinkers' ticket in the field; Spiritualists will support it en masse. Other nominations are in order. Next!

THE JOURNAL is charitable enough to hope that the above sample of downright assininity was written immediately after a visit "over the Rhine" and while

the writer was carrying a jag of those diabolical spirits which infest the drinkables dispensed in that part of Cincinnati. It is almost inconceivable that even a mediocre intellect when quickened by ever so small a dose of Spiritualism, could in its normal condition have evolved such a bit of foolery and absurd inconsistency. Either the writer of that paragraph was drunk or obsessed, or he is a born idiot incapable of reasoning or of having the slightest conception of Spiritualism and good sense. It seems superfluous to analyse this specimen of *The Better Way's* flatulent imbecility, when every reader of THE JOURNAL outside the offices of some of its alleged spiritualistic contemporaries will readily be able to do it for himself. Supposing the Roman Catholics, or the protestant sects should propose a presidential candidate because of his views on theology and a future life. Would not Spiritualists and liberal thinkers rise up as one man against it? Aye, and they would be reënforced by a host of church people whose good sense would cause them to oppose such folly. Col. Ingersoll is a materialist, and he fights religion and the claim of a future life. He is a materialist from conviction probably, and for revenue certainly.

No two words represent such widely differentiated and irreconcilable schools of thought as materialism and Spiritualism. Spiritualists will support Ingersoll for the presidency en masse, says *The Better Way*. This is a libel on every Spiritualist, and the imbecile who penned it should be sent to an asylum for the feeble minded. What have Spiritualists in common with this materialist? Suppose he does manufacture brilliant pyrotechnics wherewith to scare orthodox preachers and swell his bank account, what bearing has it in making him a presidential candidate for whom Spiritualists should vote? Do Spiritualists want to set the example of selecting candidates for political offices because of their views of religion and a future life? But why continue what is, as has been already said, superfluous. Let *The Better Way* corporation hasten to repudiate the fanatical, inconsistent, false and silly announcement. If there is a grain of common sense and consistency in the corporation this will be done. When a Spiritualist with a healthy mind is continually running across such exhibitions of mental and moral abberation as this of *The Better Way*, and among people professing to be Spiritualists, he almost feels to say with Boileau:

Of fools the world has such a store,
That he who would not see an ass,
Must bide at home, and bolt his door,
And break his looking-glass.

THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

The Farmers' Alliance claims credit for the recent political changes, and prominent members of the order talk freely about taking charge of the next presidential election. The Alliance, it is said, numbers 3,000,000 electors and its numerical strength is increasing rapidly. It is likely to prove the most powerful factor that has appeared in politics since this government was founded, and unless it becomes subject to the control of incompetent or unscrupulous managers and is divided into factions or is made subordinate to personal ambition or selfish schemes, it is sure to wield vast and beneficial influence on the destinies of the American republic. The farmers are a most important element in the population of the country, and the union of their strength and influence for the protection of the important interests of agriculture which have been too little considered hitherto, can not but improve their condition. The improvement of their condition means general improvement. All other classes are in a peculiar manner dependent upon the farmers, who are in the fullest sense of the word producers. They raise and harvest the crops that supply the granaries of the world and afford food for the millions—for those who toil and for those who live by the toil of others.

When manufacturing establishments and every corporate and monopolistic interest that has been able to bring influence to bear upon legislation, have been subjects of favorable legislation, it is not strange that agriculture should unite its forces to secure a share in the benefits of laws designed to encourage and reward industry. Now a large portion of the margin between the cost of farm products and their price in the market goes to the railroad companies and the wholesale and retail dealers, so that the producer is underpaid and the consumer is overtaxed, while the carrying interests and the interests of speculators and middlemen only are promoted. The people who live in cities and towns pay round prices for all articles of food and they naturally think that the farmers must be well paid for their products, not knowing that a large part of the farmers' imagined profits goes to those through whose hands they pass from the farm to the purchaser. The Farmers' Alliance will cause this subject to be popularly understood greatly to the benefit of those who produce and those who consume the products of the farm.

VIEWS OF A UNITARIAN.

Expressing as it no doubt does the opinion of very many liberal religionists, the sermon on Spiritualism delivered by Mr. Crooker to his exceptionally intelligent and influential congregation at Madison, Wisconsin, has interest for Spiritualists; interest in that it portrays the views of an intelligent, candid, sympathetic observer of the Spiritualist movement both as to its doctrines, personnel and literature. Very properly this preacher's view finds place in THE JOURNAL's open court, to which all who have something to say and know how to say it are welcome; welcome whether they endorse or differentiate the editorial positions of the paper. THE JOURNAL does not believe the last word has been said, or that all wisdom is confined to those of its way of thinking; it encourages free expression of thought—only insisting on matured thought. Every Spiritualist should stand by the position of the martyred Lincoln when he said: "I shall try and correct the errors when shown to be errors; and I shall adopt new views so fast as they shall appear to be true views." Unlike Mr. Crooker, we are fully settled in our convictions—and this by experimental knowledge—of the ability of spirits to manifest to mortals, by both physical and mental methods.

We are convinced that the Unitarian church has been blind to its opportunity, in that it has through indifference, lack of scientific spirit, and an overwrought regard for what in the conventionalism of the world is rated as good form, neglected to cultivate the Spiritualistic field. The Unitarian church in the United States numbers only 206,500 members, and it is safe to say that a considerable percentage of these are only nominally Unitarians, Unitarians for convenience when the census fiend is abroad or when that label stops unpleasant inquiries. But Unitarianism is an organized force, and as such has a recognition and a standing before the world. Spiritualism numbers its believers by millions, but with no organization it is impossible for it to even have a place in the census table or to make a creditable showing in any direction requiring concerted action and organic effort. Closer relation between Spiritualists, Unitarians, liberal Universalists and the various advanced independent religious societies would be beneficial to all concerned. These relations need not be a fusion, but rather an alliance for a common work in the interests of humanity. Yet how can an unorganized body ally itself with one having organic life? It is impossible, hence fusion is going on, liberal churches are absorbing much of the vitality that would be conserved for a broader and higher religious life were Spiritualism an organized force. We are not here and now advocating organization, though we fully believe in it, but only calling attention to facts.

Every now and then Talmage flies off with as bold an assertion in favor of spiritualistic doctrines as ever was uttered by a strong believer, says a writer in the Spiritualist journal *More Light*, but at the same time he will use a saving clause so as to let his hearers understand that he is not an out and out believer. I quote a portion of his sermon delivered in Brooklyn lately, from the text, "The day is at hand:" "There is a class of phenomena which makes me think that the spiritual and the heavenly world may, after a while, make a demonstration in this world which will bring all moral and spiritual things to a climax. Now, I am no Spiritualist; but every intelligent man has noticed that there are strange and mysterious things which indicate to him that perhaps the spiritual world is not so far off as sometimes we conjecture, and that after a while, from the spiritual and heavenly world there may be a demonstration upon our world for its betterment. We call it magnetism, or we call it mesmerism, or we call it electricity, because we want some term to cover up our ignorance. I do not know what that is. I never heard an audible voice from the other world. I am persuaded of this, however: that the veil between this and the next is getting thinner and thinner, and that, perhaps, after a while, at the call of God—not at the call of the Davenport brothers or Andrew Jackson Davis—some of the old scriptural warriors, some of the spirits of other days, mighty for God—a Joshua, or a Caleb, or a David, or a Paul—may come down and help us in this battle against unrighteousness." You will notice at the closing of this part of his discourse that he puts in a safety valve so as to stay in the fold and keep the boiler from bursting. Poor Talmage, with all his talents he is a slave.

The *Irish World*, edited by Patrick Ford, says: "Mr. Parnell himself has spoken, but no utterance has told against him more terribly than his own statement. His manifesto has proved a boomerang." He adds: "We have faith in Gladstone—faith in his honesty and his intelligence to straighten out this tangle. He is the most conspicuous figure and the most potent influence to-day in the statemanship of Europe. He can now cherish no petty ambition here below. He has entered the eighty-first year of his age, and in the course of nature he must soon go before the Great Judge. What remains to him of time he should be allowed to devote to positive work, not to contradictions and inharmony. Americans are to a man with Gladstone for the cause of Ireland. They are now looking to see how Ireland herself shall treat this great and good man, to whom she owes so deep a debt of gratitude." Parnell's manifesto was without doubt a gross breach of confidence, and its assertions, so far as they concerned Gladstone, were false. No liberal leader can have any further confidence or communication with Parnell. This fact alone makes his leadership fatal to the progress of the Irish cause.

Professor Shaler, of Harvard University, is one of the most popular men in the faculty, and the college boys are always delighted when they can get him to make a speech. After the recent football victory at Springfield, Mass., there was a big jollification at Cambridge, and one of the features was a characteristic speech by Professor Shaler. In the peculiar drawl for which he is famous he began: "I—wish—to—say,—gentlemen,—that—many—of—you— have—received—very—low—marks.—I—think—this—is—due—somewhat—to—the—football—enthusiasm—which—has—been—so—prevalent—here.—I—can't—say—that—I—blame—you,—gentlemen.—I—went—to—Springfield—myself.—I—settled—myself—quietly—on—the—seats—and—hoped—that—the—men—next—to—me—would—not—be—too—boisterous.—Pretty—soon—I—found—I—had—gotten—up,—gentlemen,—that—my—hat—was—in—the—air,—gentlemen,—and—strange—to—say,—gentlemen,—I—didn't—seem—to—care—whether—it—came—down—again—or—not.—I—intend—to—go—to—Springfield—next—year,—gentlemen."

The Socialistic Congress which met at Halle, Germany, in October last to celebrate the new liberty given them was signalized by some significant features, such as the admission of women as delegates, the demand for state aid including free legal and medical assistance in the line of nationalism, and a pronounced antipathy to religion. A campaign of education in socialism by means of newspapers and pamphlets was advised.

Sir Morell Mackenzie declares it as his belief that in course of time will be discovered the bacillus of all specific diseases, fevers and other illnesses which run a specific course, just as Dr. Koch has discovered the bacillus of consumption.



A SERMON ON SPIRITUALISM.

By Rev. J. H. Crooker.

"Prove all things, hold fast that which is good."—1. Thess. v., 21.
"Try the spirits whether they are of God."—I. John iv., 1.

When a mere lad fifteen and sixteen years old, I was very much interested in the literature of Spiritualism. I was brought up in a home where the love rather than the wrath of God was made prominent in the interpretation of providence and destiny. I never knew what it was to be threatened with the torments of hell as a punishment for wrong doing; that terrible fear never hung over my young life to turn dreams into anguish and solitary hours into fearful bitterness. I do not remember the time when the darkness held any terrors for me, for my family had no acquaintance whatever with the devil; evil spirits were as unreal to me as the fairies of folklore. My mother impregnated the atmosphere which I breathed with a very tender appreciation of human kind and with an absolute trust in the fatherhood of the Creator, and before her ascension she read with infinite satisfaction, Whittier's grand poem, "The Eternal Goodness," as the best expression that she had ever seen of her own religious faith. In those early years of my life, without having received any dogmatic instruction on the subject—the "Big Woods" of Minnesota had no churches or Sunday schools thirty years ago—I believed in a future life as the necessary outcome of our life here; and though the heaven to which I then looked was as childish as the toys with which I played, yet it seemed just as real as those toys; and while the toys and the childish thought of heaven have alike been outgrown, the hope of immortality survives, so that now as then, I feel myself near a borderland, unseen but real, where dwell the loved ones that have vanished from my side.

As I grew up in such a home and with such religious feelings, it was very natural that when I began to read serious books—which I did quite early in life—I should find interest in spiritualistic literature. I was not especially attracted by the marvels of mediumship; for, having no doubts about a future life, I was not in search for proofs of immortality. The reported communications with the spirits of the departed seemed probable enough, but they did not satisfy any craving of my nature and my intellectual curiosity was not mature enough to find in them a challenge; so that this strange phenomena of Spiritualism simply engaged my passing attention but did not absorb my thought. I was chiefly, almost solely, interested in the spiritual philosophy of life which pervaded this literature. I did find in this spiritual philosophy what satisfied the deepening hunger of my soul. And I wish here to call attention to the fact that quite apart from, if not wholly independent of, the problem of spirit manifestation, the view of human life which lies at the center of the spiritualistic movement is both noble and rational. It is not a very original philosophy of life; its essentials are as old as Isaiah and Plato; it has a kinship with both the mystics of the middle ages and the rationalists of the last century; there is a good deal of the thought of Swedenborg in it; much of it follows closely the teaching of Channing and Emerson; indeed, there is here and there a decided gospel flavor. But however derived, the doctrine of life taught by Spiritualism is inspiring. For what is this spiritual philosophy? The naturalness of religion as the guest of the human soul for higher life; the continuity of religious experience as the inner essence of present duty which will unfold into future felicity; the law of progress the condition of every human life and growth in righteousness the method of salvation; the spirituality of judgment as the harvest of life always at hand; the divine nature conceived as infinite love, ever present in the world as a providence of order which works toward goodness. This may not be a very new faith, but it is a noble and rational philosophy of life. This is what Spiritualism has taught its disciples with eloquence and earnestness, though the movement has been held responsible for low views of the marriage relation which were foisted upon it by gross men who took advantage of its liberty for an occasion of the flesh. But in this respect Spiritualism has not suffered alone, for cranks and knaves flock to every new standard as affording a fresh opportunity for their folly or their fraud; and yet spiritualistic literature as a rule is exceedingly pure, and Spiritualists as a body are generally free from such grossness. Vile persons have pushed themselves to the front in its gatherings, while noxious literature has been issued in its name, but its fundamental philosophy of life gives no warrant to such views or such conduct, for it makes the Immanent God the Infinite Goodness, while it demands of man holiness and beneficence.

Now it was this spiritual philosophy of its literature which interested and nourished me as a lad. I found here a view of the universe which brought all realms of creation into harmony. I found here a thought of nature which made it the manifestation of spiritual purpose. I found here a conception of providence without any Infinite Wrath and of destiny without any Eternal Misery. I found here a description of religion in simple terms of natural goodness which won both reason and conscience. I also found here a faith in God which brought him near as a loving friend and which also throned him afar as the power omnipotent. Probably there were many other sources from which I might have obtained this religious nourishment; probably sources from which I would have received far more than I did from the writings of Spiritualists. But I am free to acknowledge the aid which came to me from this direction; we ought to be thankful to the makers of our manhood however imperfect their service; and I must count the study of the spiritual philosophy as one of the factors of my education. However, during the period of my deepest interest in Spiritualism, I never attended a single séance, though I had the opportunity, a circumstance which in later life has seemed somewhat peculiar as I have reflected upon it. But this neglect of what is called spirit manifestation, the indifference to the marvels reported of mediums, was doubtless due to the fact that my interest centered in its philosophy of life rather than in its strange phenomena, while, having a strong native and intuitive faith in immortality, I was incurious about physical proofs of a spiritual existence beyond the grave. And here I may say that I have never personally investigated the phenomena of Spiritualism, as doubtless I ought; and on this account I am poorly prepared to speak upon some phases of the movement. I never have been particularly attracted by such physical manifestations as table tippings and cabinet materializations as evidence of spirit presence; and I have had absolutely no experiences along these lines of mediumship; but I would not set up my lack of experience as proof that no such spirit manifestations ever occur.

Whatever may be thought of what is called spirit manifestation, Spiritualism as a phase of religious faith, wide spread and accepted by many refined and intelligent people, is certainly worthy our recognition and our careful study. Though the movement started from the rappings of the Fox sisters, living near Rochester, in 1848, yet this phenomenon of itself under other conditions of the public mind would probably have made very little impression. Two hundred years ago in New England these girls would doubtless have been executed as witches; in a community absolutely assured of immortality, they would have been accepted, as a matter of course, as marvelous agents, but no religious dispensation would have flowed from these occurrences. Two conditions existed which afforded an impulse and an environment favorable to the growth of a religious faith in connection with this peculiar manifestation. The decay of traditional dogmas, which had been a trellis to the immortal hope, left that glorious expectation without a support. Men had believed in heaven because they believed in the creed, but the creed had been rejected, and therefore the basis of their hope seemed destroyed. People had trusted in a future life upon the authority of the Bible, but when they came to look upon that literature as a religious classic rather than a supernatural revelation, then in the minds of many a great doubt arose respecting a life beyond the grave. The yearning for heaven had no support and thousands sought a new basis for the old hope. Therefore, when these rappings came and seemed to open up a direct communication with the departed, these people found in them the satisfaction of a deep yearning. Here was a new trellis for the old hope of immortality. These spirit manifestations made it possible for people who had begun to doubt to believe again in a life beyond the grave. Here, too, was one of the conditions of the times which favored the growth of a religious movement from this phenomenon. And when we consider how powerful a factor in human life this hope is, it is easy to understand how much influence manifestations calculated to confirm it would have over people in distress at this point.

Another favorable condition was the existence at that time of many new elements of religious thought which as yet had not been brought together and fused into a movement. There was a ripening of ideals and aspirations which had not been gathered into any ecclesiastical harvest. There was not only a widespread departure from the orthodox standards, but a positive growth along new lines. There was a new view of man as a being of native dignity, and capable of improvement by natural methods of education; the fiction of total depravity had been stripped from human nature and it was now regarded as the realm of divine possibilities. There was a new view of God as a power so immanent in creation as to make every process of nature divine, as a Providence so universal as to sweep away the old divisions into sacred and profane and therefore to unite all times under one historic order and all peoples under one dispensation, and as a love so infinite as to have some final good in store for every soul. And out of these new views of man and God had come a new doctrine of salvation, which represented that being good and doing good is man's chief need and God's sole demand—a doctrine of salvation which embraced these four elements; the native capacity of man for a divine life, the naturalness of true piety, character the end and test of religion, endless progress in holiness the possibility of every human being. These were the thoughts and feelings which lay in the minds and hearts of thousands about the middle of this century. There was a movement toward a more rational and natural form of religion; but these elements were not fused into any system. Among these factors of a new faith the spirit manifestations entered, and they supplied the organic impulse which brought these people together upon the platform of a common faith, and so Spiritualism as a form of religion was produced. The mediumistic phenomena gave the dominant characteristic and the organizing momentum, but these conditions of the public mind made it possible for a new religious faith to arise in this connection, and along with these manifestations went a spiritualistic philosophy of life which nourished the souls of men. And Spiritualism has been, and is, a veritable religion to thousands of people. Independent of commercial mediums, there are hundreds of circles which meet every Sunday for religious cultivation; there are scores of speakers who give themselves wholly to this cause; it has created a literature of its own—having at present many periodicals in America, while some of its writings like the poems of Lizzie Doten and the essays of Robert Dale Owen have decided literary merit.

Spiritualism as a religious faith is a movement of no slight importance; whatever we may think of the reality of its psychical manifestations, there is no question of the reality of its influence in human lives. Spiritualists themselves admit that there has been much that was fantastic, foolish, and even fraudulent mixed up with it; but the teachings of Spiritualists, as a rule, have not only been on the side of pure morality and good citizenship, but have been productive of more rational views of human life, of more spiritual conceptions of God, and of more humane theories of man's destiny. The positive tendencies of spiritualistic philosophy have been helpful and wholesome. As the result of my own experience, I have two judgments to pass upon Spiritualists,—one favorable and one unfavorable. I have found among them an

assurance of immortality which has worked into their character a beautiful serenity and hopefulness of spirit,—a sweet patience in misfortune and a holy calm when descending into the valley of the shadow of death; while it affords a supreme consolation to those compelled to part with their friends. Any great religious conviction serves these ends; but it has often seemed to me that to Spiritualists above all others is death robbed of its sting and the grave of its victory. This is my praise of Spiritualists, and my condemnation is this: as a class they have failed to organize for human helpfulness. I have found them destitute of the consciousness of religion as a corporate life; unwilling to associate to promote the common good and indifferent to organized efforts for relief or reform. Spiritualists have been philanthropic and public spirited in many cases; but Spiritualism as a movement has had no organic instincts. It has been a dissolvent rather than a creative force. It has made for itself no adequate expression in institutions. No new social agency or method has come out of it. I have found many Spiritualists, otherwise admirable people, afflicted with an incurable lethargy;—indisposed to do anything to bring in the kingdom. This defect is probably due to two causes: The enervating optimism of their faith which holds that everything is progressing finely from the very law of its own being; and the assumption, very dangerous but very common among us all, that theirs is the final philosophy to which nothing can be added. When we turn our thought into a dogma and come to regard it as a finality, then we become complacent and indifferent, and the end of our intellectual life is not far off. Many people in this body have felt so strongly that they possessed the whole truth that they saw nothing more to learn or do. From these, or other causes, Spiritualists have not made themselves a militant and organic power against injustice, superstition, and ignorance, as they might have done; and this I think has been their great fault.

So much then for the philosophy and the religious faith associated with Spiritualism. Now, what shall we say about the spirit manifestations,—the rappings, the slate writing, the materializations, and the trance speaking? Are they the product of imposture, of forces native to man but as yet little understood, or of the spirits of the departed? It is clear that the ordinary spiritualistic séance affords an inviting field for the operation of impostors; and however real spirit communications may be, we would naturally expect that base men would avail themselves of this field for selfish ends. Much fraud could be expected where the opportunities for practicing it are so great. And some years ago, it was conclusively proved that many so-called mediums, some of great notoriety, were coarse and knavish tricksters. The presence among their number of such impostors was admitted and regretted by prominent Spiritualists, who, however, took the ground that this fraud no more disproves true Spiritualism than does the counterfeit disprove the existence of the true coin. The more intelligent Spiritualists have taken the position that much imposture has been practiced for the basest purposes under the name of Spiritualism; and men like my genial friend, Col. John C. Bundy of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, have bravely undertaken to expose such impostors and drive them out of the movement. Then more rational Spiritualists insist that the severest tests be applied to all mediums, and that all phenomena be carefully investigated in order to protect the movement from imposture. And we must heartily commend them for this course. They demand that Spiritualism be clean, honest, and real. Then people look with suspicion upon commercial mediums in general; and while firm believers in spirit communication, they take little interest in what may be called the more trivial and materialistic phenomena which have gone under this name. This certainly is a hopeful position for Spiritualists themselves to take.

We therefore reach this conclusion,—that much imposture has been connected with this subject. So much was proved by the Seybert Commission of Philadelphia, and also by the Society for Psychical Research in London. But it is fair to remember, that before these investigations were made, Spiritualists had discovered many frauds and had begun to try to free themselves from what they condemn as an unholy appendage to their cause. However, Spiritualists contend that the reality of spirit manifestation has not been disproved by any of these efforts, for these investigations just named have touched, as they claim, only this fraudulent and unholy appendage of their movement. And here, in passing, I may state that when all the facts of the case are duly considered, too numerous and tedious for recital here, the so-called confession of two of the original Fox sisters, made some two years ago, has really no bearing one way or the other on the reality of Spiritualism.

But after we make a liberal allowance for fraud and set aside much that may be the work of impostors, there yet remains a great mass of phenomena that in the nature of the case can not be due to imposture. I refer to the personal and direct experiences of people of keenest mind and noblest character, whose faith in their experiences in this line amounts to a religious conviction. There are thousands who feel perfectly sure that they have held communication directly with the spirits of departed friends; these phenomena may be due to other causes, but there can be no doubt of the reality of their experiences. They may be mistaken respecting the character of their experiences, which may be due to the forces of their own nature rather than to the presence of spirits, but these experiences are facts which can not be ignored. There is here no possibility of fraud or imposture. What a person himself experiences is psychologically an ultimate fact, whatever the explanation. And here is the problem: Many rational and reliable people have experiences which they attribute to spirits; these experiences are ultimate facts which we must accept as psychologically real. But is their explanation the true explanation? Are spirits the true cause of these peculiar phenomena?

The explanation of scientists like Carpenter, Sully, Lewis, and Wundt is this: That these experiences which are honestly believed to be spirit manifestations are due to some abnormal condition of the apparatus of sensation. They are not produced by the agency of visiting spirits from another world but generated within these persons themselves by the operation of inherent forces. And these scientists go on to show how imperfect bodily organs, how exhausted conditions of the nervous system, how an expectation so intense as to create an apparent perception of the thing expected, and how a mere suggestion operating on an intensely active imagination, how these forces native to us as human beings may produce all these experiences. And it has always seemed to me that these scientists make out at least a very plausible case. They produce a parallel series of abnormal psychological experiences—visions and trances and illusions—which are manifestly of purely natural origin, and which are so similar to these spirit manifestations as to create a strong presumption that they are all referable to the same cause. There would be a manifest difference, if any scientific knowledge were obtained through these spirit communications; but so far these visitants have not disclosed to us any of the great laws of nature, and what are given as revelations of the future life, in many cases very beautiful and possibly true, seldom include anything which human imagination might not have created. Much has recently been done to investigate that curious phenomenon, once called mesmerism, and now known as hypnotism, an artificially induced sleep in which the subject is obedient to suggestions supplied by the operator. And many feel that here is an explanation of much that has passed as spirit manifestations, such as clairvoyance. These hypnotic experiences are very real and very startling, and yet they lie wholly within the limit of the powers of human nature. From the standpoint of hypnotism, it is possible to credit people with perfect honesty in their claim to spirit communication, and yet we may reasonably assign any of their peculiar experiences to causes inherent in human nature itself.

And still, when all these deductions are made, a surplus of mystery remains, which, as yet, has received no adequate explanation, even by Carpenter, the fairest of scientists; and it is possible that Spiritualism may be its true explanation. It seems to me that some extreme cerebral physiologists are inclined to make an unscientific use of the theory of hypnotism. This hypnotic theory is now the fashion of the hour; and it is so easy to become dogmatic even under cover of science and carelessly refer everything to hypnotism. There is about as much danger to-day from an epidemic of hypnotic foolishness as there was forty years ago of spiritualistic vagaries. The theory of hypnotism is going to help us toward a better understanding of many morbid psychical phenomena; but merely brandishing this name will not clear up all mysteries; and probably before long many of us will be praying the good Lord to deliver us from the curse of hypnotism. And as an illustration of these remarks, I would refer to trance speaking as an example of a mystery which can not be referred to any known laws of our nature, and which hypnotism is powerless to explain, though the attempt is made. The innumerable visions of distant persons by friends who did not know that they were dead, which the Society for Psychical Research has called "telepathy," —the communication between human beings by means other than the ordinary channels of perception—elaborately stated by Mr. Gurney and others in "Phantasms of the Living." These can hardly be satisfactorily explained upon the supposition of mere coincidence; while they seem to point to the independence of the human soul of its bodily organs.

These and other facts lead many to think that we are making the beginnings of a true psychical science which will some day demonstrate the imperishable nature of the soul and establish immortality as a scientific fact. This would be a great achievement and it is not impossible. Meanwhile, my own attitude toward Spiritualism though critical is sympathetic, believing it worthy respectful attention; and while in suspense of faith respecting its peculiar and distinctive assumption, my hope of immortality is undimmed.

THE "WATSEKA WONDER"—ADDITIONAL EVIDENCE.

BY RICHARD HODGSON, LL. D.

[Those of our subscribers who were readers of THE JOURNAL in 1879 will recall the thrilling narrative contributed by Dr. E. W. Stevens, and very appropriately entitled "The Watseka Wonder." We took great pains before and during publication to obtain full corroboration of the astounding facts from unimpeachable and competent witnesses. That it was a genuine case of spirit control we have never doubted. The account as published in pamphlet form from THE JOURNAL attracted deep interest among the members of the English Society for Psychical Research which was formed afterwards; and we were repeatedly asked by psychical researchers to confirm our published opinion by a later expression over our own signature, which we always did unhesitatingly. Last spring when Dr. Hodgson, secretary of the American Branch of the S. P. R. visited Chicago he expressed a desire to visit Watseka and personally interview the witnesses in compliance with instructions from the parent society in London. We arranged with Mr. Roff for the visit, which was duly made, and with results most satisfactory. The interest in the remarkable case is still, and will long continue, very great; hence any additional testimony will be welcomed by our readers. Dr. Hodgson has kindly complied with our request to supply something from his notes. To those unfamiliar with the case a brief resume is necessary in order to understand Dr. Hodgson's fragmentary statements, and as Dr. James, Professor of Psychology at Harvard University, has given a very good one in his reference to the case in his new and large work we quote it in the foot note. Dr. James is mistaken in saying that "Mary Roff died in an insane asylum," otherwise his synopsis of the case is substantially correct.—ED. JOURNAL.]

Most of the readers of THE JOURNAL are familiar with the case of Mary Lurancy Vennum, "The Watseka Wonder." I visited Watseka on April 12, 1890, and cross-examined the principal witnesses of this case. The result of my inquiry was to strengthen my confidence in the original narrative, and various unpublished facts were ascertained which as Professor William James remarks in his recently published "Psychology" (vol. I., p. 398), increase the plausibility of the spiritualistic interpretation of the phenomenon. Mr. Roff kindly gave me all the assistance in his power, and brought the witnesses together at very short notice so that I might have the opportunity of interviewing them.

I give here the substance of some of the statements made to me on April 12th, last. Mr. Roff did not know Lurancy Vennum personally before she claimed to be controlled by Mary Roff. Under the Mary Roff control she was very warm and affectionate, as she would be to a father, but as Lurancy Vennum she was afterwards timid and reserved towards him. When she

first arrived at his house she looked around and said: "Where's Nervie?"—the name by which Mary Roff had been accustomed to call her sister Minerva, now, and at the time of Lurancy Vennum's experience, Mrs. Minerva Alter.

Mrs. Roff stated that Lurancy Vennum had never been in her house until she came there as Mary Roff. After looking round the house she said: "Why, there's our old piano, and there's the same old piano cover." This piano and cover had been familiar to Mary Roff in another house, where Mary Roff died. Lurancy referred to some peculiar incidents in Mary Roff's life almost every day, and she spoke once in detail about her stay at a water-cure place in Peoria where Mary Roff had been. Mrs. Roff once said to her: "Mary, do you remember when the stove pipe fell down and Frank was burned?" "Yes." "Do you know where he was burned?" "Yes; I'll show you," and she showed the exact spot on the arm where Frank was burned.

Mrs. Minerva Alter said that the mannerisms and behavior of Lurancy, when under the control resembled those of her sister Mary. Lurancy Vennum knew Mrs. Alter previously as Mrs. Alter, having met her at the school, etc., but when under the control of Mary she embraced Mrs. Alter affectionately and called her "Nervie," a name by which Mrs. Alter had not been called for many years, but which was Mary's special pet name for her. In later years she had been commonly called Minnie by her intimate friends. Lurancy, as Mary Roff, stayed at Mrs. Alter's home for some time, and almost every hour of the day some trifling incident of Mary Roff's life was recalled by Lurancy. One morning she said: "Right over there by the currant bushes is where Allie greased the chicken's eye." Allie was a cousin of Mary Roff, and lived in Peoria, Ill. She visited the Roffs in the lifetime of Mary, with whom she played. This incident happened several years before the death of Mary Roff. Mrs. Alter remembered it very well, and recalled their bringing the chicken into the house for treatment. Lurancy in her ordinary state had never met Allie, who is now Mrs. H—— living in Peoria, Ill. On another occasion Lurancy, as she was walking with Mrs. Alter, called out, "That's a new opera house," referring to a building which had been erected some years, but did not exist in the lifetime of Mary Roff. Lurancy lived with them some days before she seemed to realize, as Mary Roff, that she had died, but afterwards she explained to them that she understood all about it, that "spirits" had informed her that she was in the body of Lurancy Vennum. She frequently said to Mrs. Alter: "I can't think that you are married?" Mrs. Alter was not married when Mary Roff died. One morning Mrs. Alter asked her if she remembered the old dog (a dog which died during the lifetime of Mary Roff). Lurancy replied: "Yes; he died just there," and she pointed out the exact spot where the dog had breathed his last.

Mrs. Robert Doyle stated that she called upon Lurancy Vennum before she was removed to the house of Mr. Roff. She said:

"What's the matter, Lurancy?"

L. V. "That's not my name. You knew me when I was a little girl. You know well enough what my name is. It is Mary Roff. Your husband's in partnership with my father; and you have a baby named for my sister Minerva."

Mrs. D. "What do you want?"

L. V. "I want to go home." (She seemed at that time to think that she had been kidnapped and carried away.)

Mr. Doyle was a partner of Mr. Roff in 1863, and was in partnership with him when Mary Roff died. The partnership was dissolved about six years later, when Lurancy Vennum was six or seven years old. Mrs. Doyle had a daughter named Minerva after Mary Roff's sister, who was a baby at the time of the death of Mary Roff.

When Lurancy was being taken to Mr. Roff's house she tried to get to another house on the way, insisting that it was her home. They had to take her past it almost forcibly. This house was the house where Mr. Roff was living at the time of Mary Roff's death, and was also the house in which Mary Roff died. They shortly afterwards moved to another house, to which Lurancy was being taken.

Mrs. Wagner stated that she knew Lurancy Vennum very well both before, and during, and after the remarkable circumstances of her connection with Mary Roff.

When Mary Roff died Mrs. Wagner's name was Mrs. Lord, and Mary Roff had been in her class at Sunday school. She had known Mary Roff for several years before her death—since the year 1861. Mary Roff died in 1865, and Mrs. Lord married a secon time in 1866. When she called upon the Roffs after Lurancy had gone there, she was greeted very affectionately by Lurancy as Mrs. Lord. She made inquiries, and ascertained that none of the family had mentioned that she was going to the house. Mrs. Wagner said that throughout the time during which Lurancy purported to be Mary Roff she invariably called her Mrs. Lord, and that after Lurancy Vennum's return to her ordinary state she invariably called her Mrs. Wagner.

One circumstance which I ascertained seemed at first sight to weaken, but on further consideration, to strengthen the evidence in favor of the spiritualistic interpretation. Mrs. Kay stated that she knew Lurancy Vennum and also Mary Roff, but that Lurancy as Mary Roff did not know her. It appeared, however, that Mary Roff had not seen Mrs. Kay for two years before her death. Mrs. Kay had lived in the state of Wisconsin for two years, returning to Watseka in August, 1865, the month after Mary Roff's death, and Mrs. Kay thought she had changed in appearance somewhat during the fifteen years which had elapsed between the time of her seeing Mary Roff and that of seeing Lurancy under the control.

Mrs. Marsh stated that she did not know Lurancy Vennum before the time of the control, but got to know her quite intimately as Mary Roff. After Lurancy returned to her normal state she did not recognize Mrs. Marsh at all.

Conversely, Mrs. T. Vennum, whose husband was the second cousin of Lurancy, and who knew Lurancy Vennum as such, was not recognized by Lurancy when the latter was under the control of Mary Roff.

I do not propose to discuss the case further here. It is, so far as I know, unique among the records of supernormal occurrences, and I can not find any satisfactory interpretation of it except the spiritualistic.

NOTE.—From "The Principles of Psychology," by William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. Vol. I., pp. 396–398. The case of Lurancy Vennum is perhaps as extreme a case of "possession" of the modern sort as one can find.* Lurancy was a young girl of fourteen, living with her parents at Watseka, Ill., who (after various distressing hysterical disorders and spontaneous trances, during which she was possessed by departed spirits of a more or less grotesque sort), finally declared herself to be animated by the spirit of Mary Roff (a neighbor's daughter who had died in an insane asylum twelve years before) and insisted on being sent "home" to Mr. Roff's house. After a week of "homesickness" and importunity on her part, her parents agreed, and the Roffs, who pitied her, and who were Spiritualists into the bargain, took her in. Once there, she seems to have convinced the family that their dead Mary had exchanged habitations with Lurancy. Lurancy was said to be temporarily in heaven, and Mary's spirit now controlled her organism, and lived again in her former earthly home.

"The girl, now in her new home, seemed perfectly happy and content, knowing every person and everything that Mary knew when in her original body, twelve to twenty-five years ago, recognizing and calling by name those who were friends and neighbors of the family from 1852 to 1865, when Mary died, calling attention to scores, yes, hundreds of incidents that transpired during her natural life. During all the period of her sojourn at M Roff's she had no knowledge of, and did not recognize, any of Mr. Vennum's friends or neighbors, yet Mr. and Mrs. Vennum and their children visited her and Mr. Roff's people, she being introduced to them as to any strangers. After frequent visits, and hearing them often and favorably spoken of, she learned to love them as acquaintances, and visited them with Mrs. Roff three times. From day to day she appeared natural, easy, affable, and industrious, attending diligently and faithfully to her household duties, assisting in the general work of the family as a faithful, prudent daughter might be supposed to do, singing, reading, or conversing as opportunity offered, upon all matters of private or general interest to the family."

The so-called Mary whilst at the Roff's would sometimes "go back to heaven," and leave the body in a "quiet trance." i. e., without the original personality of Lurancy returning. After eight or nine weeks, however, the memory and manner of Lurancy would sometimes partially, but not entirely, return for a few minutes. Once Lurancy seems to have taken full possession for a short time. At last, after some fourteen weeks, conformably to the prophecy which Mary had made when she first assumed control, she departed definitely and the Lurancy consciousness came back for good. Mr. Roff writes:

"She wanted me to take her home, which I did. She called me Mr. Roff, and talked with me as a young girl would, not being acquainted. I asked her how things appeared to her—if they seemed natural. She said is seemed like a dream to her. She met her parents and brothers in a very affectionate manner, hugging and kissing each one in tears of gladness. She clasped her arms around her father's neck a long time, fairly smothering him with kisses. I saw her father just now (eleven o'clock). He says she has been perfectly natural, and seems entirely well."

Lurancy's mother writes, a couple of months later, that she was "perfectly and entirely well and natural. For two or three weeks after her return home, she seemed a little strange to what she had been before she was taken sick last summer, but only, perhaps, the natural change that had taken place with the girl, and except it seemed to her as though she had been dreaming or sleeping, etc., Lurancy has been smarter, more intelligent, more industrious, more womanly, and more polite than before. We give the credit of her complete cure and restoration to her family to Dr. E. W. Stevens, and Mr. and Mrs. Roff, by their obtaining her removal to Mr. Roff's, where her cure was perfected. We firmly believe, that, had she remained at home, she would have died, or we would have been obliged to send her to the insane asylum; and if so, that she would have died there; and further, that I could not have lived but a short time with the care and trouble devolving on me. Several of the relatives of Lurancy, including ourselves, now believe she was cured by spirit power, and that Mary Roff controlled the girl."

Eight years later Lurancy was reported to be married and a mother, and in good health. She had apparently outgrown the mediumistic phase of her existence.

*"The Watseka Wonder," by E. W. Stevens. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. 1887. Price 15 cents.

A LATE LETTER FROM MR. A. B. ROFF.

TO THE EDITOR: In reply to your letter of inquiry I would say that our Mary Roff was never in an insane asylum. We were advised by friends to send her to one as they thought we were in danger of being killed in one of those strange conditions she was in at periods of from three to five weeks.—See "Watseka Wonder," pp. 9 to 12—but we never thought of such a thing as sending her to an asylum. We did, however, send her to a water cure at Peoria, Ill., to have her treated for her disease whatever it might be. It was generally, in fact always, termed fits by the doctors. She was at the water cure fifteen or eighteen months, near my brother's family where she often visited.

Query—"Was Mary insane at all?" We termed those periods—which occurred for a few years prior to her passing away—of three or four days, just before and at the time of her fits, periods of insanity So Lurancy Vennum was termed insane. Now Mary had no symptoms of insanity whatever between those periods alluded to. We were not at this time Spiritualists.

At the time Mary cut her arm, when for a day or two she appeared like a raving maniac, a lady from Lafayette, Ind., called and was much interested in the case, and advised us to send for a good spiritual medium, saying she had no doubt that was the only remedy for such a case. The account of her by Smith of the Danville *Times*—"Watseka Wonder" p. 12—is very misleading, as her reason, if insane, was only dethroned for a brief period and she was "a raving maniac," if at all, for only two or three days and her "conceiving fancies of queerest hue" occurred only at that one time when Smith was present and lasted but two days.

Now was Mary insane? Was Lurancy insane? The cases are in many respects similar but the treatment of the two cases were entirely different. Lurancy was placed in conditions where spirit influence could be used for her benefit; while with Mary it was the very opposite. We felt that we were almost insulted when advised just the same substantially as we advised Mr. and Mrs. Vennum. Were they insane? I can not answer, but I very much doubt it. A. B. ROFF.

WATSEKA, Dec. 11.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY.

BY J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

IX.

TABLE TURNING WITH AND WITHOUT CONTACT.

In repeated instances I have heen unable to raise the side of a table, and the very next moment have raised it with one finger, with no sense of weight. One of the commonest forms in which this force is exerted, is the beating of time, by the legs of a piano, to the music that is played on it, sometimes by a mere child,

equivalent to the exertion of a muscular force of two hundred pounds or more.

It is unnecessary to accumulate examples. They occur in almost every phase of the phenomena. Thousands, who know somewhat of the matter, have seen untouched objects move intelligently. Those who give no study to the subject, and institute no experiments, should remember that mankind depends upon the senses for the certainty of every fact that comes within their operation. By no ingenious sophistry can we discard these useful friends which for a lifetime have served us so honestly.

We may fairly divide the motive power into three degrees.

1st. When the power is in its earlier stages of development, through the involuntary motion of the muscles.

2d. When the motive power acts independently of the muscles, moving and raising heavy objects, merely requiring contact to be made good by two or three fingers.

3d. Where no contact is required, and the force produces effects at a distance from the person of the presumed operator.

When the muscular force is called into play we can detect it, although unconscious of any volition, by a slight reaction, as in the involuntary writing, but in the cases where the object is heavy and the reaction should be more sensible, if the force proceeds from muscular impulses, none is felt.

This force is variable in its energy, and seems to depend upon conditions of health, will, temperature, atmospheric electricity and light. It ought not to be worth while to insist at length upon the reality of this form of the phenomena. It is a matter so plainly susceptible of proof, so perfectly simple and easy to arrive at, that there is no more uncertainty in determining that it does not arise from involuntary pushing, than that a wheelbarrow in the street is not driven by a steam engine. The greater mystery is that so much perverse ingenuity should have been wasted in seeking causes demonstrably insufficient for the effect. Those who insist that one or more persons, sometimes a mere child, can push a table round, often with a man seated on it, with the tips of the fingers, without any consciousness of a force exerted are incapable of reasoning correctly from known data.

The force producing the movement of objects is apparently of the human organism; the intelligence which directs these movements is quite another matter and forms the chief subject of inquiry. Intelligent movement of an untouched object, is the initial step upon which the other phases, and even the spiritual hypothesis closely depend.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS.

When by personal examination, and without it we can have no conception of the erratic conclusions it is possible to arrive at, we find ourselves in a condition to judge accuratey, we begin to recognize the extraordinary perversion of thought which has tortured this form into mechanical tricks. The singular inanity of the prolific guesses freely poured forth in current conversation, or finding vent in the modern scientific lecture on "popular superstitions," is hardly to be measured.

Of all the best assured forms of communication this is one of the most interesting, and less liable than some others, to be affected by the conscious thoughts of those present.

The force of this effect on us is perhaps increased by the influence that sounds from invisible sources have upon the imagination. They appear to be so entirely apart from our own organisms, so completely guided by their own capricious will, that it requires no small degree of credulity to fix them down to so prosaic a source as the body of the medium sitting motionless before you.

Here, there, everywhere, they perplex us by their variety and multiplicity. Solemn and ghostly, lively, imitative and irrepressible, they rap with an identity of sound expressive as the tones of a voice. Quick to comprehend and swift to comply, there is hardly any sound in the compass of a rap that is not executed with surprising fidelity. From the slow tolling of a bell to the quick rub-a-dub of a drum; from resounding blows which shake the very room, and horrid scratchings that curdle the blood in the veins to the multitudinous beating of fairy fingers in the distance, they come and go, "the very *ignis fatuus* of acoustics." The imitation of sounds we make on the surface of the table is sometimes exceedingly perfect. In the form of trance speaking, involuntary writing and table movement with contact, we see the parts fitted for these special acts apparently employed in producing them, and it requires close observation as well as minute experiments to satisfy us that the effects are not caused by the voluntary use of these members. But in the phase which this chapter discusses there is no physical connection between the sensitive and the place from whence the sounds proceed. Although all these modes of communication are closely allied in character, yet this particular form enables us to reach an absolute certainty, which in some some other phases is more or less dependent upon the assertions of individuals through whom the experiments are made.

In these rappings there is something akin to an epidemic character. Now they appear spontaneously; then are self induced by reading some work in relation to them, through which the imagination is excited; often through personal contact with one already affected; or again they spread like a contagion, until the whole neighborhood is innoculated. A semi-conscious and dreamy state of mind and the weird expectation of something to happen caused by sitting in a circle with others, especially in the dark, seldom fail to evolve them, sooner or later, in some degree.

By far the greater number of persons through whom these phenomena prominently display themselves, particularly the physical demonstrations, are those of small culture. The educated mind, in the full exercise of its vigor, denies a home to these forces, and although from some strong natural adaptation there are many exceptions, it is constant that a very large proportion of those thus influenced are persons of little education, but not necessarily without intelligence and good natural parts. In fact, whatever tends to activity of the brain is an unfavorable condition. Music, which acts soothingly on the nervous system, is often called in with success, and mesmerism, in suspending the conscious action of the brain and closing the senses, lends a powerful aid.

It is not probable that we will ever gain a full knowledge of the extreme limit of these phenomena by our present haphazard means of investigation. We soon become aware of a marked tendency in these forces to increase in physical energy and intellectual power, under regular and well ordered observation, not too frequently repeated. Psychical education seems to be a probability and may consist in guarding the sensitive from care and anxiety, as well as from captious suspicion or ill regulated skepticism, and in using her powers with discretion.

The daughter of a friend, occasionally mesmerized for insomnia, who had no conscious belief in spiritual causation, was accustomed to write directions in the name of a spirit as to the length of time the passes should be continued. When the number of minutes had elapsed rappings were to be heard on articles of furniture, eight or ten feet distant, as loud as the stroke of a heavy fist. The blows were more numerous and powerful when she had fallen into the sleep, and frequently caused me to start from my seat in alarm.

This lady when sufficiently mesmerized, occasionally went to sleep, and as usual in that state became insensible to pain, asserting, as if coming from a spirit, that when awake with all her senses alive, perfect insensibility would continue. Although she had no conscious knowledge when awake of what had been said, written or rapped in her sleep, it was in vain we attempted to extort an expression of pain by any violence short of cruelty, and were thoroughly convinced by numerous trials that she felt none. This influence also extended to the nerves of motion. When her hand gave notice that for a certain length of time she would be unable to walk until the expiration of that time, her lower limbs were completely paralyzed, and her hand perhaps would add, "this is to prove to you that it is a power over which you have no control."

(To be Continued.)

BOBOLINK—A CHRISTMAS STORY.

By W. Whitworth.

I'm just plain Constable John Frick. Where I live is of no consequence to anyone. I never did believe in ghosts, nor signs, nor dreams. Nor yet did I believe in animals having the same sense into 'em that humans have; leastways, not till Bobolink—but no matter about him just now. Certainly, parrots can talk. But what does it amount to? "Polly want's a cracker!" That's the whole size of it; senseless chatter, that's all.

I mind reading about a big German philosopher—Kant, I think, is his name—who set up the curious idea that there is another space, either outside or inside of ours, peopled by a sort of beings he called "creatures of the fourth dimension"—whatever that is. It's Greek to me. I'm pretty sure on one thing, though, that there's lots of folks in this world it would be mighty good to lay away in some outside space and never be heard of again. But that's neither here nor there. I mind the time when the curious things happened I'm going to tell about as if it was only yesterday, on account it was a little while before the jolly Christmas time, and my good dame was worriting herself as to where the Christmas turkey was to come from. Times were uncommon slack, and money was above a bit scarce just then. As good luck would have it, though, I'd struck a job for next day. Says I:

"Don't fret, mother; I've got a party to put out of a house to-morrow. It'll fetch the turkey all right."

"Where is it, John?" she asked, looking up with her round, comfortable face from her mending.

"Bethel Alley," I answered; when she dropped her hands as she said, in her pitying way:

"Oh, John; out of a place named after the blessed Bethlehem, where our Savior was born. It seems such a sad thing to do."

"Such a sad thing to do."

A strange voice spoke that right after mother. We turned as quick as could be to see where it come from. There wasn't a sign of anything but Bobolink in his old position on the perch against the wires, with his one eye next to us, as calm as could be. Of course he was out of the question. It was mighty curious. We were as certain as certain could be that we'd heard the voice. But as there waan't a soul to be seen we must have been mistaken. After a while I said:

"Benjamin wants me to hustle 'em right out. He says they don't pay the rent, and he won't wait another day."

Wife pleaded in her soft, motherly voice:

"Don't do it, John; leastways not till after the Christmas time that means peace and brotherly love to all the world. It wouldn't be lucky."

Says I: "What has luck got to do with business?" when the very same voice rung out:

"It wouldn't be lucky!"

This time there was no mistake where the words came from. It was Bobolink! Sho! Don't tell me. What John Frick knows, he knows. Couldn't I see by the cute expression of that bird's eye, cocked sideways at us so blamed cunning, and the wink he gave when we looked at him. It gave a queer feeling right through me, I tell you. As for mother, she crossed her hands over her bosom quite solemn, and whispered:

"To my dying day I shall say that's a spirit warning, John."

Blessed if Bobolink didn't speak out again—

"A solemn spirit warning, John!"

It's no use to deny it. I never was struck so queer in my life; and when next day I started for Bethel Alley, I hadn't a bit of heart for the work in hand. And I'd less when I see the miserable, tumbledown, rickety, grim, black tenements along that filthy narrow passageway, mixed up the whole length with stables, cow sheds and rag warehouses, and all swarming with God's creatures ten times over worse housed than cattle; and in one of the very worst, on top of a crooked flight of steps it was dangerous to walk on, and then along a narrow cleft between two dead walls. It was all I could do to grope my way in, I found the poor souls who were to be cast into the street. A poor old widow, seventy if she was a year, that I'd seen and pitied a score of times, as she tramped through the markets peddling socks and little knicknacks of thread and such like, and her daughter, a sickly young woman with a wee baby in her arms, who had been deserted by a drunken brute of a husband. All the furniture there was in the two little rooms—one a mere lean-to sloping down to the floor at one end—I could have carried in a half-dozen armsfull.

Poor souls, they couldn't move from want of money to pay advance rent for another place. The old lady had been out day after day trying to scrape together

the amount, but hardly sold enough to get food with. She told me if her dear son George was only home to help her. But he'd been gone ten years, sailing to South America and China. She'd only had one letter from him, soon after he left, with a trifle of money for her. Now she was afraid he must be dead.

Well, I wouldn't put them out in the helpless condition they were in. To tell the gospel truth, I would have sooner faced a lion in his den than my dame if I'd done such a mean thing. Her tender face would have given me a look I couldn't stand. Hearing my story, she said:

"That was right, John," when Bobolink piped out as clear as a bell:

"That was right, John!"

Upon my soul, I didn't know what to make of it. Wife was more than ever convinced it was intended for a solemn spirit warning. But this was nothing. Benjamin came tearing into my place next day like a hungry wolf, wanting to know why I hadn't hustled those paupers out of his place.

The mother bridled up in most righteous indignation, asking how he could for shame have those sick women and baby put into the street in the middle of winter. Said Benjamin:

"What's their sickness to me? I don't furnish hospitals for ailing paupers. So hustle 'em right out!" in the coarsest, hardest voice you ever heard. I wish you'd seen Bobolink just then. He bristled his feathers and tore up and down his perch in a perfect fury, staring straight at the lawyer, and fairly screamed:

"Damn his red whiskers!"

Poor Benjamin. He gave one wild look at the bird, his jaw dropped the most helpless I ever laid eyes on, and scooted out into the street like a shot.

Says mother in her severest voice: "Good riddance of bad rubbage."

And right after her Bobolink, still dancing along his perch in hot style, with head cocked up and feathers ruffled, repeated:

"Good riddance of bad rubbage!"

Thinks I, "That bird must be possessed, and with a mighty knowing, good spirit, too."

Mother and me went to see the poor souls next day. What she carried in a big basket she'd fetched from market is no matter. Such a comforting crying spell as they did have together. I stayed outside to let 'em have fair play, for I knew what lots of good it would do 'em.

Starting off down town I saw a red-faced man gazing up and down as if trying to find something. Blessed if I wasn't completely beat to learn he was the son of that poor old soul on the lookout for his mother. Fact. I grabbed him by the hand hearty, and said: "You come right along of me," and took him slap-bang to them as needed him so bad.

The old lady took one set look into his brown face, then clasped her arms tight round his neck with a convulsive sob:

"Oh, George! my boy, my boy! The blessed Lord has given me back my dear lost son!"

Then his sister, holding the baby in one arm, hugged him hysterically with the other.

I stepped outside. There was a plaguey lump bobbing up in my throat, and something blurred my eyes so I couldn't see; just as if it was my funeral and I was called on to help the joyful mourners!

After a while we took the women over to my place; and then the way me and George hustled the things out of that rookery would have made Benjamin's red hair stand straight up if he'd seen it.

Did we get a turkey? You'd better believe it, the biggest, fattest, tenderest turkey the market could show. And such plump red cranberries, and such crisp white celery. And such a jolly lot as we were when the turkey appeared, done brown to a dot, filled with such luscious stuffing as made our mouths water only to sniff at it.

The feast ended, George told the strangest story about how he came to start for home. He said while walking through a belt of woods, a bird suddenly hopped down on to a low branch of a tree and spoke as plain as he ever heard in "all his born days"—

"Hurry home to thy mother, George! She needs thee bad."

He says he didn't know how it came to strike him so hard. He wasn't a bit frightened. But his conscience accused him for his neglect in leaving his poor old mother so long. It kept spurring him so he had no rest till he set out to come back.

He fixed up a little store where his mother and sister would be sure of a living, even if he should be called away again.

Is there call for more? I will just say, that after the folks had gone to bed I took a squint over at Bobolink in the old place on his perch and said:

"Well, old fellow, I hope you are satisfied now."

If you'll believe me, he winked his eye the cutest I ever saw, as he answered:

"It's all right now, John! It's all right!"

That's many a long year ago; but he never spoke again.

A GHOST AT THE WHEEL.

The only surviving member of the crew of the bark Ella arrived in London November 14th on board the steamer Anne from Buenos Ayres, and told a somewhat remarkable story with regard to the means which led to his rescue. The story of the man, whose name is Matthews, and who was first mate of the Ella, is as follows:

On September 30 we left Pernambuco with a cargo of hides, bound for London, our crew consisting of John Williams, master; myself; Johnson, the second mate; five seamen, the cook and carpenter. We had squally weather from the start, and finally, after drifting southward considerably, encountered a hurricane. Our small vessel was perfectly helpless in the terrific seas which swept over it, and although we all made desperate efforts to keep her going our case soon became helpless. I saw the captain, the second mate and a couple of seamen carried away at one clip by a monster sea, while I held firmly to the wheel, at which I was the last man. Finally my strength gave way and I supposed I was going to the bottom with the rest. A few hours later I regained my consciousness, however, and to my surprise was still on board the vessel. The sun was shining and the sea was comparatively quiet. I could hear no one moving about and when I attempted to move I could not do so. I felt a terrible pain in my right hip and sustained serious internal injuries which prevented me from even moving my position. The horror of the situation gradually dawned upon me. I was perhaps the only survivor of the Ella's crew. The hold was perhaps slowly filling with water owing to a leak, or at best, even if the wreck kept floating, I would be left to starve slowly to death. From the position where I lay I could look only towards the stern of the vessel and could see what terrible havoc had been wrought to the vessel. The foremast had been swept clean away, but there were two left standing and enough canvas on them to get along with, but everything on the upper deck seemed to have been cleared off. I could see also from the way in which the vessel lay down in the water that the heavy seas must have swept down into the hold through the hatchways being open. If there were no leak, however, it did not seem improbable that the wreck might drift for several days. There was at least a chance that it might be seen by a passing ship and assistance rendered. The help might come in time to rescue me from a horrible death, for even could I have moved I was satisfied that the water had destroyed all the provisions in the hold. I had commenced to suffer from thirst, and as the fever increased in my system owing to the inflammation of my wound I began to wish that I had shared the fate of my companions. I must have awakened early on the morning of the day following the hurricane, judging from the sun's position and the intolerable length of the day, which seemed equal to seven. The heat of the sun's rays also bothered me, as we were still in tropical latitudes, and I longed for the cooling breezes that the night would bring. Finally, when the sun disappeared, I fell asleep. How long I slept I cannot tell, but I awoke with a strange feeling that I was not alone on the vessel. Throughout the day I had not experienced this feeling, and the hope that now bounded in my bosom that I might have a companion, even in my misery, almost upset the balance of my brain. What had caused the sensation, however, was not so apparent, for I could hear no sound of footsteps or even groans from any direction. Still I felt as if I were not alone. I have said from where I lay I could see only the back part of the vessel. I was prone upon the deck and had not moved a particle since coming to consciousness. Now I seemed to be seized with an overmastering desire to see behind me in the direction of the helm from which I had been swept by the heavy sea. The feeling became so overmastering that I finally commenced making an effort to turn myself around, though every suggestion of a motion, however slight, caused me unspeakable agony. How I managed to reverse my position I scarcely know, but at last I had turned so far round that I had achieved my point. If the pain which had accompanied the operation was great it was nothing to the surprise which followed when I raised my eyes to the spot I had suffered so much to get a glimpse of. The night was clear, the heavens brilliant with innumerable stars and I could clearly see the most conspicuous objects surrounding me. It was my first glimpse, directed to the wheel from which I had been swept, that caused me the thrill of surprise. The wheel was still there, with the rudder presumably intact, but the most remarkable feature was that the figure of a man, apparently engaged in manipulating it, was also distinctly visible, which I recognized at once as that of Brown, one of the seamen whose turn I had taken to give him a chance at something else just before the vessel fell beneath the fury of the hurricane. Brown was standing with his back towards me, looking quite natural, but silent as the sphinx, never looking, never heeding anything but the duty before him, in which his mind seemed completely absorbed. All at once it flashed across me that my mind must be wandering, for if it was Brown standing there, apparently unhurt and capable of moving around, why had he not come to my assistance, as any humane person, and especially Brown, would do? To myself my mental condition appeared to be in no way affected by my sufferings as yet, and certainly my sight was by comparison capable of truly determining an object. I could see the ship and the stars and I could also see Brown. My voice was almost inaudible, owing to weakness and the parching up of my throat and tongue, but I managed to cry out loud enough, as I thought, to make myself heard at the distance between myself and the man at the wheel. My cries did not seem to reach him, however, for he did not change his position, but stood there motionless, except occasionally I saw him turning the wheel, as if to alter the vessel's course. Whenever I could summon up enough strength to make a cry I did so, in the hope of attracting the attention of the wheelsman. But if I had been a mere bit of ballast he could not have been more indifferent to my existence. Then I began to think how peculiar it was that Brown should be there at all, when I had lain all day on the deck and seen nothing of him about the vessel, when the first object of any survivor would be to ascertain which, if any, of his companions had escaped like himself. The more I pondered over these things the more mysterious and inexplicable did Brown's presence at the wheel become, but finally an uncanny thought stole into my mind that the thing which stood there was not Brown at all, but his wraith, ghost or whatever it is that is seen of a person after he has gone out of existence here. Alone with a phantom helmsman on a waterlogged vessel in midocean, and with the corpses of some of my companions probably floating about in the water in the hold below!—the situation was uncanny enough to have alarmed a less superstitious person than a sailor. Then I tried to close my eyes to shut out the apparition, for that it must be such I had fully agreed, but there was a fascination about the object which I could not withstand, and hour after hour I watched it, till at last, wearied with fatigue and pain, I fell off into what I had hoped would be my last sleep, It was midday almost when I awoke, and then I heard voices and saw a number of people standing round me. It was the mate of the Anne and three or four of the crew, who had come aboard to see if they could find any human beings alive on the wreck, and you can bet that, unlike Emin, I did not object to being rescued. My first question as soon as I had taken a drink of water and thanked my rescuers was whether they had found any one else alive on the vessel, but they shook their heads and said only a couple of dead bodies in the hold. The Ella was rapidly sinking when the Anne ran across her and my rescue was effected just in time. The log book and a few instruments were about all the salvage that could be secured and were transported, together with myself, aboard the Anne. When I recovered strength sufficient to relate my peculiar story about the man at the wheel, I told it to the mate of the Anne, who was the one that had found me on the deck of the Ella. My story seemed to impress him deeply and he did not hesitate to accept it as true. "It is a strange thing," he said. "I have been looking over the log of the Ella and I find from the last entries, which were probably made not long before you encountered the hurricane, that you were in latitude 24 deg. 32 min. south, longitude 22 deg. 14 min. west, and your happening in with us would scarcely be possible unless you had been driven north rapidly after the hurricane, and to do that with the winds which have prevailed for the past twenty-four hours you must have tacked considerably." As far as I am concerned, I have no doubt that the ghost of Brown was at the wheel for some time. That it was there I am certain, but excuse any more details. I don't want to think of the terrible thing any more.—*Correspondence of the Sunday Mercury.*

A curious coincidence, says a New York paper, came recently to the notice of deputy coroner Jenkins. "I am unable to explain it," said the deputy, "but it actually happened. A well-to-do bachelor, who resided with his mother in handsome apartments in Madison avenue, died suddenly, and I was requested to investigate his death. Upon reaching the house I was met by the sorrowing mother and led to the man's bedroom. She pointed to a handsome calendar which hung over the mantelpiece. Under a picture of the Madonna bearing Christ was this text from the second chapter of Genesis: 'This day thou shalt surely die.' .... 'My son,' sobbed the mother, 'as he was about retiring on the night of Dec. 1st, tore off a slip from the calendar, exposing those words. He turned pale as his eyes fell upon them, but seemed to recover immediately and affectionately bade me good night. When I went to call him the next morning he was dead in bed.' He had died" continued Dr. Jenkins, "of apoplexy."

WOMEN OF TO-DAY.

(To the Remonstrants.)

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

You women of to-day who fear so much
The woman of the future, showing how
The dangers of the course are such and such—
What are you now?

Mothers and wives and housekeepers, forsooth!
Great names, you cry—full scope to rule and please!
Room for age and energetic youth!—
But are you these?

Housekeepers! Do you, then, like those of yore,
Keep house with power and pride, with grace and ease?
No! You keep servants only:—what is more,
You don't keep these!

Wives, say you? Wives! Blessed indeed are they
Who hold from Love the everlasting keys,
Keeping their husbands' hearts;—alas the day!
You don't keep these!

And mothers? Pitying Heaven! Mark the cry
From cradle deathbeds—mothers on their knees!
Why, half the children born, as children die!
You don't keep these!

And still the wailing babies come and go,
And homes are waste, and husbands' hearts fly far.
There is no hope, until you dare to know
The thing you are!

PASADENA, CAL.

The lionizing of Carlyle was indirectly one of the chief causes of his wife's unhappiness, says a correspondent of the New York *World*. Lady Ashburton conceived a great admiration for Carlyle and he became a part of the literary circle which surrounded her. He became fascinated with Lady Ashburton, and though I am sure he was true to his wife and that Lady Ashburton was true to her husband, still the fact that he was invited to many places that his wife was not was one of the causes of her misery. Jane Welsh Carlyle was a most extraordinary woman. She was intellectually the peer of any woman of her time, but the English nobility who fêted Carlyle merely tolerated her and she felt that her admittance into their society was merely upon sufferance. Mrs. Carlyle was far the superior of Thomas Carlyle in culture and refinement. He was a peasant with the ideas of a peasant in regard to woman. His mother, whom he esteemed, was an ignorant woman who had washed the clothes of her family and brewed and baked for them. Mrs. Carlyle came from the professional classes of England. Her father had been possessed of a good income and she was brought up with plenty of servants about her. She was delicate in frame and remarkably sensitive in feeling. After she was married she discovered that Carlyle expected her to do the same things that his mother had done and she murmured not but attempted to do them. In the days of their poverty she did all the work about the house and Carlyle unconsciously imposed upon her. He was very irritable and his stomach was such that he was often in a very bad humor. He would eat no bread but that which his wife baked, and he said no marmalade agreed with him except that which she made with her own hands. He often wounded her feelings without knowing it, and he was filled with remorse when his eyes were opened by her diary, which he first saw after her death. He authorized the publication of the diary more from a wish to do justice to her memory than from anything else, and he gave it over into Froude's hands with the injunction to publish it if he thought that justice demanded it, but if he published it to print it word for word and line for line as it was written.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Woman's Suffrage Association of the Englewood district of Chicago held its regular public meeting in the spacious parlors of the Universalist Church. A bountiful supper, good music, and the radiant presence of Miss Florence Kolloch, minister of the church, put the large and unusually intelligent audience in a receptive condition for the able paper by Mrs. Effinger. Alice B. Stockham, M. D., occupied the chair and gracefully introduced Mrs. Effinger, who apologized for the misleading notice, as she termed it, which had dignified her little essay by the title of paper. Whatever opinion the author had of it, the audience voted it most excellent. Unlike the male suffragist who followed her, she knew what was appropriate, what she wanted to say, and said it; and when through she stopped. The president then called on an ex-Baptist preacher who regaled the assembly with stale jokes and impotent attempts at wit, weak imitations of Col. Ingersoll's "stage business" and Mark Twain's mannerisms. After floundering around for thirty-five minutes, he had the cool effrontery to say he was talking against time and would now get down to the theme of the evening. At this announcement, it then being after nine o'clock, THE JOURNAL'S representative left. The Baptist parson may yet be killing time for any thing known to the contrary in THE JOURNAL office. That valuable time should have been killed by this male individual when there were present many able women who had given years of labor to the cause, and whom visitors would have been glad to hear seems unfortunate.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed, one of Chicago's scholarly woman authors, whose most recent work, "Hindu Literature" is just published by S. C. Griggs & Co., of this city, was invited by the American Institute of Philosophy, a New York organization of which the venerable Dr. Deems is president, to give an address on "The Life and Teachings of Krishna." She gave the address at a meeting of the society held on the evening of Tuesday, December 2d, to the apparent satisfaction and delight of the audience of cultured thinkers present, since they applauded vigorously and gave her many compliments after the meeting closed. Mrs. Reed is the second woman invited to address this body, and the fact of such invitation being extended to women by a philosophical society shows marked advancement in the recognition of the intellectual equality of the sexes. Mrs. Reed is the only American woman who is a member of the "Victoria Institute and Philosophical Society of Great Britain." She is also a prominent member of the Illinois Woman's Press Club.

Above all other qualifications personal fitness to do the work well is the best recommendation for a position, says the *Congregationalist*. General rules are no adequate tests for individual cases. This was well illustrated in Cincinnati the other day when the school board turned out of their positions all the teachers who were married women, and empowered the superintendent to fill the vacancies. This he promptly did by reappointing them all. In the majority of cases household cares rightly absorb the time and strength of married women. But if marriage of itself does not vitiate a woman's power to teach, why make a hard and fast rule that it shall deprive her of the opportunity?

Mrs. Mary Cleary Duncreux is not only president of the New York Screw Manufactory, but a practical working mechanic, who inspects all the output of her establishment, and who can turn out first-class cabinet screws, gun screws, watch screws, and machine screws. She has been in the business for seventeen years, and maintains, as the result of her own experience, that girls have quite as much ingenuity and manual dexterity as boys, and lack training only, and not capacity, to become as good mechanics.

Not all society girls eat the bread of idleness. Miss Mildred Conway, only daughter of that favorite author, Moncure D. Conway, assists her father in his literary work, plays the piano like a professional performer, has so much dramatic ability as to have procured her good offers from the theatrical managers, and is one of the most faithful and zealous workers in the successful "College Settlement" in Rivington street, while, in addition to her gift of cleverness, her fairy godmother gave her a gypsy-like beauty and a charming voice.

Lorado Taft, the gifted young Chicago sculptor whose statue of General Grant is so highly spoken of, has been engaged to execute the portrait bust of Miss Susan B. Anthony, a testimonial from women of the United States who appreciate her great worth as a pioneer. It is thought that a young man of noble life and American ideas is the one to do this piece of sculpture, which will be ready in time for the Columbian Exposition.

Prof. Lester F. Ward recently says in the *Forum:* "Man has displayed more genius than woman, largely because he has been in possession of a wider range of facts, a greater supply of the only material out of which genius can construct and create, namely, knowledge; and if woman is ever to display equal creative power she, too, must be supplied with the same kind of raw material, for which no qualities of mind can ever stand as a substitute; but, thus supplied, there is no reason to doubt that high flights of genius may be made by women."

A recent decision of a law case in the courts of Montana is in favor of the "squaw wife." An estate of $120,000 was to be distributed, and the brother and sisters claimed the money. The court gave a just verdict and gave it to the children of the squaw wife. The decision is important, because there are many just such cases in the West.

A Wichita woman has invented an ingenious and simple device which will enable a housewife to wash the outside of windows while standing on the inside, with the least possible effort.

SOME LONDON SIGHTS.

From a private letter of a subscriber to THE JOURNAL we are permitted to extract some notes of her recent visit to London, England, which may be of interest to our readers;

"We went to Ely to visit the cathedral on the morning we left Cambridge, and that afternoon H. showed me a little of London. We were centrally located, being near the Parliament Houses, Westminister Abbey, the National Gallery and Charing Cross Station. On Sunday, September 21st, we went to Hampton Court on top of a 'bus. The many miles from a high seat gave me a good idea of the varied city and some of its suburbs. It was a grand approach to the court along a very broad avenue with glorious chestnut trees on either side, but my surprise was unrecoverable to see a brick palace—a Wolsey in a brick palace! The trees about the grounds were magnificent, but the landscape gardening was a disappointment. The interior of the palace afforded endless sights. I saw there a picture of Holbein's that I liked better than any of his which I saw in the Louvre or at the National Gallery. It was "The Jester of Henry VIII." Holbein's subjects, as a rule, do not attract me, but this one pleased me. On Monday I visited the Tower in the morning and in the early evening we walked about London and H. showed me some of the club houses, Carlton House,—the Prince of Wales' city palace,—St. James's palace, and the Burlington Arcade; the last named is the famous shopping arcade. The following day we strolled about London, visiting the Temple and lingering in the places where Dr. Johnson, Goldy, Charles Lamb and other writers had once been familiar figures. We climbed the stairs to Goldsmith's door and meditated. An English shower gave us a chance to change from the meditative to the impatient mood, for we were eager to get to other places. What a day that was! We saw the house in which Thackery and Dickens met. It was Furnival's Inn. "Sketches by Boz" and most of the "Pickwick Papers" were written here. Here he came with his bride and gave welcome to his first son. Lincoln's Inn Fields and St. Giles's were among this day's fascinations, and how glad were we to hear the chimes ring out "Auld Lang Syne." Oliver Cromwell was married in St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Daniel Defoe, Fox—author of "the Book of Martyrs"—and Frobisher, the voyager, were buried there. On Wednesday we took the steamer to Chelsea and saw where Carlyle had lived; stood in the pretty park and looked at the bronze figure of that great writer sitting in a most natural position in the chair of bronze, under which were the metal books. The willows were waving above the figure, and with a fresh breeze some of the leaves would touch the Scot's head. Such a position as was his! He looked in the direction of the river, and the attitude, the surroundings and the sunny morning made me feel the monument a bit of life. Never had I felt so near Carlyle before. The worn face and tired form seemed resting in this most restful spot. We saw No. 4 Cheyne Row, where George Eliot had lived, also Dante Gabriel Rossetti's house, and did not miss Leigh Hunt's simple abode. Then we took another steamer up to Kew Gardens. It is beyond my power of description to paint a word picture of those entrancing gardens and green houses. In the evening we went to Irving's Theatre—the Lyceum—and saw "Ravenswood." Never have I so liked Ellen Terry in any part as that of Lucy Ashton; never have I seen Irving better fitted to his part. The setting was perfect, and the arrangement of the theater brought out the voices well and enabled those who sat far away from the stage not only to hear, but to see. Saturday is the great day for visiting the Parliament Houses. How they rush you through, and what snatch looks you have to limit yourselves to, besides leaving all goods and chattels—aside from what you wear and carry in your pockets—outside the Parliament gates. To rest our heads we visited some of the poorer quarters of the city, and stopped at Toynbee Hall. It was not one of the visiting days, but while we waited—hoping to see the workings of the institution—we did have a glimpse of the play ground, with young men playing English games. We also got a glimpse of one of the meetings in a room well filled with men but smelling so foully of tobacco that we got more than enough of vitiated air as we looked in on the audience and speaker from the outside of an open window. We saw also the Toynbee Hall Library. One of the many saddening sights peculiar to these poorer localities, new to my personal observation, was a woman who stood near a dram shop with a baby in her arms. She looked as if kept alive by liquor, and the infant as if bred upon the drainings of beer mugs.

Our second Sunday in London was varied by going to St. Margaret's Church where Canon Farrar preached, after going to the Westminster Abbey and listening to singing. I thought Farrar's sermon very ordinary. Later, we went to the Foundlings' Hospital. The orphans and children were out of doors, but we looked into the dining rooms and visited the church where Handel used to play the organ, and we saw the organ which the great composer gave the institution. On other days we visited the British Museum to see the original Magna Charta. Not only did we see that, but the sixteen articles drawn up by the barons, and part of a deed of a house to which was affixed Shakespeare's signature, and of course we glanced at the autographs and manuscripts of great writers. Among other places visited were the Zoological Museum of which Sir Roderick Murchison was once curator; and the new settlement under Mrs. Humphrey-Wards patronage, which is an outgrowth of "Robert Elsmere." Our visit was at a time when they were just getting it into order, so cannot tell you of its workings. One treat, though a pathetic one, was our visit to Charter House. The school has been moved into the country but the old pensioners are still at the Charter House. It was harrowing to one's feelings to stand in the church and think of Col. Newcomb's "Adsem" in answer to the last roll call, and I kept forcing back the tears as they gushed from my eyes. The tablets to Thackery and John Leech, close together, did not tend to make the recollection less vivid, and as I lingered behind I was glad H. was deep in talk with our guide. They had not the usual number of old gentlemen at the house. We were told they were very sensitive and no one went into the dining room while they were eating. They wear their robes to meals and to church. I caught sight of one tall and elegant figure as we were leaving, and as constantly Col. Newcomb was in my mind.

Later I spent parts of four days in the South Kensington Museum, and visited St. Paul's, the National Gallery, the Geological Museum, and the Royal College of Surgeons. I met at the college a Mr. Holding who was making illustrations for one of Prof. J. G. Romane's forthcoming books. He showed me some of the illustrations, and finding me interested in science kindly went about the college museum with me. I ate a chop at "Ye Old Cheshire Cheese" inn, where Johnson used to eat chops, green peas, and drink his beer. Crosby Hall, where the Duke of Gloucester did some of his fiendish plotting before he was Richard III., was seen. On Sunday, October 10th, I heard Mendlesohn's "Hear my Prayer" sung in Westminster Abbey. Such singing, and under such a roof, with such grand surroundings is a life's treat! Longfellow's marble face was turned toward mine, and the "Poets Corner" was directly in front of me. The memory will ever remain with me of the harmonious whole.

ISABEL L. JOHNSON.

A WORLD WITHOUT AN ALMANAC.

In the last *Cosmopolitan* there is a fascinating article by Camille Flammarion full of new and curious facts about the planet Mercury. Here are a few extracts:

The astronomers have again made an unexpected, a marvelous and altogether a most original discovery. They have just found out a world which has neither hours, days, nights, weeks, months, years nor centuries—a world without an almanac.

This world is not far off astronomically speaking. A telegram or a telephonic message would reach it in five minutes. It belongs to the same celestial circuit as ourselves. It is one of the globes of our solar system. It is Mercury.... The conditions of life and the measurement of time are very different as regards Mercury from those connected with our satellite. While the regular movement or rotation of the latter gives to the moon days and nights fifteen times longer than our own, the circling motion of Mercury affords perpetual daylight to that side of his sphere which is turned toward the sun, and perpetual darkness to the opposite side. Such a state of things must certainly entail the strangest conditions of existence.

On the one side is light and always light; on the other, never-ending gloom. The diurnal hemisphere has the sun constantly on the equator. Fancy yourself in Columbia, Guiana, the Congo, to the south of Senegal, in Zanzibar, Sumatra, at Borneo, New Guinea, or in the islands of the Malaysian sea, with the sun at its zenith vertically darting down its rays upon your head. And what a sun! Mercury is on an average only thirty-six millions of miles from the sun, while we are at about ninety-five millions of miles. The great orb of day appears seven times larger as viewed from his surface than as seen by us, and sends on an average seven times more light and heat. I say on an average, because, as we have seen, the planet follows in his course an elongated ellipse so that every forty-four days it attains a maximum and a minimum of distance. In the first case the solar disk appears only four and a half times larger than with us, but in the other position it grows to be ten and a half times larger in size. What a focus of light and heat! We sometimes complain of the heat of our distant sun, but what is our luminary when compared with the dazzling brazier of Mercury? It is as if ten suns converged over our heads at the summer solstice, whose united rays poured down at noon their concentrated heat upon us; and this not for a season only, but ever and ever. Mercury's seas must be oceans of boiling water.

A perpetual day! There is neither evening nor morning. There is no night. There are no stars, and, consequently, there is no astronomy, no apparent movement of the heavens. There are no hours. Mercury has no satellite. It follows there are no months, no weeks, no measure of time that way. Neither are there any years. When would they begin or end? Here on our earth the year is made up of a certain number of days and nights. But how conceive a year where the day is without end?

Doubtless the sun periodically seems to increase and diminish in size, and the temperature also varies considerably. These would constitute seasons of a new order. Have Mercury's inhabitants guessed that they circle around the sun, and that the variation in the distance of that orb accounts for the difference in the size of the brazier suspended over their heads? These strange seasons seem to be the only measure of time nature has given them.

No night! And doubtless no sleep. Do they live better and longer? Do they grow old? They seem to be without days, years, or any age. Perhaps it is the land where people never die.

WHAT BOEHME TAUGHT.

To the Editor: It is no mean compliment to have such a writer as Mrs. Penny endorse, if only in part, one's thoughts on "What Boehme Taught." She has made a life study of his writings and stands at the head of the list as one of his most appreciative students. But like herself, "Where one admires greatly, refusal of full assent is very disagreeable." As she applies this language to the writer, in The Journal of the 6th of December, I will add a word only as supplemental to her kindly criticism.

No one can appreciate what Boehme taught—on any subject—unless one has a great deal of prayerful patience; and, in a certain sense, passes into the degree of his illumination. I have found, notwithstanding Mrs. Penny's criticism, that to woman he gives the power for man's elevation into divine manhood. Swedenborg, whose teaching rests upon Boehme as a base, gave the thought that man is first an image of the divine love and wisdom and that woman is the love of that wisdom. He did not show how woman, by the absorption of that wisdom, became bisexual—a discreted personality—by virtue of the descent or what Boehme calls the 'Fall of Man." With Boehme this bisexuality became counterpartal from the original androgyne. That woman's autness, like the autness of the "son" from the "father" added a new consciousness to woman and that consciousness, when fully realized, made her like the "son," an higher evolution of the homo. My conclusions were inferential from what it seems to me, is patent through all of Boehme's writings. Hence to my view woman is man's nexus with the Divine; and hence, in this age, which is emphatically the woman's age, we have her heart fusing the better elements of our nascent life.

M. C. C. Church.

Parkersburg, West Va.



ISOLATED FACTS, OR LINKS IN A CHAIN.

To the Editor: In July 18, 1874, I was visiting relatives in Livingston Park, Rochester, N. Y. One afternoon, my cousin came home much distressed over the loss of his valuable horses, which he had been keeping in the Rochester Driving Park for a certain course of training. He said they had disappeared three days before, and he had searched everywhere, even going to a clairvoyant who refused to see him, as she "never looked for gentlemen." Rallying him from his want of success with the fair sex, we, ladies of the family, proposed to interview the oracle, and proceeded to put on our bonnets in that spirit of levity which most persons, ignorant of the subject, entertain toward "the spirits." We found our medium, the late Mrs. Hamilton, standing in the door of her home, a plain cottage on the outskirts of the city. We asked her to be directed to Mrs. Hamilton, the clairvoyant. She replied, "I am the clairvoyant, but I can see no one to-night, I am too tired; come in the morning." Whereupon my cousin's wife said, "O that's too bad, we wished to ask you about some horses that have been stolen from the driving park. Looking at us absently for a moment, the medium exclaimed, "No, they are not stolen, they are only strayed, but I can not trace them to-night. Come in the morning."

At the next sitting, she described the park, the horses, the open gate beside which stood the little colored gate-keeper, with his face turned away as they wandered out; she followed them in her mind's eye through certain roads, until they reached a corner five miles from the city limits, when she stopped, simply adding, "If you will follow these roads to this corner, you will see a woman in a farmhouse garden who will tell you where they are. Much amused and quite faithless, we went home and reported our oracular direotions, but, as we were all on pleasure bent, that day having been fixed for a "pleasure excursion" to the lake, we absolutely refused to go on any wild-goose chase at the instance of clairvoyance. Therefore, my cousin's parents took a carriage, followed the roads, found the corner, and lo, there stood the woman in the farmhouse garden, who told them the horses were in a neighboring barn. The farmer had found them a few days before, and shut them up for safe keeping.

With the fulfillment of this prediction and the return of those horses, came the most material and stubborn facts in all my experience; overturning many pet theories, meeting me at every innocent corner with the gravest questions, lying in wait like a veritable modern sphinx, with a series of haunting enigmas which would not be laid until they were answered. The first query naturally arising came to me in this form: "Is this experience an exceptional one? Is it peculiar to me and the age in which I live, or has it parallels in universal history? and this thought suggested a reference to a story in Samuel where I seemed to remember something similar.

There I read that "The asses of Kish, Saul's father, were lost, and Kish said to Saul, his son, 'Take now one of the servants with thee, and arise and seek the asses.' And they went up into the city.... Then Saul draw near to Samuel in the gate, saying, 'Tell me, I pray thee, where the Seer's house is,' and Samuel answered Saul and said, 'I am the seer; go up before me into the high place, for ye shall eat with me to-day and to-morrow I will let thee go, and will tell thee all that is in thine heart, and as for thine asses that were lost three days ago, set not thine heart on them, for they are found.'.... And it came to pass about the spring of the day, Samuel called Saul, saying, 'Up, that I may send thee away....When thou art departed from me to-day, thou shalt find two men by Rachel's sepulcher in the border of Zelzah, and they will say unto thee the asses which thou wentest to seek are found.'....And it was so, and all those signs came to pass that day." 1 Samuel, chaps. ixth and xth.

What strange new meanings flashed out from this sacred story; what a curious parallel to my own experience! Here were two successive facts, occurring at different epochs of time, under the most diverse conditions of life, which I was bound to accept as absolute verities. Were they isolated facts in human history, or links in a chain of fact girdling the world?

Julia Sadler Holmes.

A PREDICTED POEM.

To the Editor: Here is a fact of personal experience which may seem too personal for newspaper publication, but I have decided to send it with a word of apology, as it offers curious and interesting problems to the student of psychology. In February, 1889, I was sitting in a medium's meeting, listening to tests. A stranger to the medium and his audience, I was startled when he pointed to me, saying: "That lady is a poetess, she has not written anything for several years, but she will soon write another poem, which will add much to her fame. A Grecian spirit, a poetess, stands behind her and tells me this. This spirit often inspires her to write, and will get more perfect control in future. Will the lady tell the audience if the medium is correct." I replied: "Yes and no. It is true that I am called 'a poetess,' but I have never been entranced, or written 'under inspiration' in the sense used by Spiritualists." I then asked if the spirit could give me the title of the new poem. No, the medium could not see her, she had gone. At the close of the meeting, a gentleman said to me, "Excuse me, madam. When you asked 'what is the title of the poem,' I saw written over your head in letters of fire, 'The Mountain Laurel.' I am a clairvoyant, and sometimes my vision is very perfect." Thanking the stranger for his courtesy, I passed out to a multitude of prosaic cares and homely duties which crowded out all thoughts of poem or prophecy. The next winter, I met a lady, a Swiss countess, who invited me to go to the new resort, the Battery Park Hotel, recently opened at Asheville, N. C. This hotel was built on the Heights held by the confederates. The graves, the flower beds, the freedman with his spade, the merry children playing soldier under the laurel, and the new roads winding up the farther Heights were in sight of my window, and naturally suggested the poem, but I had no thoughts of writing it until later, when it suddenly wrote itself. After a six-weeks' sojourn in Asheville, I went to Apalachicola, Fla. There, lying on my sofa one morning, idly reading *The World*, I came upon the words quoted below. Then the first verse of the poem flashed into my mind, followed by the others faster than I could copy. I did not compose them, I read them; they seemed printed upon my brain in quick succession. Now comes the curious part of the story to my mind. After I had copied the head lines and finished the poem, I started to write, "The Lost Cause" for a title. Certain objections arose, and I said to myself, "No, I will call it 'In Memoriam,' or better still, 'The Edelweiss.'" Not knowing how to spell edelweiss, I ran down stairs to consult a botany. Not finding it, I turned to laurel, thinking it belonged to that family, when I saw the words mountain laurel. They struck me as more appropriate than edelweiss, so I went back and began to write "The Mountain Laurel," when the medium's prediction flashed through my mind, and I was greatly astonished to find I had really written the predicted poem. In justice to the Grecian poetess, I must add that I cut out about half the verses, which accounts for the lack of continuity, knowing that the angel Gabriel himself could not induce an editor in these utilitarian times to print so long a poem. In justice to my own reputation, I must ask Prof. James which of my numerous "hidden selves" wrote this poem, for certainly I did not obey any of the ordinary rules of composition, or use any mental effort, and I must ask Col. Bundy if he considers this a fair example of clairvoyant prevision. Are all these small happenings fated to occur? If not, how can they be foreseen?

J. S. H.

THE GREAT MAINSPRING.

To the Editor: If we would enjoy in our own lives, that condition of pleasurable content which comes of duty well performed, we will determine to enact our part, and do our share of the labor which elevates and blesses mankind. In all the affairs of human life, that go prosperously along, there is a full supply of the "basis" of motion. We who profess to be the advocates of the truth of Spiritualism do lack that earnestness which is due to others as well as to ourselves, the excellence of a great cause and the joy of mankind. There is not a religion taught to men, whose basis is not in Spiritualism. I sometimes think that the actual believers in Spiritualism, who do not assist in promulgating its truth, ought to have little if any help to the soul happiness, from the spheres beyond us, which makes our life here a comfort and blessing. We have among us many "mediums," but there is a medium which is the main spring of all business, and one which we can supply. If we withhold the small sums that we can well afford, and which would help our cause to prosper, we do "ourselves" a wrong and it is somewhere counted against us—we shall see "the writing on the wall" and not meet the success we have planned for. Do not deem this opinion a vagary, for I have more than personal experience in testimony thereof.

I wish to call your attention to the methods pursued by the Catholic church. Therein small sums amount to a great aggregate, because they are constantly collected. We can pursue the same course, and fill our sails with something more permanent than the "cats-paw" flashes that our craft depends on now.

I have heretofore felt disinclined to advocate organization for the people of our belief; but we can not well support a system of effort without some form of delegated authority to act, especially in the collection and disbursement of money. If we become organized we become united, and divided, we become absorbed or go to waste, lose our vim, and get kicked with nobody to back us. Let us have a front, a center and circumference and a kicker to kick back when we are assaulted. Let us have collectors in all our cities and towns, and show the world that we mean what we say.

M. O. Nichols.

Haverhill, Mass.

[Our friend Mr. Nichols, the writer of the above timely and sensible suggestion to Spiritualists, is an old and true friend of the cause, and his experience makes his advice of value to all who share in his Spiritualistic belief. His name is a familiar one to all lovers of music and harmony as he is the original inventor of the reed organ.—[Ed.

HEAT UPON THE PLANETS.

To the Editor: In your issue of November 8th, there is an article taken from the *New York Herald*, headed, "News from the Planet Mars." In this article, reference is made to the comparative heat upon Mars and the earth, in which it is inferred that the intensity of the heat received from the sun is in due proportion to the relative distance of each planet from the sun. This seems to so thoroughly ignore the late demonstration of Prof. H. Raymond Rogers* that I am induced to call your attention to it. By this theory, light and heat are neutral in their effects, *in transitu*, but at their impact on the surface of the planet their full effect is developed. It matters not, therefore, how near or how far a planet may be from the sun, the effect is the same, and, consequently, as much heat and light are received upon Saturn as upon Mercury.

If, for instance, we consider the artificial light at the end of an electrical wire, no heat or light is lost from the sides of the wire, but they are fully displayed at the end thereof; the rays of light and heat from the sun are in themselves cold like these wires—their power is felt only at their terminal impact. At the same time, the sunheat and the sunlight is not dissipated in any direction through the fields of space, but is employed for its legitimate use by the planets, and is manifested only when in contact with them. That the amount of sunheat and sunlight received by a planet should depend upon its distance from the sun implies a very defective system of heating and lighting as applied to those bodies, and calls forth the most unlikely and ridiculous theories as to their condition, such as those advanced by Proctor and others. By this electrical theory, as advanced by Dr. Rogers, the

way is clear for the reasonable inference that all the planets of our solar system are inhabited by man as developed upon each, and that they are consequently fully covered by their distinctive fauna and flora.

O. P. HATFIELD.

NEW YORK, Nov. 24. 1890.

* "Sunheat and Sunlight," by Henry Raymond Rogers, M. D., of Dunkirk, N. Y. Read before the Chautauqua Society of History and Natural Science, and published in "Scientific American" Supplement, Vol. XXIX, No. 754, of June 14th, 1890, p. 12,044.

WHICH IS WORST?

TO THE EDITOR: I should like to have some theologian or orthodox Christian explain why the ghost-dancing Indians should be sat down on, squelched and slaughtered because they are engaged in a religious exercise. I have read from different writers a description of these "orgies," as they please to call them, and I am surprised that these Indians are accused of being crazy, unless it shall be admitted that the churches are crazy. The scenes at these "ghost dances" are no comparison to the scenes at Methodist camp meetings, or in Mrs. Woodward's or Sam Jones' revival meetings. In these you may see white men and women who are supposed to be civilized indulging in worse ludicrous acts than those savages. I have seen both sexes at a camp meeting rolling around in the straw, thrashing their limbs about like mad, and yelling like lunatics. They put me in mind of cats that have feasted on fresh catnip, rolling and squalling in a sort of senseless intoxication. Yet nobody rises up and orders these people to stop their nonsense.

Is it any worse for these Indians to dance to a ghost than for white folks to pray and howl at a ghost? I think the Indians are the more sensible, for they dance to the sun and select one of their number as the probable messiah, while the white people yell to a ghost pure and simple—something that they do not see, or expect to see; in fact they denounce the seeing of spirits as a fraudulent belief.

I have just come in from a southern and western trip. While I was in St. Louis last week Mrs. Woodward was holding revival meetings and every night there was a row, and one night a man was killed because he laughed at her tomfoolery. The "converts" got around her and acted like maniacs praying and howling to ghosts—to nothing, to myths, to imaginary gods or alleged angels, who could not be seen or felt. No such scenes as those occur among the Indians.

I was in Palestine, Texas, where Sam Jones was howling and calling a howling mob around him. The scenes there were awful. People cursed themselves for their unbelief, shouted to God and Jesus Christ who seemed to be a great distance off and needed much persuasion to listen. These scenes were worse than any enacted by the Indians. What is the difference then, civilly and morally? I'll tell you. The Indian is honest. He believes what the missionaries have taught him to a certain extent. These missionaries have made a fool of the Indian and now he must be killed because he is acting out the missionary teachings so far as he is capable of understanding them.

The white people are not honest. Their preachers don't believe what they preach. They follow Christianity and revivalism as a business. The hat is passed around to pay these people for getting up these scenes, and they must be paid or they will stop the show like any other mountebank. They must get a guarantee of so much cash before they will hold their séances or indulge in their circuses. Therefore the difference between white man and Indian is this: White man passes around the hat and Indian doesn't. White man denounces the Indian for following out the same line of belief as his, only the Indian takes different methods. White man prays to a ghost; Indian dances to one. White man sees nothing to talk to, and talks to space; Indian sees the sun and dances to that, and white man calls it ghost dances.

CONSISTENCY.

THE C. S. A.

TO THE EDITOR: The Chicago Spiritualist Association, Miss Emma J. Nickerson lecturer, will continue to hold its Sunday meetings at 3 p. m., at Kimball Hall. The Association has rented Banner Hall 93 South Peoria street, for Monday nights, where an entertainment and social meeting will be held weekly. EX. COMMITTEE.

The short well-told Christmas story, "Bobolink," which appears in this number of THE JOURNAL, was written by one of our valued contributers, a gentleman nearing his "three score and ten," whose conversion to Spiritualism is of comparatively recent date, but whose spiritualistic experiences, he declares, make life well worth living, even at that age. In sending it the writer says that the sketch has its foundation in facts occurring in his experience some years ago when he held the position of a constable.

Mrs. Alice Turbett gives sittings and psychometric readings daily at 2,914 Cottage Grove ave., first flat, left. She is very well spoken of by those who ought to be able to judge of her powers. She has called at THE JOURNAL office several times, and impresses one as a sincere character, devoted to her calling.

George W. Walrond, the English speaker and medium, writes: "THE JOURNAL in its new form is a decided improvement, both for handling as well as for binding. In tone and quality it is in my opinion at the very head of all Spiritualist papers."

A Spiritualist meeting is held every Sunday at 3 p. m., under the auspices of D. F. Trefry at Newman Hall, corner of 63rd and Stewart avenue, Englewood. Mrs. Turbett will give tests next Sunday. All are cordially invited.

Dyspepsia

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Persons who have had psychical experiences of any kind are earnestly requested to communicate them directly to the Secretary of the American Branch. or to the editor of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL, with as much corroborative testimony as possible; and a special appeal is made to those who have had experiences justifying the spiritualistic belief.

Applicants for Membership in the Society should address the Secretary. The Branch is much in need of funds for the further prosecution of its work, and pecuniary assistance will be gratefully welcomed

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Would it make any difference to you if you knew of one that does not advocate the doctrines of everlasting punishment, vicarious atonement, miracles and an infallible Bible?—

One that does stand for common sense in religion, "truth for authority", believes that religion should be friendly to science, and advocates a religious fellowship that will welcome all of every belief who are willing to work for truth, righteousness and love in the world?—

One that does not fill its space with learned or ignorant discussions of scripture texts, but does give every week 32 columns of fresh and rational reading, including a sermon on some living topic, editorials and contributions on current events; and news of the progress of liberal religious thought? If you think you might care for such a paper, send ten cents in stamps for ten weeks.

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D. D. HOME.

His Life and Mission.

BY MADAME DUNGLAS HOME.

Within the compass of an advertisement no adequate description of the interesting contents of the book concerning a most remarkable medium can be given; it must be read before its importance can be realized.

The work is a large 8vo of 423 pages, printed from large type on fine, heavy, super-calendered paper, and strongly bound in cloth. The price put on it is less than value, but Mrs. Home is desirous that this work should have an extended reading in America hence the book will be sold at a low

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

News From Nowhere: Or an Epoch of Rest. Being Some Chapters from a Utopian Romance. By William Morris, author of The Earthly Paradise, etc. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Chicago; A. C. McClurg & Co. 1890, pp. 278. Price, $1.00.

And now in the list of the imaginative dreams of a possible earthly paradise which have followed in the wake of Bellamy's successful "Looking Backward" from writers known and unknown, is added this work from the pen of the sweet poet William Morris, the workingman's friend, the wealthy Socialist leader who has done so much by personal effort to improve the condition of English workmen and to restore society to simpler modes of living. To those who know William Morris as one of the leaders in English literature and a cunning master of style, it will be inducement enough to read this work without reference to the subject of which he treats. To those who know him only as a Socialist leader it will be interesting to find in this work the trend of his opinions and the sort of state of society he thinks possible as the logical outcome of his views. In the new world in which after a discussion of some social problems of to-day and after a nap which is not so clearly explained as that of Bellamy's hero, he finds himself, in a world which is London redeemed from sin and misery—as in "Looking Backward" it was a redeemed Boston. Mr. Morris finds a happy simple-hearted people to whom work is pleasure although they have little of it to do, and do it without pay; where goods are held in common, love rules, and there is no government to interfere. The story is beautifully told but after all to the thinker his ideal state of society does not seem very enticing, it seems rather the ideal state of animal enjoyment the mere sense of an earthly joy in living. In all these Utopias one misses the incentive and spiritual uplifting of "divine discontent" which urges the soul to higher aspirations.

History of My Pets. By Grace Greenwood. New edition. Revised and enlarged by the author, with new illustrations by Max F. Klepper. New York: United States Book Co. pp. 222.

Stories of My Childhood. By Grace Greenwood. The same. pp. 249.

The children who forty years ago, when children's books were neither so numerous nor so beautiful as they now are, read with delight these stories by Grace Greenwood whose name was then a household word, will to-day welcome these old friends in their new and modern dress, and under pretence of Christmas gifts to their children or grand-children will gladly renew their acquaintance with these old favorites; and as they glance over the half-forgotten pictures of happy home life many a story of their own childhood connected with their first reading will doubtless be recalled for the amusement of the fortunate young persons for whose benefit these books may be bought. Those of us who read the stories in their earlier editions will be reminded of the marvelous changes which the intervening years have wrought in juvenile literature. The beautiful illustrations, and the artistic covering which adorns this edition seem to have little in common with the tawdry binding and rough wood-cuts which marked the best of children's books in those days. Where now the ablest writers are engaged in the endeavor to please, instruct, and develop the minds of youthful readers, there were then but a few writers from which to choose works adapted to children's reading. So Grace Greenwood's name is still cherished as that of a dear and personal friend by many mature men and women who will gladly welcome for their children these stories whose charming simplicity can never grow stale.

Work While Ye Have the Light. By Count Lyof Tolstoi. Translated by E. J. Dillon. No. 22 of Westminster Series. New York; John W. Lovell Co. pp. 170. Paper. Price, 25 cents.

This new story of Tolstoi will do much to restore the author of the "Kreutzer Sonata" to the good opinion of his readers. The heroes of the tale are two young men of the time of the Roman Emperor Trajan, about one hundred years after the birth of Christ. Originally friends and fellow students, on attaining manhood they diverge into wholly different modes of life. One giving himself to the life of a man of the world with varied experiences in love, business, etc.; the other, joining from principle, a band of despised and persecuted Christians who had organized themselves into a community where all property was in common and love of humanity the rule of life.

The purpose of the work is apparently to illustrate the folly of seeking happiness through selfish aims, and the possibility of happiness gained by forgetfulness of self and the constant exercise of the law of helpful lovingness. The two friends continue friends through life and meet at intervals when they each relate the incidents of their different lives. Though one seems to have all that the soul of man can long for—wealth, honor, a beautiful and virtuous wife, and healthy family; and the other has none of these—save the noble wife and children—yet misery of heart and mind accompany the successful one, while love is the gift which makes the other's poverty and outcast condition rich in real happiness.

A discussion at a social party between persons of different ages and conditions as to the possibility of living a pure and upright life while still taking part in the life of the world makes a suitable prologue to the main story.

Departmental Ditties, Barrack Room Ballads, And Other Verses. By Rudyard Kipling. New York: United States Book Co. pp. 270. Cloth.

There runs through these poems a spirit of soldierly vigor, dash and daring. Gay and reckless in one line, the next may contain a hint of unuttered seriousness. Sad or tender thoughts are often enterwoven with a flippant jest by a vague word or two pregnant with meaning. The changeful style gives one the impression that the verses have been composed on the march to the rhythmic tread of battalions, during a fierce hard ride on a raid; or of having set themselves to the patter of tripping feet and the viol; or to the sound of martial music. The words echo all sorts of human moods, rollicking fun, merry banter, bitter satire, sorrowful heartbreak and serious thought. One of the strongest poems is that entiteed "A Masque of Plenty," showing in a satirical way the whitewashing of the English government in India by official flunkies, and the wrongs suffered by the natives through mal-administration of justice. His sympathy with woman's cause is strongly exhibited in his pathetic "Song of the Women," supposed to be addressed to Lady Dufferin in gratitude for her efforts to send women physicians to help native women.

Baby's Kingdom: Wherein may be chronicled as memories for grown-up days the mother's story of the progress of the Baby. Designed and Illustrated by Annie F. Cox. Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1891; Chicago; A. C. McClurg & Co. Quarto size. Price, $3.75.

Certainly not designed for the use of the toiling mothers of the swarming children of the slums, is this most royal looking holiday gift book whose handsomely embossed golden covers and delicately artistic pictorial work will make the volume an acceptable shrine on which the adoring mammas of welcome babes in wealthy families may lay their offerings of testimony as to the wondrous and manifold gifts of person and mind of their own particular darlings. In this book there are departments with appropriate and beautiful illustrations of date of birth, weight, the first tooth, first words, bright sayings, first step, Christmas and other gifts, etc. In short a record of all the interesting points about baby for the first two or three years of its life. Such a record carefully kept would doubtless be of much interest to the baby when grown up—and if its life were brief, a source of melancholy consolation to the bereaved mother.

Summerland. By Margaret MacDonald Pullman. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Oblong quarto. Artistic cover of two colored cloths beautifully ornamented, full gilt $3.75. Turkey morocco, $9.00; English seal style, $7.00.

No more exquisite gift for a friend with artistic tastes can be chosen than this beautiful art gallery of Summerland, the work of one of Chicago's talented lady artists. The design of the author is thus charmingly expressed in the preface: "I open this little gallery of pictures to you. I want them to tell you of hills in Sunshine; meadows with perfumed air; the brook fringed with flowering grasses—and cool quiet reflections; the winding path that suggests cottage life just over the hills; white sands washed, by the waves of the sea, blue with heavens reflection. If I can touch the heart and have it feel that life is sweet, I can feel that Summerland is yours as well as mine."

Wonderful Deeds and Doings of Little Giant Boab and his Talking Raven Tabib. By Ingersoll Lockwood. Profusely illustrated by Clifton Johnson. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: S. A. Maxwell & Co. Quarto. pp. 302. Price, $2.00.

Happy the lad or lassie to whom Santa Claus shall bring this beautiful book, with its wonderful pictures and thrilling stories of the adventures of one strangely strong and brave little Spanish boy who lived in the reign of Queen Isabella of Castile and Spain. Sensational as are the events and hair-breadth escapes narrated or pictured in this book it seems by the introduction there is a base of truth to them in the data given respecting the wonderful feats of strength performed by a son of Don Rodolpho de Clavigero named Boabdil. The feats of strength related of this child remind one of those performed by Lulu, the Georgia Wonder—sometimes called "the electric girl" and lead us to query whether the selfsame power did not move both. The story contains many lessons; but the whole gist of moral purpose is conveyed in showing how much can be done by proper exercise of strength and self-control.

Cudjo's Cave. By J. T. Trowbridge; Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. No. 4 Good Company Series. pp. 504. Paper. Price, 50 cents.

This bright story by one of America's most popular novelists, portrays in vivid style the condition of society both North and South and among white men and black, at the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion. Mr. Trowbridge's strong anti-slavery sentiments find expression on every page of this graphically told story which gives a dramatic picture of the horrors both of slavery and the consequent war between those of the same race and nation. Wit, pathos, comedy, and love scenes blend with the tragedy of war to make one of the most interesting works of this always readable author.

The Winds, The Woods, and The Wanderer: A Fable for Children. By Lily F. Wesselhoeft. Boston; Roberts Brothers: Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.00. Illustrated.

A charming story of outdoor life for children, being the adventures of a boy of artistic talent who running away from cruel treatment encountered a series of surprising adventures by sea and land. The interludes of the story from which the book gets its name, tells of the fabled interest taken in his fortunes by things in nature, oak and other trees, brooks, winds, etc.

William E. Dodge, The Christian Merchant. By Carlos Martyn. New York: Funk & Wagnalls. Cloth. pp. 349. Price, $1.50.

It is of immense help to the wavering and unsettled mind of youth to have its attention called to the progressive steps to a fine manhood and a successful business career like that of Mr. Dodge who made noble use of the wealth gained by just and honest business methods.

Pards. A Story of two Homeless Boys. By Effie W. Merriman. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.00.

A brightly told story of two street waifs' struggle for existence without other friends than themselves in the city of Minneapolis, bringing out the inherent nobility of character which often exists in human nature under the most unfavorable circumstances.

MAGAZINES FOR DECEMBER NOT BEFORE MENTIONED.

The Century. (New York.) The opening papers in the current number of the *Century* are Life in California before Gold Discovery, and Ranch and Mission Days in Alta California, profusely illustrated, by leading artists. An article which will attract attention is A Record of Virtue—An Experiment in Moral Chemistry, by Anna Garlin Spencer. James Whitcomb Riley has some realistic child poems in the Bric-a-Brac department.

The Nationalist. (Boston.) Addresses by Rev. Solomon Schindler, Hon. Jesse Cox, Henry White, and others add much to the value of this number.

The Theosophist. (India.) For November. Among other interesting topics treated is the Status of Women in Ancient Egypt.

The Forum. (New York.) Among the more interesting articles in this month's issue are The Government of American Cities, by Andrew D. White—an arraignment of the present system of city government in this country as contrasted with that of European cities; The Humanities, by Major J. W. Powell; Pity, Genuine and Spurious, by Frances Power Cobbe, and Notes on Ghosts, by Andrew Lang.

The Unitarian. (Ann Arbor, Mich.) For December has a long poem on Giordano Bruno in Prison, by Charlotte W. Eliot, with tributes to the memory of the late Chief Justice Miller, from personal friends, and a long list of other timely articles.

The Eclectic. (New York.) This issue contains its usual array of choice articles culled from the leading foreign Magazines and Reviews. Tolstoi, Hamilton Aide, Gladstone, Prince Krapotkin, Sir Theodore Martin, and Vernon Lee are among the contributing writers. Miss Menie Muriel Dowie's story of her travels in the little known Polish province Ruthenia, belonging now to Austria, is one of the interesting articles.

The Business Woman's Journal. (New York.) The Christmas number of this magazine which appears in a handsome holiday cover, has two fine full page illustrations besides a number of smaller pictures. The opening article is a biographical sketch accompanied by an excellent portrait of Miss Anna A. Gordon, Francis Willard's faithful and efficient secretary. Among other excellent articles we note particularly The Rights and Duties of Married Women in the Use of Money; A Wife's Legal Right to the Affection and Society of her Husband; and The Love Affairs of Some English Authoresses, the last named being the first of a series on the subject. Other articles treat of Woman's Work in Stenography, Telegraphy, and Journalism, with reports of club work from many directions.

One of the prettiest calendars of the season comes to us from A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, published by Lee & Shepard, Boston. It is entitled "All Around the Year" and shows a series of pictures of child life appropriate to each month. A child, sometimes two children, poses in some truly child-like, graceful attitude on every separate month's calendar for 1891. The leaves are attached by a pretty chain, rings, and tassels. Price, 50 cents.

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A remarkably clear, comprehensive and complete presentation of the phenomena and teachings of Modern Spiritualism is given in these lectures, comparing them with those of the past in respect to life here and hereafter.

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The following chapters are especially interesting: What is Spiritualism? Philosophy of Death; What lies beyond the Veil? Human Destiny. Clairvoyance and Clairaudience. What Spiritualists Believe, etc.

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HAPPINESS.

"Thou shalt be happy!" So I told my heart
One summer morning many a year ago.
"Thou shalt be happy; thou shalt have thy part
Of mirth and feastings in the great world's show;
Thou shalt have health and wealth, high fame and praise;
Thy place shall be with those who sit above;
Thou shalt have sunshine on the dullest days;
And, best of all, my heart, thou shalt have love."
Thus, in the morning of my days, I spake
Unto my heart, and gladly it replied:
"The world is all before us; we can make
Joy for ourselves, a never-ebbing tide."
So we set out, my heart and I, in mirth,
To seek for happiness—upon the earth.

God gave us health and wealth; and we were glad
Thus, for a season, waiting joys to come.
God gave us fame and praise; a little sad
We were, my heart and I, amid the hum
Of voices lauding us, till one, more dear
Than all the rest, spake gentle words and sweet.
Then we grew jubilant with right good cheer,
And happiness came on with flying feet,
Drew near—but passed. Alas! my heart and I,
We could not hold the radiant wanderer fast.
One rose-touch of her lips in fleeting by
Was ours—one precious look—the first, the last
She will return, we said, with love's new birth;
There must be happiness for us on earth.

We lost fair health, my heart and I, and fell
Sore sick; were sorrowful, found dreary ways.
We lost our wealth, and none drew near to tell
Of comfort waiting us in better days.
But where is happiness? Alack we find
She is not ours to beckon as we list;
We have no magic spell wherewith to bind
This rare, bright visitant to earth. We missed
The royal road to happiness: but lo!
Something is saved us from the wreck of all:
We have content, though doubtful blessings go,
And peace entwines our crosses great and small.
We learn, my heart and I, the world's true worth,
And seek for happiness—but not on earth.

—All the Year Round.

WHAT TO TALK ABOUT.

Talk of all things, in earth, air, sky,
Talk of your bonnets, ten stories high;
Of collars and bangles, bracelets and chains,
Of deep heart-sighings of love-lorn swains;
Talk of the measles, of dresses and gores,
Of mumps, blue devils, angels and bores;
Discuss the equator and tropical zones,
The Pleiocene era, pre-Adamite bones;
Ring in a word about Cain's better half,
And whether orang-outangs really laugh.
Did the hen come first, or follow the egg?
Is another to hang on the omnibus peg.
Talk of fine poodles, the bad peach crop—
But Don't Talk Shop.

"It is like being rescued from a burning building!" says a man who was cured of a severe case of salt rheum by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Give this peculiar medicine a trial. Sold by all druggists.

Coughs and Colds. Those who are suffering from Coughs, Colds, Hoarseness, Sore Throat, etc., should try BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES, a simple and effective remedy. They contain nothing injurious, and may be used at all times with perfect safety.

Mrs. Jones has n't a gray hair in her head and is over 50. She looks as young as her daughter. The secret of it is, that she uses only Hall's Hair Renewer.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle

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BY LAWRENCE OLIPHANT.
With an Appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of England.
This celebrated work may be read with profit by thinkers and students.
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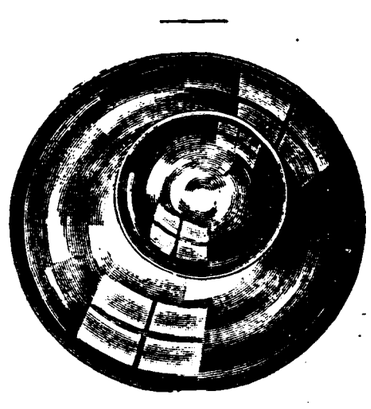
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BY HUGH C. ROBERTSON.

'Is life worth living?"—why surely that depends
Upon such circumstances as may shape its ends.
Can squalid poverty by upright honest toil
And earnest thought its sorrows e'er beguile?
Can brilliant wit grub on and on I wonder,
And smile to see its own particular thunder
Held up as sample of another's power,
By gain of greed, and yet survive the hour
And wish to live?

"Is life worth living?"—with a gnawing care
Turn where you will 'tis e'en before you there.
Can good survive in brains besotted, blank?
Can broken hearts again with whole ones rank?
Can weary labor, over wrought with toil,
With gladness spring and offer up the spoil
To grasping vipers, whose only end and aim
Is to pile up their ill-begotten gain,
And wish to live?

"Is life worth living?"—when joys have flown
Wrecked and distorted, stranded and alone?—
Can justice smile in hovels filled with woe?
Can roses bloom where burrs alone can grow?
Can virtue dwell in dens as deep as hell,
Yet joyfully arise and gayly tell
How much indebted it must surely be
For all those blessings it has power to see—
And wish to live?

Surely but one reply can e'er be found
To these my queries—and have the answer sound.
Charity sweetly throws her mantle's grace—
And pity, weeping gently, hides her face
While quietly whispering, "It is better so—
Here all are equals whether high or low."
And memory softly and with loving care
Shows but the graces which recorded were.
"'T'were better to be dead."

"Is life worth living?"—were my next picture true
It surely should be, at least I thus construe.
Where honest effort recompense has gained;
Where thoughtful earnestness the goal's attained;
Where brilliant wit is clothed in garb of truth
And held a beacon high, to enlighten youth;
Where praise is justly earned by generous giving—
Then we might truly say life is worth living,
In spite of dread.

"Is life worth living?"—with losses, grief and care,
It may be that each day can not be fair.
Where sorrow comes from causes that are right;
Where sadness clouds the eyes that once were bright;
Where pain o'ertakes the breaker of the laws,
A lesson's given, a hint to bid us pause;
Sorrow to alleviate our lesser woes is given,
So e'en with these light ills life is worth living,
As now we see.

"Is life worth living?"—that you see depends
On what its aims may be and where it trends.
Where good is more than weight for weight with bad;
Where simple justice ever to be had;
Where kindly sympathy and honest praise
Is freely given, a help to smooth our ways,
There is no reason that the mind can give
To show it might not then be sweet to live.
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THE PUBLISHER.

"REMEMBER."

Now that the season of gift making is here and your generous impulses are stirred by the force of custom, remember that in giving you are not of necessity so generous as you seem. Did it ever occur to you that the pleasure of giving, the self satisfaction it affords is often a greater impelling power than the thought of the pleasure or real help which the beneficiary is to receive? Be honest with yourselves; it will do you good. To do good purely for the sake of others is not an easy thing for poor human nature.

Altruistic action unadulterated with selfishness is a rare thing. Yet of all people in the world the true Spiritualist is the one whose thoughts and deeds should be free from even the color of selfishness. Remember the poor; and help those who are, with inadequate facilities, heroically struggling to help themselves. Remember those who can never reciprocate your gifts in kind but who with grateful hearts and courage freshened by your generosity may be enabled to help those still worse off than themselves. Spiritualists, remember Spiritualism! Remember that to it you owe an assurance of future life and ultimate happiness which all else failed to give you. Remember that there is as surely a day of reckoning under the new dispensation as was ever proclaimed under that of the reign of orthodox theology.

Don't forget that you have got to render an account of your stewardship and that no person can atone for your sins of omission or commission, other than yourself. Ask yourself these questions and honestly answer them without attempts at excuses: Have I helped a doubting friend to firmer ground during the year now closing? Have I done what I could to make this world better and a knowledge of the next more clear? Have I always had the courage of my convictions and felt the responsibilities which my spiritual knowledge imposes? In a word, have I in word and thought and deed done my whole duty during the past year, and am I entitled to the full measure of peace and happiness for which I long? Have I paid for my Spiritualist paper?—of course you have had to pay for all others. Have I helped the editor of the paper of my faith as I should? Have I done more than offer him lip service, and if so how much have I done for him in his untiring efforts to elevate and advance the cause for which I profess so much?

Friends, you may evade and put off this self examination; you may wheedle yourselves as you will, you can not avert the final reckoning with yourself. It is as certain as that you live and will live forever. Remember that the sooner you begin to settle with yourself on an honest basis, the happier you will be both here and hereafter.

The contribution entitled "A Predicted Poem" on another page was accompanied by the poem referred to, which though of considerable merit, was found too long for publication. The quotation from the *World* which headed it, is as follows: "The Confederate breastworks on the Heights at Battery Park are preserved as flower beds."

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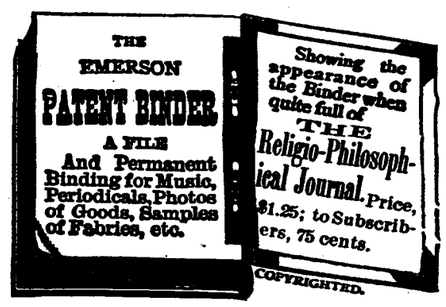
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ESTABLISHED 1865. CHICAGO, DEC. 27, 1890. NEW SERIES—VOL. 1, NO. 31.

For Publisher's Announcements, Terms, Etc, See Page 16

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

Although Mrs. O'Shea is said to be an accomplished musician she has struck some notes on the harp of old Erin that are decidedly discordant.

An Atchison, Kan., woman recently arose in the night, lit the kitchen fire, and prepared breakfast, and was sound asleep at the time she did it.

The Mormons have decided not to press their claims for admission of Utah as a state in the next Congress. This is certainly considerate and it will relieve the Senate of the necessity of dealing with the matter.

Mr. Balfour, who will spend his Christmas in Dublin, is not as unpopular in Ireland as he was when he was held responsible for all the disorders in that part of Great Britain.

According to Superintendent Porter's preliminary bulletin in regard to religious societies in this country there are 140 religious bodies in the United States, besides many independent congregations. It is certain that he has not included them all.

Major General Alfred H. Terry, whose death is announced, was one of the best soldiers developed by the civil war and his successful attack on Fort Fisher, one of his most brilliant achievements, received the thanks of Congress. The sentiment voiced by the Secretary of War that "General Terry was one of the most gentle, kind and brave characters that ever served his country" will be reëchoed by the nation.

The poet Whittier celebrated his eighty-third birthday on the 17th inst. Notwithstanding his announcement that he could not receive callers, his home at Oak Knoll was the shrine to which many of his friends made pilgrimage, and he was the recipient of numerous letters, telegrams and other tokens of remembrance from admirers all over the country. Mr. Whittier is said to be in better health and spirits than he was a year ago.

It looks as if "Gen." Booth would soon be able to test his scheme of operation for the benefit of "the submerged tenth." He has already obtained over $300,000, and contributions are pouring in daily. A farm of 1,000,000 acres in one of the colonies has been given to him. It is stated that "Gen." Booth will be the sole trustee of the funds contributed and that he will assume the entire responsibility for the success or failure of the scheme. The man is in earnest and he has the courage of his convictions.

King Humbert, although he adheres to the religion of his ancestors, in his speech to the Italian Parliament declares that he will not relinquish a jot of his prerogative as a sovereign and ruler over all Italy. He says that "as a jealous guardian of the rights of all, I have guaranteed the rights of the religion of my ancestors, at the same time maintaining the greatest respect for that liberty of conscience which honorably marks our age." These words will not please the occupant of the papal chair. The king's announcement of his purpose not to permit a divided rule in Rome is as follows: "But I never permit my sovereign authority to suffer derogation in the name of religion." Humbert is a Catholic monarch, but from him the temporal power of the pope receives no recognition.

Sitting Bull was a wily chieftain and an interesting relic of savage life, now fortunately passing away from this continent forever. His hatred of the whites was bitter, but his discretion in his later days was greater than his animosities. Some other leader may now come to the front and in revenge precipitate an outbreak which Sitting Bull with his experience was too wise to inaugurate. Meanwhile there is no good reason why the United States government should not keep its word and its bond and furnish the Indians with their regular rations.

The bill now before Congress providing for the regulation of immigration and likely to be enacted is more stringent than the contract labor act now on the statute book, which it is needless to say has utterly failed to accomplish what was intended. The problem is a difficult one to deal with and it is doubtful whether the proposed new law will solve it, but the situation can not be worse than it is at present when contract laborers by thousands are imported every week by establishments that are reaping all the advantages of the protective tariff.

Miss Kate Drexel, who was received as a novitiate in the Roman Catholic church as Sister Catherine a year ago, will take her final vows in February, when she will give her fortune, estimated at $8,000,000, to the order of the Sisters of the Most Holy Sacrament, recently founded by her. A few weeks ago the seventeen-year-old daughter of a German Catholic was married to the twenty-year-old son of a Chicago multimillionaire, the ceremony being conducted by Archbishop Feehan. Thus does Rome steadily build for the future in America.

It is difficult to keep track of the ownership of the much-seized *United Ireland*. It was captured by Parnell with a mob at his heels, retaken by the anti-Parnellites and captured again by the Parnell crowd, when Parnell conversed with outsiders through the keyhole. Two editions of the paper have been printed, the one that favors Parnell at the office of publication under the protection of a strong guard, the other at the Dublin *Nation* establishment. The latter edition is an alleged copy of the number destroyed by Parnell and his followers and bears in large letters the word "Suppressed." The followers of Parnell have seized a wagon loaded with copies of this edition and dumped them into the River Liffey. In fact the Irish for the moment have forgotten English rule and are fighting one another. The *Pall Mall Gazette* urges the members of the McCarthy section to take off their coats and fight the Parnellites vigorously and to the end. Meanwhile a question among the Irish on this side of the water is, Who shall receive the funds raised during the recent visit of the Irish envoys? And the English Liberals are beginning to see that the Home Rule which the Irish party is working for is not the kind of home rule which they and the English people are willing to grant.

The requisition to the mayor of London asking him to call a meeting to give expression to the protest of the British capital against Russia's persecution of the Jews was signed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and many of the clergy of high rank, such as the deans and vice-chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge, four dukes, of Argyle, Westminster, Abercorn and Newcastle, twenty earls, marquises and other lords, thirty members of Parliament, two lieutenant-generals, Clark and Graham, Admiral Inglefield, five bishops, many barons, knights and other titled people; also the Countess of Meath and the Baroness Burdett-Coutts. Such a phalanx of names has not been placed under a petition in London for many years. There is, of course, no Israelite among them. The meeting thus called was held on December 10th. The Lord Mayor presided, and the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Duke of Argyle sent messages expressing sympathy with the meeting. The Duke of Westminster moved the adoption of a resolution declaring that the renewed sufferings of the Jews in Russia from the operation of the severe and exceptional edicts against them, and the disabilities placed upon them, are deeply to be deplored, and that in this last decade of the nineteenth century religious liberty is a principle which should be recognized by every Christian community as among natural human rights. The resolution was adopted, and a committee was appointed to convey the views of the meeting to the Czar.

Kansas has always been noted for the unique methods and bold conceptions of its inhabitants; leastwise of some of them. Their genius is not to be hampered by any statutory enactments or respected customs. Judge Balderson is one of these geniuses; as between him and Pratt of Spring Hill it is hard to tell which is entitled to take the bakery. On the whole, however, it is probable that the great medium developer, wind consumer, word mangler, and intimate friend of Pericles, Henry the Eighth, Buddha & Co. would be awarded the cake. In such a case as the one in which Judge Balderson had to call in a preacher to help him trample on the law in order to force a jury to find a verdict, the Spring Hill party would have had only to project his "irresistible will" into the mentality of the jury, and a verdict or any other sort of materialization would have been promptly forthcoming. This is the crude and unconventional way in which Judge Balderson did it at Topeka last week, according to a dispatch published in the Chicago *Tribune* of the 18th: "The jury in the case of Nellie Mayes, charged with the robbing of John Jobest, had been out fifty-four hours last evening when Judge Balderson made arrangements to have the Rev. T. E. Harmon go to the jury room at 3 o'clock this morning and hold services. He held services lasting one hour and fifty minutes, the jury joined in the singing. He preached on the immortality of the soul. Within a few minutes after the services ended the jury had agreed and returned a verdict of guilty of grand larceny. The attorneys for the defense, J. K. A. McMahan and R. Wilson, say that before the services the majority of the jury was for acquittal. They filed a petition for a new trial, claiming misconduct of Judge Balderson, the bailiff and jury."

ADVICE TO WOMEN.

With due humility and a sincere desire to promote cause of woman suffrage, THE JOURNAL rises to r a word of advice to the host of noble and able men who are so magnificently struggling for the mplete enfranchisement of their sex. When you ld your stated meetings or called conventions, de- nd on the talent and earnestness of your sister -workers to supply the speech making! Above all ings keep orthodox ministers and ex-ministers off our rostrum unless you have summered and wintered hem and are sure they have something to say and know how to say it, and to stop when done.

To no other class in the civilized world are you so deeply indebted for opposition to everything tending to broaden your sphere and enlarge your liberty as to the so-called evangelical clergy. Many of you know this, and those who do not should study history. Throw off your inherited disposition to fawn over the preacher; put this presumptuous individual, ever ready to exploit himself, on no higher level at least in the work you have in hand than you do your own male relatives and your business acquaintances. To the business man, to the intelligent, well informed layman you have rarely appealed in vain for help or sympathy in your struggle for political or religious rights. Your merchant, your grocer, your man of affairs may not be loaded to the lips with borrowed wit and ancient but doubtful authorities, he may not have the fatal gift of gab; but he is, as a rule, sure to have an innate love of justice, a mind comparatively free from ecclesiastical prejudices against woman's equality with man, a quick comprehension of the equities involved, and generous impulses, unhampered by personal interest, which will inspire him to valiant deeds and telling speech in your behalf. Encourage these men who are moving the machinery of the world, who do not claim to be the authorized interpreters of God's will, but who know what justice is, what equity is, what common humanity is; invite and encourage such men—if you want men advocates—to express their views at your gatherings. They may not tickle womanish vanity, but they will not rise to address you inflated with their own conceit, nor handicapped by musty authorities, nor moved with desire to shine as wits, humorists and orators. In their way—unpolished, unconventional though they may often be—they will throw into their effort a psychical and intellectual strength worth more to you than all the effeminate mouthings, the effete theology, the second-hand smartness of the average preacher who seeks a hearing from you.

When your cause was weak, and the butt of ridicule, when it furnished texts for pious warnings, the support of the pulpit then denied you would have been a great boon. Now it is not. The pulpit, pushed on by the pews, has been forced to slacken its antagonism, to tolerate your claim and even to advocate it in some instances. Seeing success already perching on your banners, the clerical cohorts, more than 60,000 strong in this country, are hastening to adapt themselves to the necessities of the times and to invent new shackles and bonds whereby they may still chain woman to the tail of their chariot, or under a new guise keep her at the laboring oar of their rotten old craft. Any sensible, pure-hearted woman knows more about religion, more about God, more of the eternal verities than does the wisest wearer of clerical cloth. You don't need male preachers to give religious tone to your meetings. You have women preachers whose hearts are with you in your purpose as those of men ministers can not be. If you say there are not enough women in the pulpits to go around, why, then make more. There is material enough and of finest quality. Put your sisters in the pulpits, but caution them to take with them as little theology as possible in order not to displace that pure and simple and saving religion which comes to them as a rightful inheritance direct from God—not the Presbyterian or the Baptist or the Methodist or any other sectarian and limited God; but that great fountain of love and intelligence from whom all life flows.

Once again THE JOURNAL warns you to fight shy of male preachers in your woman suffrage conclaves. And it does this with all due respect for the many noble and true men to be found in the pulpits and who honor their calling and humanity.

ROMANISM A SURVIVAL.

Romanism is a survival which enables us to understand the curious mental and moral condition of the mass of mankind one, two and three thousand years ago, and makes us aware of the immense advance that truly modern communities have made, socially, politically and morally. In it is embodied, as it were, a warning as to what a low condition civilized society might relapse into if the reactionary spirit were allowed to get the upper hand. In this country Romanism is an exotic and its revival, which began after the fall of Napoleon I., is a singular historical fact of the nineteenth century. It was caused in part by the "holy alliance" of kings and emperors which had for its object the suppression of popular government and liberal principles in both hemispheres. The excuse for this alliance was the excesses of the revolutionary spirit of France. Liberty was stigmatized as infamous. England, Prussia and Russia, all three powers outside the pale of Romanism, under the influence of an intensely reactionary spirit, actually restored old Pius VII. to the Vatican after his long imprisonment by Bonaparte, who, if he had succeeded in his Russian expedition, intended to have suppressed the papacy and declared himself pope-emperor, uniting in his own person a civil and ecclesiastical supremacy over all Europe—for if Russia had been conquered, all Europe would have been at the feet of the Corsican adventurer. But man proposes, and the course of things disposes.

A reactionary literature also came to the assistance of the "holy alliance" of kings and emperors who were bent on towing the modern world back to the status of the dark ages. Walter Scott, who was, despite his toryism, on the side of his reason and common sense a thorough Scotchman, was on the side of his imagination and emotional nature a reactionist. Interiorly he respired the very spirit of the middle ages. His "Lady of the Lake," "Ivanhoe" and Jacobite poetry and romances cast a spell over all Europe. The lost cause of Stuartism was almost revived and the spirit of the ages of faith was rekindled in the breasts of the aristocracy of Great Britain. Then followed Puseyism and ritualism in the English church.

Wordsworth played into the hands of Romanism with his ecclesiastical sonnets. The reactionary movement in the world of literature and art in France and Germany, called romanticism, was part and parcel of the Romanist reaction. Brownson became a disciple of the French reactionist Lacordaire, and reasserted in American speech the exploded dogmas of the spiritual despotism of the middle ages. The immense immigration from the South of Ireland to this country during the last half century has made all our large cities and towns only too familiar with Romanism.

Notwithstanding this cataclysm of medieval bigotry and superstition, the cause of liberty in both hemispheres has prospered, and science and rational knowledge are becoming the watchwords of ever increasing hosts in all civilized countries. Light and liberty are winning new trophies in every collision with the dark spirit of medieval despotism. Even in Catholic Belgium popular education under the control of the state has become a fixed fact in the teeth of Roman ecclesiastics and their fulminations. Italy is united and independent, France is a republic, Germany is consolidated. American slavery was abolished a quarter of a century ago, Napoleon III. has disappeared from the theatre of activity and the Mariolatry of his empress did her no good.

Thus have Romanism and Jesuitism lost in late years in both hemispheres. The latest Jesuitical enterprise in the United States of fighting popular education will in the long run bring those engaged in it to signal grief. There is no chance of the Bastile being rebuilt in France or of the fires of the Inquisition being rekindled even in Spain, or the instruments of ecclesiastical torture being brought forth from their dirty repositories for the suppression of heresy. Romanism, Bourbonism and Ritualism seem to survive to keep intelligent, modern, progressive communities in a constant state of vigilant activity, so that political and mental freedom may nowhere suffer detriment, but be continually promoted and strengthened over the whole area of civilization.

INCREASE OF CLAIRVOYANCE.

Almost daily we hear of instances of clairvoyant sight, telepathic percipiency and other forms of psychical manifestations occurring spontaneously. As a rule these incidents are almost incapable of being formulated in a way to be of value for publication, owing either to their private nature, the objection of the parties to publicity, or the impossibility of investing cold type with those subtile evidences of genuineness which only oral testimony can supply. In many cases it would be necessary to fill a page with dry explanatory details in order to use an incident covering ten lines; and this of course is out of the question in a newspaper, being more properly the province of scientific reports. So far as practicable THE JOURNAL endeavors to accompany accounts of phenomena with sufficient proofs to inspire confidence in the good faith of the parties, and with such evidential accessories as may command for the statements the respect of those interested, and to inspire the more critically inclined with sufficient interest to probe them farther. Below we give one of many among these ever-recurring incidents. The narrator is an experienced student of psychics. In sending it he says: "I quite understand there is nothing wonderful or strange about it. I presume it is only one of a million similar incidents that occurred on that day. But the very fact that such things are so common makes me wonder that we can not make clear and satisfactory analyses of them. I may say the lady is past fifty, educated, traveled, of high character. She never had any knowledge of any member of my family other than of myself. She pledged me not to divulge her identity, apparently fearful that some would think her a medium."

THE INCIDENT.

To-day, November 30th, when returning from church I overtook a lady acquaintance. We walked on together for a block or so, discussing the discourse to which we had listened and which had been suggested by the messiah craze among the Indians. Suddenly the lady turned to me and inquired, "May I tell you something?" I answered, "Certainly." She then said: "I see walking by your side a tall, broad shouldered man, and, oh! so white. His face is as white as a piece of cloth. His hand is long and slim and white and looks as though he was very poor (emaciated). And how he does spit—so much! Was he drowned or was he an expert swimmer? He moves as though swimming. He has a bow and arrows. With his arrow he could hit the bull's eye every time. He was a great lover of fun—could amuse people, and keep things lively. Have I told you enough so that you can recognize him?" I replied: "It is brother Bill. He passed on last summer. In May his wife wrote me to come if I desired to see him alive. I went and remained with him during the last of May and the fore part of June, about ten days. His difficulty seemed to be of the stomach. If he took food, it greatly distressed him, and he would spit perhaps for an hour at a time, filling a spittoon. He had been in this condition so long that his frame was absolutely bare of flesh. He was not tall as you say, but because of his peculiar form he was always designated as my 'tall brother.' He was long limbed, broad shouldered, slim, and so seemed taller than he was. He was very white when in health. When a boy he used to pull a hair from his head, lay it upon the snow and say, 'it isn't quite as white as snow.' When I last saw him he was as white as a human being could be, alive or dead. He was an athlete and the most expert swimmer I ever saw. He was naturally fond of a gun, and like other boys began with bow and arrow and bowgun. So expert was he with the bow and arrow that father called him a 'little Indian.' He was always the life and soul of the family and of every company he was in. To illustrate: when I was last at his home in Jefferson county, N. Y., my two remaining

brothers, my sister and myself all met at his house. Knowing it would be the last time we should all be together here, William seemed determined that it should be a joyous occasion. He sat bolstered up on a lounge and in his inimitable way told over the pranks we used to play when children and every laughable occurrence which his fun-loving soul had gathered from all the past; and for hours kept us shouting with laughter."

By this time we had reached the lady's home and she said: "He was an urbane gentleman. He brings his hand to his breast and gracefully bows to me to express his gratitude because I have told you of his presence. He is going home with you to dinner."

She then said: "This is strange. What is it? I am not a Spiritualist—not a medium. I just see these things. I don't understand it." M.

PROGRESS AMONG REFORMED PRESBYTERIANS

It is not generally known that the creed of the Reformed Presbyterian church prohibits the members of that organization voting under the Constitution of the United States, for the reason that that document is "godless" or contains no mention of Deity. Such is the case, but a Reformed Presbyterian church in Brooklyn, N. Y., lately sustained its pastor, Rev. J. F. Carson, in his insistence on his right to vote at popular elections in spite of the Pittsburgh Reformed Presbytery. One of the leading members, the oldest of the church, drew from his coat pocket two time-stained documents. One contained the constitution of the United States and the other the creed of the church. "We all esteem Mr. Carson," he said, "but when we consider a man recusant to the vows made before God we must not let our feelings carry us away. We must look upon our pastor now as one who has declined the ministry." "No, no!" shouted several ladies and a wave of hisses swept over the hall. "No man can take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States," he continued, "and believe in the sentence of the Lord's prayer which says, 'Thy kingdom come.' The Constitution declares that no religious test will be required for a qualification for office in this country and God says it shall." After a long and excited discussion a vote was taken and the pastor was sustained by an overwhelming majority.

SUCCI'S FASTING.

For a while prolonged fasting like that of Tanner and Succi was pronounced by physicians generally impossible, and they favored the claim that the fasters obtained nourishment secretly. One of the doctors who have visited the Italian faster, although somewhat skeptical at first, admits now that he sees no way in which the man can obtain food. Succi's condition furnishes strong indirect evidence of his total abstinence from nourishment. From the first his weight has been steadily diminishing, his appearance is cadaverous, his expression wild, and all his secretions are such as might be expected in ordinary starvation. Some persons have expressed surprise that Succi uses tobacco. The first day or two he smoked constantly But tobacco, it should be remembered, like most other narcotics, lessens waste of tissue. It has been suggested that the excessive use of tobacco, without food, saturated Succi's body with nicotine.

In man the brain and nervous system are great centers of energy, and like electric battery cells which they resemble, have the power of accumulating energy as well as of giving it out. In the electric eel two masses of undeveloped muscle act as storage batteries for electricity generated in the brain. Succi's entire system is the analogue of these storage cells. Nerve cells have doubtless a similar power. Referring to this subject, the New York *Sun* says: "The familiar example of a man of great will power working many hours without food or sleep is known to every one. It is in this direction that the explanation of the fasting power of Succi must be sought. What is called his mind dwelt on the fast before him for many days preceding it, while he was still taking food. Unconsciously, a store of nervous energy was accumulated. As his body becomes exhausted, he partially stops the waste of tissue by tobacco, replaces the water evaporated at the lungs and skin by more water, and supplies the necessary waste of muscular tissue by stored-up nervous energy. His other reserves, such as fat, go to the lungs to supply carbon for oxygenation. It is in some such manner as this that Succi's fast, if honest, must be accomplished." It is much more in accordance with the scientific method to attempt to explain Succi's fasting than to assume on *a priori* grounds that it is impossible, and to say that the alleged faster must in some way obtain food. There is a skepticism that is necessary to guard against deception and imposition; there is also a skepticism that blinds the eyes of the mind to facts and hinders the discovery of truth. One kind of skepticism is wise, the other is foolish, one is the handmaid of progress, the other is the ally of conservatism, stationariness, and "intellectual peace at the price of intellectual death." Since the above was in type Succi has successfully terminated his fast.

Rev. James S. Stone, who came to New York from Bombay, India, about eighteen months ago and who last May was given the charge of the old Methodist church in Washington Square, where the Vanderbilts used to worship, is an enthusiast in what he calls the "forward movement." He preaches to dissolute women on Sunday mornings and from the steps of his church to loungers and roughs, and holds services even in the opium dives of Mott and Mulberry streets. He has established in connection with his free church a dispensary under the charge of a competent physician and deaconess. Medical advice is gratis, and the people are charged only five or ten cents for medicines. There is an employment bureau under the care of a woman who receives applicants, hears what they have to say and reports to a committee who find situations for them, in the country when possible. To reach the street Arabs, Mr. Stone appeals to their pugnacious propensities by organizing them into a brigade of zouaves. From 6:30 to 7:30 every Sunday evening unemployed men are received in the church parlors, where by the women parishioners they are served with coffee and sandwiches while the minister talks to them in a free and fraternal manner. After the social hour, religious services are held. Mr. Stone says, "I believe we should throw open the church doors to the worst of these unfortunates. Heal their bodily diseases first; help them to honest employment and a chance to fight their way up. We gather every week a congregation of the most desperate. Would they go to stately churches with cushioned pews and imposing architecture? I don't know, but I do know they are coming to us by hundreds. Our aim is to seek the very worst, healing their diseased bodies, teaching them to help themselves and preaching to them the gospel of hope. Among the decently dressed members of my congregation are many who six months ago walked in rags, filth and sin." Mr. Stone is described as a slight, boyish-looking man with a gentle face and kindly gray eyes that smile at you through gold-bowed spectacles. He believes in going right into the slums of the city and using practical, common sense methods, suited to the conditions of those whom he seeks to rescue from vice, crime and wretchedness.

In a lecture in his ethnological course at Salem, Mass., Professor E. S. Morse said that in its first form everything was extremely rude, that the teeth in the skulls of primeval man are worn down, showing that bones and hard seeds were chewed up with the food in early times, and indicating how rude were the early methods of preparing food. A stick was, undoubtedly, the first implement used by man. In the course of time he learned to sharpen this stick with a fragment of stone, and the infinite variety of edge tools to day illustrate the advance made in that line. Shells were used for cups and spoons, and were also tied to sticks to be used as hammers. Pottery was, evidently, first used in making a clay covering to cooking gourds, etc. When by accident, the clay covering dropped off and it was found to be serviceable as a bowl, the art of pottery making was started. The decorations on early pottery are, as a rule, imitations of cloth or basket work. The shapes are invariably the imitations of the vessels previously used, such as gourds, etc. The early stone implements were rough, and the later ones, though finely made, were, of course, far inferior to the metal ones used later. The larger stone points, so often found in this country, are usually called arrow heads. In dry caves in California some of these points are found fixed to short, thick wooden handles. They were, therefore, in all probability, used for knives. The plough of to-day can be traced back to a pointed stick. An ancient Grecian gem represents a plough with a wheel in front, then a knife to cut the furrows, then the ploughshare, and lastly two handles. The plough of to-day is built entirely on this plan. Fish hooks made of bone and of horn are found, some made of two small pieces, tied together. In the relics from the ruins of the Swiss lake dwellers, nicely made bronze fish hooks are found. Such is the substance of a very instructive lecture which was illustrated by specimens of early weapons and implements.

From an article in a recent number of *Unity* entitled "Our Relations with the Unseen," contributed by Rev. W. A. Cram we extract the following good spiritualistic thought: What we call death then, is it not the casting off, the dropping the grosser staging or skeleton of visible matter, as the insect casts off its outgrown pupa case, or as many of the lower animals slough their shells or outgrown skin that they may be born into a more perfect body, a higher conscious life of sense and action. So we drop our outgrown pupa cases and shells, in and through which we see and know each other now, and through this outward dying rise into the higher unseen realm of being, into the consciousness and use of our more perfected ethereal bodies....Friends, neighbors and lovers one by one pass under the shadow through the veil, and we say, 'tis death. Has nature, beyond us, forgotten her order of beneficence in more and better life? Has loss or annihilation assumed sway? If we could stand one degree higher should we not behold the same glorious progress even in death; seeing truly then, how it is not death, but ever more and better life, that marks the change from the seen to the unseen? So the fashion of our world changes and passes, as the soul in the great tidal flow of being lifts the matter of this world into living form of rock, tree, bird or man, a little while; then passing onward and upward, lets fall these transient waves of form. We know the objects and creatures about us, and each other here, next rising into the ethereal degree into bodies and lives of beauty, strength and delight of which the best here are but the poor, weak, embryonic growth and striving.

It was a serious matter for Superintendent Porter when Oregon, Louisiana, South Carolina and New York City disputed his figures in regard to the census. But now he has against him some of the best known citizens of the Northwest, including Short Bull, Crow Dog and Big Turkey. These gentlemen are not disturbed by the effect which failure to count all their people will have upon their representation in Congress. What troubles them is that the number of their rations will be reduced by the mistake. "He put down many less for each tepee than the tepee contained," says Short Bull, through the interpreter. "We shall starve, we know we shall starve if the great father chooses to cheat us, but we will have one big eat before the starving time comes, and after that we will fight." Superintendent Porter must see now how thoroughly his census is discredited by the distinguished Northwesterners, and into what an unamiable and belligerent state of mind his figures have put them.

In order to relieve the clerks at the stamp window of the burden of queries with which they are overwhelmed almost constantly, a bureau of information is to be established in the New York post office, where every possible question as to postal rates and regulations and facts shall be answered. The civil service commission will have a job in framing examination papers for this post.

STANDARDS OF TRUTH.

By J. L. Batchelor.

These have been the great bone of contention ever since men first differed in thought and purpose. While the contention, by reason of the general progress of the race, has in great measure laid aside the appeal to brute force as a test of truth and right, and substituted therefor that of the perception of fixed principle and reason, this improvement in the standard seems to produce no lessening of the differences that divide the contestants. Unanimity of thought and purpose can never come through a mixture of truth and error. These can never be reconciled. It may ome temporarily and apparently by the extensive exclusion of truth, for error within certain limits has its law of progress and growth. The inherent weakness of error as compared to truth is in this; that its products alone do not yield sufficient support to keep it alive. The union of truth and error in the thought of the same moral being, who is anxious, and as yet unable to correctly discriminate between the two, and to give to each its just due, puts it in the power of such being to turn over to the support of error, honestly believed, the products of truth. It is only in this way that error holds a footing in the world. It lives by stealing its support from those who honestly accept it as the truth. When the moral being dissolves this union, and relegates error to its own products for support, it goes back into the swine and both are drowned in the sea of oblivion.

It is doubtless true that a majority of all enterprises undertaken by man are failures. I think this would be true if we ascribe success to all where one-half of anticipated results have been realized. What a sad commentary is this upon the wisdom of the crowning work and glory of creation. Man alone claims this preëminence, and his claim is not disputed. But man's success in the progress of all that constitutes his highest being and life is not measured by the absence of competition. There can be no conflict of this kind. The supply of all that makes real success in spiritual growth is infinite. The success of one is not the exclusion of another. Every failure has its inherent causes, and so of every success. In a study and knowledge of these causes alone are to be found that truth and wisdom that make life a success in the highest sense. Our knowledge of these causes, the hopes and fears inspired by such knowledge, and our natural impulses and emotions constitute our standard of judgment, natural and acquired, which we apply in all the affairs of life. The considerations or factors involved in a complete standard are so numerous and complicated that we fail to realize our liability to err. A true judgment can only result from the application of a standard that embraces every factor naturally in the line of cause and effect connected with the matter determined. In the theory of a mind so judging, the omission of a single one of such factors would lead to an error in judgment. Errors of this kind are of daily occurrence with the wisest amongst us. And when the failure is seen, and the cause understood, we exclaim, "If I had only known that before, I could have avoided the error." We have learned from experience that the standard applied was too limited. The man who would reap the full benefit of the soil's productive power must comply with every natural law applicable to production. If he would succeed in trade his success depends upon a like rule of compliance. If he would determine the natural effect of what is claimed as a moral or religious truth, his standard of measurement, to be adequate, must embrace all the potentialities of such truth, and in determining these some sort of rule must be applied. And this rule will be a standard or criterion that is itself a measure of standards. Can this standard of standards be expressed in words? We thoughtlessly jump to an affirmative answer, and attempt to formulate the standard. Instantly the real standard we seek to formulate escapes the limitation of our words, and becomes the unexpressed reason for the formal expression. And so we may go on *ad infinitum*, piling standard upon standard, the last to measure and determine the correctness of the preceding. Can it be said that the man who carries this process the farthest before reaching a stopping place is the wisest, and has applied the standard that measures the highest truth? Our most valuable lessons come from experiencing the evil effects of our own errors. In this way only do we know them to be errors. The standards we need are those that show us these errors. Will it do to adopt and apply as this rule of rules one that will result finally and ultimately in fixed and permanently established evil? It is the ultimate purpose that sanctions and justifies every thought and act. If this purpose is something not only less than the greatest good, but is the greatest possible evil, how can it sanction and justify?

All action rests upon two factors, ends and means. Our natural emotions and impulses furnish the ultimate purpose, and our practical wisdom the means. Our liability to err is far less in the wisdom that adopts the means, than in our impulses that fix the end to be accomplished. This end is the sphere where selfishness shows itself, and is the field of its activity. It is here where reforms are most needed, and where higher standards of judgment should be applied. It is our native impulses and emotions that need to be looked after, and need to be reformed. It is in these that the religious sentiment has its origin. It is the purpose of religion, meaning to rebind, to reëstablish, to do this. First impressions are from appearances that are so often unreal and deceptive. Reconsideration, reinvestigation, the application of a higher standard discloses the underlying principle or reason, a higher truth is brought to light, and through this enlarged perception we feel a rebinding force. This is the true religion. This is the very first self-imposed duty on arriving at maturity, and this duty rests upon us through life. We are placed in this outer physical world for the purpose of perfecting our characters as individual beings, and we can do this only by eliminating from it everything productive of bad effects or evil. This is the mission of life. The criteria of truth we apply determine our progress.

Every mistake ever made may be attributed to the fact that the standard applied to determine the question was too limited, or failed to embrace all the factors involved. Growth and progress consist in the enlargement of the standard by which we measure and determine the truth. The application of the same standard through life by a finite being results in little or no growth. Real spiritual growth is only secured by enlarging the standard of judgment, and not by the continued application of a fixed and unchangable one. This world is filled with truth. Its influence over us and our subjection to it is determined by our preparation and capacity to receive it. Psychologically this is all the difference there is between the child and the adult. Our measure is full, and so is the child's. To enlarge this measure, the receptive powers, is the mission of this life or any other.

The errors of the world, as ascertained from reflection and experienced effects, are far more attributable to the correct use of erroneous standards, than to the incorrect use of true ones. We err far more in our premises, than in our conclusions. And yet, singular as it may seem, the larger part of all controversies, as to what is the truth, has been as to whether certain conclusions from conceded premises were right, and not whether the standard of judgment applied was the true one. We are more in fault in our perception than in our logic. And a fault here is more fatal to truth, for we are generally quite well satisfied with what we regard as a correct conclusion without much question as to the premises. In fact the same logic that supports a conclusion from true premises, also supports the conclusion from false premises. We have but one logic. The same steps that lead to error will lead to the truth when rightly directed. Error as a working energy has its means and ends, its line of growth as well as the truth. But that standard of judgment that leaves error, with all its effects, finally and permanently successful, dethrones the Divine and the truth and enthrones that personification of evil, the devil, and error, and is the efficient cause and support, in its subtle and mischievous influence, of all the lesser errors of the past, and will be of all in the future. If it is in the power of man to commit a crime against his Maker, is not such a belief, with the impulses and acts it naturally inspires, such crime? Were it not true that the Divine overcomes evil with good, there would be ground for the thought, that the whole class so believing would in the end be abandoned to the service and control of that mythic personification their standard of truth makes the strongest. Their only hope of relief from such a doom is, that beyond their spiritual vision there is a great truth not measured by their limited standards.

The infantile nature of our spiritual powers may account for this defect. These powers are barely developed sufficient to assert the right to rule, but not sufficient to enforce such right. In nearly every controversy between the demands of the spirit and the impulses of the flesh, the latter succeeds. We are in the midst of this ordeal every moment, and so will continue, whether in this world or the next, till truth triumphs over error. We are the biggest kind of spiritual infants. We can outgrow this only by adopting a standard of truth, that will finally exterminate all evil or wrong. Only in such a standard is there real spiritual growth. Every religious creed is, or professes to be, such standard of measurement. And while each creed of the four hundred or over known to men excludes all others as erroneous, every believer accepts his, not because it will put an end to all evil and wrong, but because of its special benefits in saving him from such a doom. Is it strange that the most cruel and destructive conflicts of the world have been in support and denial of religious standards of truth accepted on this limited ground? Is the truth subject to such limitations? Is the Maker of heaven and earth a limited being? And can his truth ever be discovered and known by applying such standards?

Clarinda, Iowa.

WERE THE CHRISTIAN FATHERS SPIRITUALISTS?

By F. H. Bemis.

Tertullian was one of the most learned and celebrated of the early fathers of the Christian church. He was born about 160. He was called the father of Latin Theology. Yet it is quite certain that in the year of our Lord 1890 he would not be recognized as sound in the faith of modern evangelical orthodoxy. Read what he said some seventeen centuries ago, touching a question agitating the church of to-day. He says: "We had a right, after what was said by St. John, to expect prophesyings; and we not only acknowledge those spiritual gifts, but we are permitted to enjoy the gifts of a prophetess. There is a sister amongst us who possesses the faculty of revelation. She commonly during our religious services on the sabbath falls into a crisis or trance. She has then intercourse with the angels, sees sometimes the Lord himself, sees and hears divine mysteries and discerns the hearts of some persons; administers medicine to such as desire it; and where the Scriptures are read or psalms are being sung, or prayers are being offered up, subjects from thence are ministered to her vision. We had once some discourse touching the soul, while this sister was in the spirit. When the public services were over, and most of the people gone, she acquainted us with what she had seen in her ecstacy, as the custom was; for these things are heedfully digested that they may be duly proved. Among other things, she told us she had seen a soul in bodily shape, and that the spirit had appeared unto her, not empty or formless.... but rather such as might be handled—delicate, and of the color of light and air—in everything resembling the human form."

Tertullian, it seems, thought prophesyings were to be expected in his day, in answer to an evangelical promise, and he says: "We not only acknowledge" but "we are permitted to enjoy the gifts of a prophetess."

It is pertinent to inquire if a Tertullian could

"acknowledge" and "enjoy" the "gifts" of a "prophetess" in the second century, why should not the Christian church "acknowledge" and "enjoy" similar gifts from similar sources in the nineteenth century?

MEADVILLE, PA.

HUMAN IMPONDERABLES—A PSYCHICAL STUDY

BY J. D. FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

X.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS.

Previous to any knowledge of mine on this subject, in passing through a street in London, I was attracted by the words "Spirit Medium" on the door, and entered the house as a matter of curiosity to find the meaning of the strange announcement, which until then I was unfamiliar with, for it was the earliest beginning of these phenomena in that place.

At the séance which followed, my age, birthplace, residence, passages of my life and particulars of my family were given to me in exact accordance with my own knowledge. My Christian names were spelled out and also my surname, with the omission of one letter. On asking for the missing letter, it was replied that it was not essential to the sound, and therefore had been omitted. Many of my family spell the name without that letter. When about to leave, the medium accompanied me to the door, and having partially passed out, I was recalled by the shaking of the table with very loud rappings on it, and was informed that the intelligence would accompany me home and develop itself there, where there would be no suspicion of fraud.

A few days afterwards a lady expressed a desire to see this medium, asserting as ladies sometimes do, without any particular reason, that no rappings would take place in her presence. Such proved to be the case, and in the two hours we sat there nothing occurred to break the monotony.

We returned home, the lady triumphant. In the evening as we sat around the fire in solemn conclave, I held fast to my position, that among four millions of people it was an unparalleled guess to rightly hit upon the name, age and residence of a stranger. While this discussion was going on, sharp and clear rappings fell on the shade of the lamp, and, when ingenious suggestions were made as to the natural rapping power of heat, transferred themselves to the books and papers lying around, and notably to some glassware in a remote part of the room. It soon became incontestable that no chance snappings could account for "God Save the Queen" being rapped upon the chandelier, and we settled down to the conviction that the lady who had declared these sounds would not be made in her presence had herself become haunted.

As in every other case that has as yet happened, the rappings assumed and insisted upon a spiritual origin, and no incredulity of the lady, or obstinacy of her friends, would make them forswear this paternity. These rappings grew in volume, and varied greatly in intelligence with the different sources they claimed to come from; at intervals speaking out long sentences with great facility and accuracy, then again seeming unable to distinguish one letter from another, and always so with the alleged spirit of a person we knew had never learned to read or write.

A friend of this lady with whom she had frequently practiced table turning, but without the slightest leaning to a belief in its supernatural character, had in a jocular mood one day proposed that the first of the two to whom the "opportunity" came, should, if possible, satisfy the survivor of the truth of spirit converse by a communication. This proposal was made amidst the laughter and folly of a large party engaged in marching a table up and down the drawing room, and with so little seriousness that it was almost immediately forgotten.

Several months afterwards this friend died suddenly, and the same night the lady was awakened by loud rappings on the headboard and on the pictures in her room. Her screams brought the whole family in, and going over the alphabet, the name of her deceased friend was distinctly spelled. The rappings continued for two hours, bearing their usual spiritual character.

This was the first intelligible spelling by the lady in this method, the communications generally taking the apparently easier form of writing. When the rappings failed in making themselves understood, writing was generally resorted to, and often predicted with great accuracy when the rappings would be able to resume their sway.

The rappings, however, gradually gained strength, and the writing was more or less discontinued. Sometimes they came under such peculiar circumstances that they not only demonstrated their phenomenal character, but rendered it very difficult to reason of them apart from spiritual origin. Those who have not closely studied the question or do not reason from the facts, have no conception how difficult it is to reject the spiritual idea, or how constantly and vigorously it obtrudes itself in all the phenomena.

The lady of whom I have above spoken and a friend were engaged in the further end of a room, endeavoring to quiet the frantic screams of an infant suffering from acute pain. I was called in to advise, and entering saw two young boys kneeling at a chair, near the door, and the two adults with the infant, standing at the distance of about twelve feet.

One of the boys exclaimed, "there is something rapping on the chair." They retreated in alarm, and the untouched chair was shaken back and forth as blow after blow fell upon it. The eldest of the children being able to make his letters in Roman capitals, I told him to go over the alphabet and put down the letters that were rapped to. The letters were of course without division into words, but we easily made out the following sentence: "Grandma A—— S——. I love you, dear little boy." Whilst making this out we had all withdrawn seven or eight feet from the chair, but some one remarking that she must be a very partial grandmother, we were startled by loud and tumultuous rappings, and returning to the chair, the letter *s* was given, but nothing more. Again and again we tried, but only the letter *s* was given. When it dawned upon us, after some moments of perplexity, that the letter *s* was intended to make boy into boys, a shower of rappings (no word expresses it so well) seemed to fall upon the whole surface of the chair, as if in joyful assent. The word joyful is not inconsiderately used. The rappings are hardly inferior to the human voice in their power to express some emotions.

This circumstance was rendered more inexplicable on any natural hypothesis, from the fact that the grandmother's maiden name was given, certainly unknown to the boys and the lady through whom the rappings were made. As the children were unable to spell a word, the automatic action of their brains may be safely disregarded as an explanation.

The facts of mesmerism and clairvoyance sufficiently prove that subjective impressions may often be of little value as evidence of any exterior cause. Yet if we combine these subjective visions with objective sounds and movements bearing direct relation to each other, there is then corroboration of something extraordinary going on in the place where the vision is said to be and from whence the sound and motion proceed.

It was my good fortune to be able to try this interesting experiment, under conditions rigidly exact. A member of my family had been repeatedly mesmerized for neuralgia, and had become exceedingly sensitive. On the day to which I refer, she was reclining in her front parlor, whilst I was seated out of her sight in the back room. Another lady through whom the rappings occurred with great distinctness approached by the near entrance through the garden. Silently and unseen I at once seized the opportunity and directed my will and passes to the lady in the front room. As was justly expected from previous trials she was soon in a mesmeric sleep. When the visitor had entered I suggested the spiritual idea and the sleeper forthwith had a vision.

"Who is it?" "My mother, don't you see her?"
"No." "I do."
"Can you talk with her?" "I understand her."
"Does she understand you?" "Yes."
"Can she rap to you?" "Yes."
"Will she?" "She says she will" (with hesitation).
"Will she rap where you say you see her?" "Yes."
"Where do you see her now?" "Near the picture of Gen. Monk."
"Ask her to rap on it."

The rappings at once came on the picture (fifteen feet from the nearest person) loud and sonorous, visibly shaking it at each blow. "She is now by the flower stand and will rap there." Simultaneously the flower stand was shaken, the long tops of the flowers waved to and fro, and the rappings gave the jangling sound of tin, when it is sharply struck. Thus we tried it round the room on articles of furniture loose enough to fix the direction of the sound by the motion, until we became sure that the place where the clairvoyant described the vision to be was coincident with the sound and motion as witnessed by our senses.

A fact of this kind not only appears to be incredible but also forces us to conclusions which every prejudice of education must combat. Still we must look facts fairly in the face. Apart from a spiritual hypothesis, this occurrence admits of two speculations; either that a person in a state of somnambulism may actually obtain perception of a force existing in space, yet invisible to the eye, professing ability and willingness to do physical acts, and proving its power by doing them; or else the recipient, laboring under hallucination with respect to the vision, can engage this hallucination to exert power by audible and visible effects at a distance from her own person. If these visible and audible acts demonstrate that the vision possesses both force and intelligence, we must essentially modify our accepted physiological ideas of hallucination.

Many forms in which these phenomena take place militate strongly, it must be conceded, against a natural interpretation. The intelligence of a clairvoyant, in the best examples, is quick and perceptive, careful in its assertions and punctual in its engagements. It knows matters the brain has never known, is independent of the senses, exercises a reasonable and well defined volition, and logically contrasts its psychical powers with its ordinary cerebral condition. It betrays no confusion as to what it perceives of invisible and unknown mundane affairs of which we can prove the accuracy, and speaks with the same certainty of immaterial presences or the acts they are about to do, which acts, in some instances, certainly take place.

Two separate forms of "psychic force" were engage in this experiment, and they assumed the existence of a third. The vision presents itself to the mesmeric sensitive, and she asserts its intention, as apparently communicated to her, to rap in certain localities; the rappings in confirmation come in those places, through the organism of another person, and both vision and rappings insist upon referring themselves to a spiritual cause. If we reject entirely the reality of the clairvoyant's vision, then how the knowledge was obtained by her that so strange a fact as did take place would occur through the presence of another person, becomes a problem beyond all human reach.

The result which lies more prominently on the surface of this example is the reality of the sounds and the motion at a distance, as testified to by ear and by eye, giving corroboration of subjective perception through objective demonstrations.

Somewhat similar to the above are the two following instances; the sounds in the one being certified to by the sense of touch, and in the other by both touch and sight.

There were but two of us in the room, sitting at opposite sides of a large center table. My vis-a-vis was engaged in asking mental questions, when suddenly I heard and felt the time of a tune, which I recognized, drummed out on the back of my chair. The person sitting opposite to me had mentally requested that tune, and had thought of it as he had last heard it, beaten on a drum. I have frequently heard the daughter of a public functionary at Washington, when playing on the piano, accompanied by two invisible drums, apparently about two feet above her head.

The other incident above spoken of, which had for its support the evidence of three senses, did not and could not leave a vestige of doubt as to its phenomenal

character. Some sheets of paper held in my hands were struck by the rappings, in answer to mental questions, driving them backward and forward about two inches at each blow, in a long and correct communication respecting private matters, with which no one but myself was acquainted.

It happened on some occasions, in order to satisfy our doubts, that the rappings directed the alphabet should be turned blank side upwards. This sometimes produced confusion, as the person obtaining the letters might point between them, rendering it uncertain which one was intended, and was open to the objection that habit would accustom one to a knowledge of the position of any given letter, even from the wrong side of the card.

To obviate this source of possible error, ivory alphabets, in detached pieces, were procured, and turning them face downwards promiscuously, the answers were obtained by rappings when the required letter was pointed at. These letters were then turned up in their respective order and formed intelligent statements and correct answers to mental questions, when the answer was known to some one present, although it might not be known to him what question was asked.

(To be Continued.)

I.—THE DARK INTERPRETER.

By Thomas De Quincey.

Oh, Eternity, with outstretched wings that broodest over the secret truths in whose roots lie the mysteries of man—his whence, his whither—have I searched thee, and struck a right key on thy dreadful organ.—January 15th, 1849.

Suffering is a mightier agency in the hands of nature as a Demiurgus creating the intellect, than most people are aware of.

The truth I heard often in sleep from the lips of the Dark Interpreter. Who is he? He is a shadow, reader, but a shadow with whom you must suffer me to make you acquainted. You need not be afraid of him. For when I explain his nature and origin, you will see that he is essentially inoffensive; or if sometimes he menaces with his countenance—that is but seldom—and then, as his features in those moods shift as rapidly as clouds in a gale of wind, you may always look for the terrific aspects to vanish as fast as they have gathered. As to his origin, what it is, I know exactly, but can not without a little circuit of preparation make you understand. Perhaps you are aware of that power in the eye of many children by which in darkness they project a vast theater of phantasmagorical figures moving forward or backward between their bed curtains and the chamber walls. In some children this power is semi-voluntary, they can control or perhaps suspend the shadows; but in others it is altogether automatic. I myself, at the date of my last Confessions, had seen in this way more processions, generally solemn, mournful, belonging to eternity, but also at times glad, triumphal pomps that seemed to enter the gates of time, than all the religions of Paganism, fierce or gay, ever witnessed. Now there is in the dark places of the human spirit, in grief, in fear, in vindictive wrath, a power of self projection not unlike this. Thirty years ago it may be, a man called Symons committed several murders in a sudden epilepsy of planet-struck fury. According to my recollection this case happened at Hoddesdon, which is in Middlesex. "Revenge is sweet!" was his hellish motto on that occasion, and that motto itself records the abysses which a human will can open. Revenge is not sweet, unless by the mighty charm of a charity that seeketh not her own it has become benignant; and what he had to revenge was—woman's scorn. He had been a plain farm servant; and, in fact, he was executed, as such men often are on a proper point of professional respect to their calling, in a smock frock (or blouse, to render so ugly a clash of syllables). His young mistress was every way and by much his superior, as well in prospects as in education. But the man, by nature arrogant, and little acquainted with the world, presumptuously raised his eyes to one of his young mistresses. Great was the scorn with which she repressed his audacity; and her sisters participated in her disdain. Upon this affront he brooded night and day, and after the term of his service was over, and he in effect forgotten by the family, one day suddenly he descended among the women of the family like an avatar of vengeance. Right and left he threw out his murderous knife without distinction of person, leaving the room and the passage floating in blood.

The final result of this carnage was not so terrific as it threatened to be; some, I think, recovered; but also one, who did not recover, was unhappily a stranger to the whole cause of his fury. Now this murderer always maintained, in conversation with the prison chaplain, that as he rushed on in his hellish career he perceived distinctly a dark figure on his right hand keeping pace with himself. Upon that the superstitious, of course, supposed that some fiend had revealed himself and associated his superfluous presence to the dark atrocity. Symons was not a philosopher, but my opinion is that he was too much so to tolerate that hypothesis; since, if there was one man in all Europe that needed no tempter to evil on that evening; it was precisely Mr. Symons, as nobody knew better than Mr. Symons himself. I had not the benefit of his acquaintance, or I would have explained it to him. The fact is, in point of awe a fiend would be a poor, trivial *bagatelle* compared to the shadowy projections, *umbras* and *penumbras*, which the unsearchable depths of man's nature is capable under adequate excitement of throwing off, and even into stationary forms. I shall have occasion to notice this point again. There are creative agencies in every part of human nature, of which the thousandth part could never be revealed in one life.—*New York Independent.*

SPIRIT THE SOURCE OF MOTION.

By Wm. I. Gill.

Whenever we come to ultimate facts, materialism and kosmic monism, which is modern materialism, result in agnosticism, because logical confliction always then ensues—to them. They reach a point where all their previous methods and argumentations fail and fatally react, from the effect of which reaction they seek an escape by the device of agnosticism, or ultimate mystery, which deserves less respect in science and philosophy than it does in theology. Spiritism knows no such ultimate abyss, and is hence the most profound and scientific, as I propose to show.

The mystery of gravity consists in its apparently affecting things at a distance without a medium, which is contrary to all other known laws of physical agency. Then it does this timelessly, which is another contradiction of all known physical law, and this is the most wonderful of all. How can matter exert any force where it is not, and without taking any time to do it? That's the unanswerable question.

A wild fancy in place of science has endeavored to flank this problem by asking where are bodies. This evasively calls in question our knowledge of the relative locations of bodies and insinuates that this ignorance is the source and the explanation of our trouble. But it is neither; and it is destructive of all science and of all physical knowledge. If we know not the relative situations and the distances of bodies, not only all astronomy and all other sciences disappear, but all practical discrimination is destroyed, for this is involved in every sense perception. It is only as we know the relative location of bodies that the phrase "inversely as the square of the distance," which is the law of gravitation, has any meaning.

Hence an effort has been made to substitute propulsion for attraction. This as given by Sir John Herschel, from Le Sage, is as follows: "Every point of space is penetrated at every instant of time by material particles, *sui generis*, moving in right lines, in every possible direction, and impinging upon the material atoms of bodies." If space is thus filled with particles there is no possible direction in which they can move, for there is nowhere to go to. Still less is there room for anything besides them, like the great kosmic bodies of the universe; and still less again can there be space between them so that there may be clashing and displacement. It is a further contradiction to speak of particles moving in every direction; for then they would have to move right through each other without displacing or affecting each other, which were impossible if space were full of them. Besides, to talk of these material particles striking against the atoms of matter is a pure verbalism, because these particles are themselves the original atoms of matter. Finally, whence comes the motions of these original atoms or particles of matter? To this there is no answer. It is therefore just as easy and much more simple to stop with the law of an unexplained motion and without the invention of these particles.

Next comes the theory of ring vortices, which is more obscure and, therefore, less clearly refutable. These ring vortices take the place of Le Sage's atom-moving particles, and involve the same difficulties with others added. This being the best they could do on the materialistic basis, no wonder that Huxley says that since Newton, his successors have been content to accept his doctrine "without troubling themselves about the philosophical difficulties it involves."

A thorough-paced philosophical Spiritualism can explain all these paralogisms of material science. With all psychologists of modern times it will accept the doctrine of the spiritual nature of all phenomena as subjective states. This subject as self-conscious potency, called spirit, is thus at once exalted to paramount eminence as the only known reality and agent, while all known phenomena are but the forms it evolves and weaves for its own dignity and pleasure and as a theater of action, though it does this involuntarily for the most part and as a law of its subconscious power. Though all Spiritualists have not attained this, it is scientifically attainable, and is in the line of scientific progress. Spirit we know as the subject of conscious states, and this includes all that is known, even of matter; and all beyond is the vacuous figment of an unscientific bewilderment. Gravity is a mode of the agency of this spirit potency, which in virtue of its own nature evolves all these phenomena in a fixed order and relation. Here is the ultimate explanation and solution of all these ultimate agnostic problems, without any residuum of mystery. What kosmic monism wanted was some material source and explanation of motion, and this it could not find and never can. That source and explanation we find in the known subject of phenomena. We know it as a power of indefinite extent, and as a power for all these, since all these take place within it. We have therefore nothing further to ask on these points. It is everywhere where these are, since they are it, mere points in which it shines out, and, therefore, wherever they are it can act, and act timelessly, in attracting or repelling bodies to or from each other, as that is only to say that power can act when and where it is. Thus this doctrine of a comprehensive and ulterior spiritism binds together all apparently disjointed phenomena and reduces to logical unity all apparent contradictions born of materialism.

A CHRISTMAS EPISODE IN CHICAGO.

By Kate M. Cleary.

"Only a woman! In the old days
Hope carolled to her her happiest lays;
Somebody missed her,
Somebody kissed her,
Somebody crowned her with praise;
Somebody faced up the battles of life,
Strong for her sake who was mother or wife."

Anon.

It was with a certain shyness Nella regarded her reflection in the mirror when she was dressed to go out. The previous night she had promised to marry James Fielding. Until after their formal engagement she had not admitted, even to herself, how much she was in love with her handsome lover.

"I am glad," she said, with a gay little nod to the girl in the glass, "that you are pretty—for his sake."

She took up her gloves and turned away. A sudden sadness fell upon her. She crossed the room and stood looking up at the oil portrait which hung above it. It was the picture of a young woman; an exquisite face—arch, innocent, full of bloom and brilliance. Just two years before, Nella Hillyard found the canvas, huddled with some old lumber in the attic. It

was turned face to the wall, and covered with dust and cobwebs. She asked her aunt concerning it. The latter had crimsoned suddenly, strangely.

"It is your mother's picture," she said.

"Oh!" cried Nella in astonishment: "I thought you had no picture of my mother. Why is it there?"

"It used to hang in the partor. After David lost his wife he could not bear to see it, so it was taken down and put away. I had quite forgotten it."

Nella had the portrait brought to her room. Since then the spot where it hung had been her shrine. She had all manner of pretty fancies about the gentle, loving face. She regarded it as reverently as does a devotee the picture of a saint. She went slowly down the rich-rugged stairway. When she entered the room where her father sat he glanced up.

"What is it?" he asked quickly. "What has happened? There are tears in your eyes."

"Oh, no!" with a queer, shaky little laugh. She brushed her lashes with her handkerchief as she moved toward him. Suddenly she held out her hands with an appealing gesture.

"I have something to tell you, papa. Perhaps you can guess."

"You have promised to marry," he said, in a low voice. He had pushed back his hair and risen. "Which?" There was in his tone a thrill of excitement, anxiety.

"Mr. Fielding."

"Ah, I am glad of that! Very glad!" he repeated, He leant forward and kissed her on the cheek.

"Do you know," she said, warmed into giving him her confidence by his bright friendliness, "that I seem to miss my mother more—now—than I ever did before. I should have liked to tell *her*. She would be glad, too. If I could even remember her! but I was such a mere baby when she died."

"Yes, yes." His geniality was gone. He was once more his cool, abstracted, unsympathetic self. "You are going down town? Christmas shopping, I suppose. You will need some money." He wrote a check and handed it to her.

Christmas eve it was, a bright, bitter, glittering show of humanity. Carriages were crowded by the sidewalks. Street cars went clattering by. The sharp clamor of cable bells; the hoarse, monotonous chant of fakirs; all the myriad sounds that swell the roar and tumult of a great city seemed, in the keen frostiness, more deafeningly distinct than usual. As the day waned and the air grew still colder the scampering crowds augmented. When Nella Hillyard stepped from her coupé before McClurg's book store, she found herself face to face with her lover. Her heart gave one great glad bound. It was so delightful to meet him thus unexpectedly. She recalled his passionate words of the previous night, and her answer, all of which his eager hand clasp and the flash in his eyes seemed now to repeat, confirm.

"Well," he said, "this is good fortune! Can you guess where I was going? To see your father."

"Don't—yet."

They passed into the book store together. Her face still wore its pretty rose glow of pleasure, surprise. They sat down on a rattan bench in one of the railed center spaces. They found conversation rather difficult but delicious. Fielding could not express all he had longed for this hour to utter, and Nella feigned not to hear many of his whispered words.

"When did you tell your father?" he asked her.

"This afternoon," her glance drooping under the ardor of his; "but I told my mother last night."

"Your—mother?"

"Yes. You do not understand. She is dead, as you know. But I have her picture, and looking at it, I almost fancy, sometimes, I am looking at her, and I tell her everything. I think she can hear me. She was very beautiful."

"Yes," he said slowly, "so I have heard."

"It is no wonder," she went on softly, "that her death left papa's life so empty and desolate. He has never spoken of her since, auntie says. He certainly never has to me."

"Yes?" in half-affirmative interrogation.

"But I know," went on the voice of slow music, reverently, "that she was the best and sweetest woman in the world, as well as the loveliest. One has only to look at her picture to know that."

"Yes," he said again in precisely the same tone. It seemed impossible for him to utter more than the mere monosyllable.

When some purchases were made, they were out again in the tingling air, the lamps were being lighted along the city streets.

"There is a little more shopping I must do," she said, "before I go home."

He begged permission to accompany her.

"Come!"

Chicago—State street—Christmas eve! What a bewildering spectacle the words conjure into existence—the broad thoroughfare illumined with the blue brilliance of electricity; the yellow glare of the gas; the densely packed sidewalks; the ceaseless streams surging in and out of the stores; the holly and mistletoe heaped in green luxuriance along the curbstones; the little amethystine swirls of steam from iron gratings; the florists' windows massed with roses which mock the season; the contrast and the contact of labor and wealth, of those who toil and those who enjoy, of those who earn and those who spend! And, over all, the shrill shrieks of the newsboys, the gruff protests of belligerent drivers, the authorative accents of the policemen. the blended tread of many feet, the blended sound of many voices.

The building which Miss Hillyard entered was one dazzle of pendent lights, mirrors, rich fabrics, polished surfaces. At the lace counter Nella paused.

"English-point scarfs, please," she said to the clerk.

She had just turned to her escort with a laughing remark, when she was startled by feeling a cautious hand creep into the pocket of her gown. It was instantly withdrawn. Like lightning she whirled round and confronted the woman nearest her.

"You have stolen my purse," she cried.

The words created a sensation. Young Fielding pressed to his sweetheart's side. The clerks leaned over the counter to catch a glimpse of the accused. A floor walker came hurrying up. Customers crowded about. The thief, struggling frantically to elbow her way out, only rendered herself more conspicuous. Suddenly she quailed, stopped short, as she found herself meeting the quaint glance of a man in dark clothes, a man with a hatchet profile and a gravely imperious manner. She knew him for one of the detectives employed in all large stores during the holidays.

"You accuse this woman?" he said to Nella.

"Of stealing my pocketbook—yes."

The girl shrank from the attention she was attracting, but she felt angry, indignant.

"Call the patrol," commanded the detective, with a nod to the floor walker. "She's an old bird."

Then he laid his hand on the woman's arm.

"I arrest you, Mollie Barrett," he said.

The prisoner turned and gave Nella a ferocious scowl. To the pure, frightened eyes regarding her she was a hideous creature. Her wrinkled, hollow-checked face was plastered with pearl powder and vermillion; her thin lips were drawn viciously back; her eyes had the peculiar glassiness of one addicted to a certain drug; and all were repellently accentuated by the tawdry finery she wore.

"No, oh, no!" cried Miss Hillyard. Never mind. Don't—don't arrest her!"

She felt all at once chilly, faint. To the heiress of David Hillyard crime was a word of stupendous significance. Of sin, of dark deeds meriting retribution, she was as absolutely ignorant as a girl guarded to the point of isolation could be. And now, the idea that a person should be exposed to ignominy, perhaps sent to jail, through and because of her, actually terrified her. In a vague kind of a way she became aware that Fielding had drawn her hand within his arm, and was speaking to her low and impressively. "Let the law deal with her, dear," he was saying. "The officer says it is not her first offense. Given her liberty she might rob women less able to endure such loss than you are."

In the words was a severe sense of rectitude which to the gentle spirit of the girl seemed almost merciless.

"Very well," she assented, in a low voice.

The thief was propelled through the crowd and helped into the patrol wagon drawn up at the curbstone. Miss Hillyard, who had been assured that she must enter a formal complaint, stepped into her own little carriage.

"You are trembling, darling!" her lover said.

Murmuring a word or two of denial, she drew back in the corner and leant there, feeling dizzy and bewildered. The degradation of the poor creature being jolted along in the vehicle ahead seemed to positively overwhelm her. She felt resentful at the position in which she found herself, reproseful that she should have caused it to be by her own avowal of the theft.

"Nella," asked Fielding, "you are not angry because of my advice?"

Just then they whirled by a restaurant. From within the swinging doors came that tempting, indescribable commingling of odors which is so peculiarly indicative of the city, and so suggestive of material welfare. Like a clutch at her heart dawned upon her the possibility that the woman who had stolen from her was hungry!

"No," slowly, "I suppose—I am sure you are right. It was not the loss of the money that made me so angry—not that. In the pocketbook I had a portrait of my mother. It was copied just a year ago, by Gregori, from the original, on a tiny bit of ivory. I had it done, feeling, somehow, that I should be safer, happier, if she were with me everywhere. The miniature is set in gold. All around it are rubies taken from a brooch she used to wear. By the way, when I first asked my aunt about the brooch, she said it was one my mother left when she went away. What a strange way to speak of that which the dying could not take with them! I know that I must have looked strangely at auntie when she said it, for all at once she broke down crying, and told me not to mind what she said, as she was only a forgetful old woman. I suppose—like papa—she loved my mother too well to even bear to speak of her.

"Yes," said Fielding again, in precisely the same dry tone he had used in the afternoon.

"I have always worn it around my neck since I've had it painted," went on Nella, "but a short time ago the slender gold chain snapped, and I've been carrying it in my pocketbook since, intending to leave it at Giles's to be mended. That is why I felt so miserable to-night. I wanted back the face of my best friend, my saint!"

The holy passion vibrant in her voice had thrilled Fielding. He said no word. He bit his lip sharply. He turned and looked out at the queer kaleidoscope of the city streets.

The coupé drew up before a tall building of red brick. Two rows of stone steps, edged by an iron railing, led up to the door, over which hung a gas-lit globe. Here Fielding alighted, and gave his hand to his companion. The winter evening had closed down, in a dense and starless night. Fielding noticed how the dull violet of Nella's velvet gown caught the light as she went up and in.

The accused had been taken away to be searched. When she was led back the matron held the pocketbook. The desk sergeant took up his pen, and leant toward Miss Hillyard,

"You will prosecute? Your name, please."

Not three feet distant her victim stood. She could feel the burning of the great savage hollow eyes upon her face.

"Nella Hillyard. But, indeed," with childish eagerness, "I would rather not prosecute. I only want back a picture of my mother that is in the purse—*Oh-h!*"

Sharply she recoiled, for all at once the woman in the showy clothes, the woman with the painted face and the blonde wig sprinkled lavishly with sham diamonds, had reeled down in a dead faint.

Nella grasped her lover's arm. She was shaking with fear. She had never seen anything like this in her petted, secluded life—never!

"Is she dying?" she questioned, in soft breathlessness. "Oh, is she dying?"

An officer near gave a derisive snort.

"Oh, no, miss. That's one of Mollie Barrett's tricks. She says she has heart disease. She is forever shamming sickness."

He helped the matron, however, to lift her on a bench. She lay there looking awfully stark and ghastly for all her applied complexion. To [illegible] incongruity of her attire and personal appearance were even more pathetic than grotesque.

"Come away," urged Fielding, as with tender peremptoriness he endeavored to draw her toward the door.

"Hark!" she murmured, her sweet face changing from white to red. The woman on the bench was stirring, speaking. She strove to sit up. Her glassy eyes glared at Nella.

"I'm not shamming," she said, hoarsely. "They always think I am. I am dying—now. Would you mind—will—will you kiss me?"

"Oh!" panted Nella. Involuntarily she retreated.

What a request! But then the fierce, eager yearning there was in the wild, sad eyes. The woman certainly looked as if she were dying. Would the mother whose memory she loved and reverenced, Nella wondered, have refused a common act of charity—for such a kiss of forgiveness would surely be—especially if the woman were dying.

Miss Hillyard moved forward.

"Stop!" cried Fielding. His fingers closed on her arm. He drew her back as if from contamination.

"You must not touch her!" he said, sternly, huskily. "She is not only a common thief; she is worse. She—

He broke off abruptly. There were some words his snow-souled fiancee must not hear. Just then a newspaper man, an old friend of his, who had been, a witness of the scene, went up to Fielding, and gently pushed him aside. He whispered a few sentences in his ear.

"Good God!" exclaimed Fielding.

When he went back to Nella he was white as ashes. He was trembling with some strange excitement. The girl even fancied there were tears on his lashes.

"You may kiss her," he said brokenly.

Filled with horror, repulsion, most womanly compassion, Nella moved forward. As a child might have done, she bent and touched the damp brow with her lips.

"My—my little—" murmured the woman.

Something in her throat rattled horribly. To the beautiful, pitying face leaning over her she sent, from rapidly glazing eyes, a look of ineffable gratitude, adoration, love it almost seemed.

Her jaw fell.

"Cross off the charge," said the matron cheerfully. "She wasn't shamming *this* time!"

Two hours later, in her own luxurious room, Nella Hillyard dressed for a grand reception. Her gown was entrancingly becoming. Her face, if pale as a white rose, was just as satin-smooth, just as sweet

When ready to go she took from a box her lover had sent a long-stemmed fragrant cluster of flowers. Some she fastened at her corsage, and others she carried across the room and laid on the frame ledge of her mother's picture as one lays flowers on an alter. With a kind of passionate tenderness she looked up at the portrait. Even as she regarded it there flashed across her consciousness the recollection of another face—one distorted, dissolute, with all the burned out beauty and misery of a Magdalen.

A blur came before her eyes. She could hardly see the young, gay, sweet, brilliant, angelic face which smiled so radiantly down upon her.

"Forgive me!" she pleaded. "How dare I even remember *her* in the hour I think of *you*?—you who were so pure, so true, and so infinitely good!"—*Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer.*

DEATH OF A CLAIRVOYANT CONJURER.

In a dispatch dated December 6th, from Milan, Tenn., to the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat*, is the following account of a remarkable man:

A telegram this morning announced the death of Herr Moffat, the celebrated second-sight reader and conjurer, at Bozeman, Idaho, in the act of swallowing a sword, which severed his jugular vein, and the conjurer bled to death in a few minutes.

Herr Moffat, or Francis Morell, was a resident of this city, and here his wonderful talent, which has made him the peer of any, and led him before the crowned heads of Europe and Asia, was developed. He was a very peculiar boy in youth, and was considered a crank. He lived alone with his widowed mother, supporting her by working in a stove factory here. His spare moments he spent in the study of magic, and the attic of his humble little home was transformed into a chemical shop. When he was seven years old, one day he suddenly burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. His mother asked him what pleased him so much. The boy replied that he saw his father (who was then living, but not at home) running rapidly down the mountain side trying to overtake a jug of whisky which he had let fall. The jug rolled part of the way down the declivity, but was caught by the old man before he got to the bottom. When the father reached home he confirmed the whole story to the great surprise of all. After this the boy excited much talk in the neighborhood in which he lived. About two years later the Morells were visited by a friend named Robert Vinton, with other relatives or acquaintances, from Philadelphia, who came to test the lad's miraculous power, asked him various questions, and among other things, inquired what was then going on at his (Vinton's) home in Philadelphia.

The boy described the house, which he had never seen, stated that it was built partly of brick and partly of stone; that there was a lake in front of the house, which had recently been drained, and concluded with a description of the people in the house, and of two persons, a man and a woman, who were sitting on the porch.

When Vinton reached his home in Philadelphia he inquired who had been at his home on the day and hour he had held the conversation with young Morell. He learned that there had been a shower of rain at the time and that the people who were fishing in the lake had run to the house to escape the rain. The persons who were on the porch had been faithfully described, even to the color of their hair and eyes. In short, every detail given by the boy was proven to be accurate.

He became involved in a quarrel once with a young man named Turner. Turner was to call on a young lady, and being met on his way by the young mind reader, Morell, who was himself in love with the same young lady, they spoke to each other and passed on. Young Morell sat down on a stump and, bowing his head, conducted his mind to the parlor in which his rival and the young lady were conversing. In the course of the young man's call he proposed and was rejected. This made Morell happy. Meeting Turner on the street next day, he tantalized him about his rejection by the young lady the night preceding. Words were exchanged, and Morell drew a pistol, but friends standing by interposed, and no harm came of the quarrel. But Morell fell into intemperate habits and lost his good name. His habit, when asked to exercise his faculty of second-sight seeing, was to hold his head downward after closing his eyes. After waiting for some time, apparently in deep thought, he would declare what he saw in his visions. He was sometimes found alone in the fields, sitting on a stump and crying. On being asked the cause of his grief he said he saw great numbers of men engaged in killing each other. Although he had never up to that time seen a ship, a battle or a cannon, he described military and naval battles during the War of the Rebellion as if he were an onlooker.

After the war, when he was about 24 years of age, another gentleman from Philadelphia, who had heard much of him, became interested, believing him to be possessed of a noble gift, and exhibited his wonderful power over the United States, drawing immense crowds in all the large cities. While in St. Louis, in 1873, he was asked by a man in one of the many throngs that came to see him, "What he was doing with that pocket book," (intimating that the young fellow had stolen it). "Nothing. You're the man who has stolen it," was the reply, and upon being searched by a policeman who was present, the man was found to have a pocket book with several hundred dollars in it, which was immediately identified by a gentleman present as his. The man was arrested and found to be Black Hal, a noted confidence man and pickpocket.

In 1879, he began a tour of the Old World which lasted seven years, where he has since returned, exhibiting himself over the country. His death yesterday recalled many incidents which were related by the older citizens of this city. His life was a strange and checkered one.

PREMATURELY AGED.

In connection with the remarkable statement made in last month's *Contemporary Review*, by A. Taylor Innes, in which he described the change wrought by mesmerism in a boy sixteen years of age, who was made to believe that he was an aged man and whose appearance changed accordingly, a correspondent has sent to the *Mercury* the following remarkable story, copied from the diary of a well-known physician of this city:

Dr. Voelkner was a remarkable man. His appearance justified one in assuming so much concerning his character. He had a commanding presence, standing almost six feet high; his hair and beard were of the deepest black and his dark eyes contrasted with a pallid complexion that did not appear to be the result of a delicate constitution, but rather of a rigorously ascetic life. Such it was, in truth, for the doctor was not one of those individuals who are chained to the millstone of a sateless appetite or sensuous habit. His mind had soared above the fleshpots at an early age and he had lived since in a higher stratum of thought than most of his fellow men.

Can it be wondered that a man of this temperament should be interested in the vital questions of life and death and that he should have delved deep into the world's store of knowledge on such subjects? His perfect physical health and well-balanced mind had prevented him from becoming an irrational dreamer, notwithstanding the usual effect of too engrossing a study of the inexact sciences. This was owing principally to the fact that the doctor was in the widest sense of the word a materialist and based his positive beliefs alone on unquestionable data. The doctor was in his study one afternoon when Z. entered. Z. was an intimate friend of Voelkner. They boasted the same alma mater and had both chosen the same particular object of research. But Voelkner's was the stronger personality and he consequently took the lead in whatever the two happened to be mutually engaged upon. During Z.'s visit a subject which had often been discussed was brought up. It was Dr. Voelkner's favorite theory which he considered proven by analogy. It was the question of mental operations and their influence on the physical being. "Physical actions are simply the result of the automatic operation of the mind," said the doctor. "Sometimes these are normal, but not always. Individuals have lived years in a few hours. Is it not possible to unwind the mental spool at once and know the future as we know the past, and if possible what will be the physical results? Chemical processes that require ages to develop by natural means are effected in a few seconds artificially. Can not the mind be thus operated upon?"

This was the substance of the conversation between the doctor and his friend Z. during the latter's call, and as Z. was called away on matters of business shortly afterward, Dr. Voelkner was left to himself and his books. Z.'s business had taken him to London, and as a proof that he had not forgotten his friend, a musty looking little volume arrived in the mail one day, which he said in the accompanying letter he had picked up, thinking it might interest the doctor. It was an exceedingly rare work in French and long. It was a compilation made by a person who had resided in India for a number of years for the express purpose of studying the mental methods of the adepts. The work was so abstruse and esoteric as to be almost incomprehensible in certain parts. Nevertheless, it was a mine of information on Dr. Voelkner's favorite subject such as probably nowhere else existed. From the moment of its arrival Dr. Voelkner never let the precious little tome out of his sight. When not devouring its contents he was occupied with a train of thought which they had generated.

Being an ascetic, Dr. Voelkner lived simply. His home was a rather large house about two miles from the city and situated in a rather lonely place. His only servant was an old housekeeper with whom he did not exchange a dozen words a day. She lived in her own apartments and ministered to his wants. The doctor lived in his study. Previous to the time of Z.'s departure and the subsequent receipt of the book, Dr. Voelkner had been in the habit of spending an evening or two during the week with acquaintances in the city. Since the receipt of the volume, however, he had scarcely left the house. He had become a confirmed recluse, not even leaving his room to take his meals as usual, but having them brought there to him. It was to be expected that such a course would interfere with his health, but the old housekeeper was so startled by his appearance one day, after this state of affairs had continued about six months, that she thought her eyes had deceived her. In answer to her exclamations of surprise the doctor turned away abruptly, muttering something about servants minding their own business. After this Dr. Voelkner ordered that his meals were to be left outside the door of his room on a tray and that under no condition was he ever to be disturbed. The following spring Z. returned from Europe. He had been home about a week, but was detained on business in New York and had therefore not found an opportunity to visit his friend Voelkner, when one morning he found on running his eye over the morning papers an item of news which caused him to hasten in the direction of his friend's residence as speedily as possible. The article simply stated that the body of an aged man had been found in the house of Dr. Voelkner which had got there by some unaccountable means and that the doctor himself had mysteriously disappeared at the same time. A later dispatch added, to enhance the mystery, that the dead man was found to be dressed in Dr. Voelkner's clothes.

"An experiment!" exclaimed Z. as soon as he had read the article. Upon Z.'s arrival at the doctor's house he was immediately admitted and given permission to examine the corpse and make any investigations that he desired. The body was that of an exceptionally fine-looking old gentleman, apparently about eighty years of age, and there was no appearance whatever of foul play to be discovered. The person, whoever he was, had apparently expired painlessly from heart failure or some other sudden natural cause. Z. looked in vain for any signs of an experiment. Z. felt especially glad of this, as there seemed to be an opinion abroad that his friend's sudden disappearance pointed to the possibility of his having committed a crime and fled to avoid results.

But how did this dead man appear upon the scene, dressed in Dr. Voelkner's clothes, so mysteriously, and, simultaneously, the doctor himself disappear? Here was a knotty problem which would have, perhaps, remained forever unsolved but for the discovery by Z. of a letter addressed to himself in the doctor's handwriting. Z. hastly tore off the envelope and sat down to peruse its contents. He must have sat for fully half an hour with the letter clasped tightly in his hand after he had finished reading it. He sat with the letter before him, his eyes mechanically traveling over this sentence in it again and again:

"At last I have learned the way to probe that mysterious realm which lies before us. I have already experimented sufficiently to know that it is possible, as I have always surmised it to be, to produce spasmodic operations of the mind by projecting it into the future and by this means to become aware of what is to come. The only point is that I do not know whether it any longer has to come after it has once been. I mean whether these mere sensations will be duplicated. After making my first experiment, which carried me only five years forward, I noticed a marked change in my appearance, as if I had aged to the extent of that period. If the mental development is accompanied by a physical development my second experiment will be my last, as it is not easy to set a limit when one has once set this peculiar machinery in motion."

After satisfying himself sufficiently that his mind was not in any way overbalanced Z. walked over to the body and turning back one of the sleeves of the shirt and coat on the left arm he looked closely for a few moments at a peculiar scar upon it.

"There is no doubt," he said, shaking his head, "for I could swear to that scar a thousand times; it was one poor Voelkner received in his first duel at Heidelberg." In one of the pockets of the coat found upon the dead man was the little volume which Z. had sent from London.

At the inquest Z. gave his evidence, which went to show that however much changed in its physical appearance, the body was that of his friend, Dr. Voelkner. But he narrowly escaped arrest himself for being an accessory to a supposed crime and could secure no administration upon the estate of his friend, which was thrown into chancery.

As for Dr. Voelkner, his experiment was a complete success. "There was no rottenness in that seed to have such a ripe old age in prospect," was Z.'s reflection as he gazed for the last time upon the artificially aged doctor.

Mr. Stanley has recently become a member of the English Society for Psychical Research.

MAN AND THE HOME

MY WIFE.

BY W. B. SEABROOK.

Deep shadows seldom linger near,
Thou art my sunshine—half the care
That broodeth darkly o'er my life,
Thy presence scattereth, my wife.

Earth's sanguine battles fill my lot,
Thou art my help—I falter not,
Nay, welcome war that brings with strife
Thy sweet lieutenancy, my wife.

Grief palls the heart, I am not crushed,
Thou art my love—one voice is hushed,
But thy dear tones with healing rife
Doth medicine the wound, my wife.

Harassing doubt assaileth me,
Thou art my friend—I come to thee,
And thou, pure guardian of my life,
Thou pointest heavenward, my wife.

The field of Egyptian research is widening daily says *Baton*, the magazine devoted to Archæology, and new light is being thrown upon the old customs and beliefs, with sometimes startling results. There is now in course of preparation a work on "Woman in Ancient Egypt," which is expected to be ready for publication in January. The writer, Miss Georgia Louise Leonard, of Washington, D. C., has for some years made a careful study of life in the land of the Pharaohs, and her forthcoming volume is an attempt to prove that the majestic civilization which grew up by the banks of the Nile was due in large part to the moulding and controlling influence of the Egyptian women, whose exalted position as depicted on the monuments has hitherto been regarded as something phenomenal. Gigantic and impressive ruins are referred to as the living witnesses of a people of wonderful mental activities and marvelous achievements, who recognized the feminine as the inspiring and controlling element in their complex system of national life. It is asserted that the oldest and most enduring civilization of the world was based on the principle of the duality of nature, which was fundamental in the Egyptian religion; that the masculine and feminine elements being equally necessary in the economy of the universe, were, alike, the centre and vitality of this religious system. Upon this great system rested the governing force of their whole social and political structure, in which women were regarded and treated as the equals of men in all the relations of life. It is argued that Egyptian beginnings did not spring from brutal savagery on the militant plane—as Spencer calls it—but, on the contrary, from what the same great thinker calls the altruistic or industrial type of social organization. These higher conditions are thought to have evolved a civilization and perpetuated an empire whose highest lustre became dimmed only when the altruistic sentiment began to be eclipsed by the spirit of warfare and military aggrandizement. Intellectually this civilization was the parent of all that have succeeded it; in many material respects it has never been excelled, while ethically it has had no equal. The grandeur of that past is but faintly outlined by the matchless monuments, the priceless papyri and inscriptions, that time has spared to enrich the world; and these are the necessary consequence and results of its complete subjection to, and permeation by, the feminine spirit. To this recognition was due the marvelous durability of her institutions, and the accomplishments in art, science, literature and ethics of the Egyptian people.

Founded upon the broad principle of equal rights, it lasted until conquered and submerged by the despotic power of Roman military aggression, which destroyed forever the peculiar elements of national equality, and blotted out the life of a nation which bequeathed to the western world the culture and the learning of today.

Miss Helen Gray Cone says; "The irresponsible feminine free lance, with her gay dash at all subjects, and her alliterative pen name dancing in every mêlée like a brilliant pennon, has gone over into the more appropriate field of journalism. The calmly adequate literary matron of all work is an admirable type of the past, no longer developed by the new conditions. The articles of the late Lucy M. Mitchell on sculpture, and of Mrs. Schuyler van Rensselaer on art and architecture; the historical work of Martha J. Lamb and of the lamented Mary L. Booth, the latter also an indefatigable translator; the studies of Helen Campbell in social science; the translations of Harriet Waters Preston—these few examples are typical of the determination and concentration of woman's work at the present day. We notice in each new issue of a magazine the well-known specialists. Miss Thomas has given herself to the interpretation of nature, in prose as in verse; "Olive Thorne" Miller to the loving study of bird life. Mrs. Jackson, the most versatile of later writers, possessed the rare combination of versatility and thoroughness in such measure that we might almost copy Hartley Coleridge's saying of Harriet Martineau, and call her a specialist about everything; but her name will be associated with the earnest presentation of the wrongs of the Indian, as that of Emma Lazarus with the impassioned defense of the rights of the Jew."

Miss Menie Muriel Dowie, a granddaughter of the famous Robert Chalmers, of Edinburgh, recently achieved distinction by a paper entitled "Some Notes on a Journey in the Carpathians and Ruthenia," read before the Geographical Section of the British Association. Great curiosity has been awakened because of the unusual character of the subject, and the large audience had decided that a woman who had explored the hard Carpathian district must be elderly, weather-beaten, and masculine. Great was the surprise when a graceful young lady, tastefully dressed, began a delightful story of original experiences and observations during a journey alone with a native guide in the Carpathian Mountains. At the close, Miss Dowie received a remarkable ovation from the learned professor, who applauded, and tendered a special vote of thanks for the paper, which the president pronounced to be of great value geographically, as well as exceedingly entertaining.

Said an eastern man of fashion the other day: "To my mind the judicial woman is a blot on the face of the universe. We don't want women who can reason and work things out. We want dear, delightful, frivolous things who will float by us in butterfly fashion, making us no end of trouble, and inducing us to be willing to kill each other for their sakes. The time when woman was at her best, to my way of thinking, was in the middle ages, when she sat up in a window of a turreted castle, threw her handkerchief down to one knight and a hated rival rushed at him as he grasped it, and they flew at each other and knocked their tin hats off, the hated rival was stretched out stiff and cold, and the maiden in the turret applauded her gallant knight and believed that he had done well. The judicial female is a mental hermaphrodite."

The Rev. Dr. Phillips Brooks, says the Boston *Globe*, closed his remarks on "ladies' night" at the Mystic Valley Club, Tuesday evening, with the very significant remark that "the time will come when your picture galleries and mechanics' fair will not have separate departments for men and women, and the Mystic Valley Club will not have their distinct and separate women's nights." The purpose of this meeting was to show that the twentieth-century woman will stand on her merits as a human being, without regard to sex. The thought evidently occurred to Dr. Brooks that if this is to be the case, the Mystic Club would do well to begin the assertion of sex equality at home, by abolishing "ladies' nights" as exceptional occasions on which alone women are entitled to partake of the joys of club life.

The wife of Rev. Robert Collyer, who recently died in New York City, was well known in this city where she lived for twenty-one years. She was born in Yorkshire, England, 69 years ago, and was married to Mr. Collyer in 1850. He says of her: "She was a comrade, a friend, a helper; she was always on the sunny side and many a time helped me out of the slough of despond." The eloquent preacher has said similar things over and over again in his addresses, for he could scarcely get through an address without making some complimentary or humorous reference to his wife, who must have served him by judicious criticism not a little.

There is a man in Paris named Boecker who may fairly be considered to be quite the meanest among all the mean rogues which a great city can produce. Boecker planned a robbery and induced his wife to commit it. Then he went to the police and said that his conscience compelled him to the painful duty of denouncing his wife, hoping thereby to escape punishment. But inquiry proved that he, and not his wife, had planned the theft, and now the owner of this tender conscience is awaiting his trial in jail.

Mathematical honors for women are multiplying. Miss Julia Rappicourt of Melbourne, Australia, took prizes in Greek and French at Melbourne university, at the age of 16. Now, at the age of 19, in the examination for the clerical division of the Victoria civil service, with 195 competitors, the young woman secures 492 marks out of a possible 500 in mathematics.

Mrs. Leland Stanford has made provision out of her own funds of $100,000 for the maintenance of five kindergarten schools, which she has under her care established in California.

CRAZY SYMBOLISM.

BY M. E. LAZARUS, M. D.

Analyzers in the study of comparative religions define those most notable in our day as consisting of astronomic symbolism, a personal legend, and extracts from the world's stock of ethical precepts. More important however than any or all of these for clerical revenues, are the heaven and hell doctrines or scheme of ultra mortem rewards and punishments. These are secondary evolutions in religion, the primeval terra solar or astronomic forms finding hell enough in the extremes of temperature and elemental catastrophes.

The heroic legends twined about the prowess of a Hercules, or ethical sublimities of Buddha and Jesus, would naturally adapt themselves chronologically, as by dates of birth and death, to the festivals customary and relative to seasons; while the cave of Mithra or stable of Jesus maintained an allusion to the darkest or feeblest stage of terra solar life.

It is common for writers smitten with the curious novelty for them, of these analogic revivals in theology, to exaggerate their import, and to overlook or depreciate the independent evidences of individual personality and ethical character found in the legends of the solar men. What documents may exist or what have been lost, illustrating the career of Osiris, of Mithra, of Adonis, or the Toltecan Quexalcoatl, I know not; but I can not read the gospel legends of Jesus without conviction of an individual personality behind them, which notwithstanding some glaring inconsistencies, asks no odds of historical corroboration.

To illustrate the spirit of confusion between the astronomic and ethical, I cite first, a truly great thinker, Volney; but not having a French copy of his "Ruins," I do not affirm the correctness of the following passage in the English translation, viz: "Pontiffs and prelates,—that crucifix of which you boast the mystery without comprehending it, is the cross of Serapis, traced by the hands of Egyptian priests on the plan of the figurative world, which passing through the equinoxes and the tropics, became the emblem of future life and resurrection, because it touched the gates of ivory and horn through which the soul was to pass in its way to heaven."

The ivory, if I remember my ancient mythology lessons, was the gate of fantasy, and the horn that of real experience. Here ideas of such high import as future life and resurrection are supposed to rest on an arbitrary figure of speech; for it is difficult to regard the ivory and horn gates as ever having ranked among doctrines. But supposing them serious articles of faith, the relation of the equinoxes and the tropics to these gates of truth and fantasy is not sensible enough to pass for even an analogy.

It is often loosely stated, as in a paper before me that the outlines of the personal legends of "Christna, Osiris, Mithra, Hercules, Esculapius, Bacchus, Apollo, Adonis," etc., correspond with that of Jesus.

Some forty years ago, when I examined on this theme of solar analogies, all the works I could find in the Boston and Harvard College libraries, and consulted with Theodore Parker, I remember looking in vain for biographic legends. Dupin's "L'Origine de tout les Cultes," the most comprehensive treatise of the Voltairian epoch, would not have omitted them, if known. To be sure, both Jesus and Bacchus were reputed wine makers; but what was for Jesus a miraculous episode, was for Bacchus a serious instruction in natural methods.

Jesus forgives Magdalen, but is not renowned like Christna, for his gallantries. Still wider is the discrepancy between him and Apollo, the genius of the fine arts, or with that handsome hunter, Adonis, the favorite of Venus.

The writer of the paper referred to above cites the Rev. Robert Taylor's notions about the cross—viz: that it originated in the posts of which the arms marked the height of the Nile waters in fertilizing the land of Osiris. And to this vagary he appends the absurdity that the "miseries of famine were depicted by the emaciated wretch extended on the arm of the cross, the failure of whose mission as Savior corresponds with the chance that the inundation of the Nile might fall short of the arm."

The stupidity of this pretended correspondence is farther developed by quoting from a Hebrew prophet a rhetorical figure of his nation, which Christian writers have pretended was a prophecy of Jesus—viz: "Who had grown up like a tender plant and as a root out of dry ground, who had no form nor comeliness and when they should see him, there was no beauty that they should desire him." Where is there any corresponding portrait or description of Jesus? Taylor continues: "His crown of thorns indicated the sterility of the territory over which he reigned."

Thorny plants affect fertile as well as sterile soils, and Palestine in the time of Jesus, was still a fertile country, if Renan's researches are reliable. "The reed in his hand," says Taylor, "gathered from the banks of the Nile, indicated that it was only the mighty river, by keeping within its banks, and thus withholding its wonted munificence, that placed an unreal sceptre in his gripe." Has not this reed been taken from a figure of Osiris in Egypt, and put in Jesus' hand by Taylor? Still farther fetched, is his "expressive indication that the superscription "This is the King of the Jews," meant that famine, want or poverty ruled the destinies of the most slavish, beggarly and mean race of men with whom they had the honor of being acquainted." This antisemitic tirade applies to the same race who before the generation cotemporary with the Jesus of the Gospel had passed away, sustained in the seige of Jerusalem by the Roman legions the most desperate and unyielding combat for national independence that history records. The fertility of Palestine was not, like that of Egypt, a result of inundation and its distances of time and space since Israel's abode in Egypt forbid the idea that any such symbolic allusion to Egyptian affairs, as pretended by Taylor, could have occurred to the minds of those who crucified Jesus. Being neither a churchman nor a Quaker, regarding neither communism nor nonresistance as sound and viable philosophies of life, and being conscious neither of needing a Savior, nor of Jesus' capacity to serve as such, I do not esteem his ethical doctrines any higher than the supernaturalism that has been imposed upon his memory; but I go in for fair play and oppose the mystifications of an arbitrary symbolism.

TWO WONDROUS CURES.

One of the most remarkable recoveries ever reported came to Charles S. Dennis of Beverly last Sunday evening, and his friends who saw him then and have seen him since are firm believers in the theory of modern miracles. About four months ago Mr. Dennis had a shock, and as a result his whole left side was paralyzed. For years past Mr. Dennis's friends have claimed that he possessed a supernatural gift, and knowing his condition and, fearing another shock, they urged him to exercise that power on himself. After much persuasion he finally consented, and last Sunday evening he invited to his house, 26 Prospect street, several friends, including Israel LaFavor, proprietor of the Queen Hotel; Benjamin Larcom, Jr., and Dr. O. F. Swasey, a physician who has been doctoring Mr. Dennis during his illness, besides one or two lady friends. None of the parties were what are called spiritual mediums, nor believers in that dogma. The company sat down in a darkened room and joined hands, placing them on the table around which they sat. In a few minutes Mr. Dennis felt what seemed to him hands rubbing the paralyzed portions of his person. So distinct was the noise that all in the room heard it, and as it proceeded, Dr. Swasey, who had hold of Mr. Dennis's hand, marked a growing warmth and moisture, where it was cold and clammy before, as the blood began to circulate. In about half an hour from the time they sat down Mr. Dennis broke the circle by getting up and declaring himself well, and to the astonishment of all he ran up and down stairs three or four times, while one of the company held

the light. From that time to this he has felt no effects from his recent illness except a little weakness in the left side. He can not explain how the change came about.

Another remarkable cure is reported from Bryant's Pond, Me., on the person of Charles A. Brooks, a member of the Methodist Episcopal church there. About four weeks ago he was thrown from his carriage upon the rocks and terribly hurt, his jaw broken and the spine so injured that it was feared he would never recover. He lay helpless in bed, enduring intense pain in the head, back and limbs, unable to lift his head from the pillow or move in any way without suffering intensely until last Wednesday, when, after a series of earnest prayers, he was suddenly relieved of his suffering and pain. His physical condition was weak, but he was able to get freely about.—*Boston Daily Journal*, Dec. 5th, 1890.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE.

MATERIALISM, WHAT IT TEACHES.

To the Editor: Looking over your paper to-day in the public library, as I often do, I came across your review of my article in *The Unitarian* on The Scientific Basis of Another Order of Being. Since, as you say, the purpose of the article is in accord with The Journal, it seems a pity that any misunderstanding of that article should remain with you if I can remove it. Hence this letter. I never thought of saying that materialistic science laid it down as one of its postulates that "that which can not be perceived has no real existence," nor, until I read your article, had it occurred to me that I had said any thing that could be interpreted as a statement to that effect. What I did mean was that the argument for materialism *per se* rests on that assumption as a sort of axiom that needs no statement. This is true of every argument for materialism that I have seen so far as I have been able to understand them, though it is probable that their authors would instantly reject such a doctrine if presented. The rejection of that postulate in connection with the materialistic argument, however, would be fatal to it so far as any positive conclusion is concerned. It must leave materialism at best on the negative and uncertain ground of agnosticism.

It is now two years since that article was written. The authorities which I consulted in preparing it I found in the library of Michigan University. I have nothing by me now to which I can refer, but in regard to my statement that science never produced a materialism more decided than that of W. K. Clifford, that was certainly my conviction derived from a careful reading of a number of his lectures, as well as of an article written in his memory by an admiring friend whose name I can not recall. I thought the professor's language very plain and positive on that point, too. He has written much that I have not read, but in what I have read he has certainly stated his conviction, while in anticipation of the near approach of death, that death must be the end of all things for him.

If somewhere he may have defined the substance of the universe as "mind stuff," what matters it so long as he holds that consciousness, intelligence, all that characterizes mind, can exist only in and as a function of what we call a living, material body and ceases to exist at its death? The words we use are important only for the meanings we give them.

In my own case I object to such use of the word matter as will make it include a continuous, incompressible substance which is neither solid, liquid nor gaseous, which fills all the universe and which entirely eludes our perceptions, having none of the qualities by which matter is recognized. Such a use of the word, it seems to me, deprives language of its precision. I need the word matter to apply to substances having weight, offering resistance to pressure, and existing in the form of gases, liquids and solids. For that which can not be perceived but only inferred as a logical necessity from facts which can be perceived, it seems to me that another word is needed. If I am peculiar in this, may I not yet have my way about it in my own writing without being charged with ignorance of the fact that the scientific men whom I quoted use the word matter to cover that which I exclude from its meaning—especially when in that very article I have objected to such usage?

I am very sincerely yours,

C. W. Wooldridge.

Cleveland, Ohio.

The Journal has opposed materialism for many years, but Dr. Wooldridge's language which conveyed, unintentionally of course, a wrong impression in regard to the doctrine of materialism, was considered a fit subject for corrective criticism notwithstanding the purpose of the article was in accord with that of The Journal. It was presumed that the writer of the article meant to express himself as he wrote. He says that he did not mean to say materialistic science lays it down as a postulate that "that which can not be perceived has no real existence," but that he meant to say that the argument for materialism *per se* rests on that assumption. Even as amended Dr. Wooldridge's statement is, we believe, incorrect. Materialism teaches that all existence is material matter and its modes and conditions—whether it can be perceived or not; but "that which can not be perceived has no real existence" is not, so far as we can see, assumed or implied by materialism. Dr. Wooldridge would not apply the word matter to "that which can not be perceived, but only inferred as a logical necessity from facts which can be perceived." He would thereby deprive the materialist of the very atoms of which his substance is held to be composed. If the word matter is applicable to an aggregate like a piece of granite, why is it not applicable to the units that make up the aggregate even though the units are not perceived and only inferred, like atoms.

In regard to ether Sir John Herschel calculated that its pressure upon a square inch of surface is seventeen billions of pounds, even though the resistance offered by it to planetary motion is too minute to be appreciable. Mr. John Fiske says that "the supposition that the ether may be something essentially different from matter is contradicted by all the terms we have used in describing it. Strange and contradictory as its properties may seem, are they more strange than the properties of a gas would seem if we were for the first time to discover a gas after heretofore knowing nothing but solids and liquids?" Professor Clifford says that molecules and ether to some extent "obey the same dynamic laws and act upon one another in accordance with these laws" and he concludes that they are of the same stuff, "that the material molecule is some kind of knot or coagulation of ether." Professor Jevons characterizes ether, elastic as it is, as "adamantine." Evidently it must be contemplated as material.

SATURNIAN SYMBOLISM.

To the Editor: Here we are again! My back is up when any one hints "astrology" or "symbolism;" just like my pet cats when they see a strange dog.

Prof. Coues will please me better, and encourage that "amiability" which he attributes (either ironically or otherwise) by discarding both of those empirical frauds.

Saturn has no "symbolism," but a constant, inexorable obedience to the laws of gravity and original initial force. Belief in symbolism is the first symptom of that inveterate ancient rabies called astrology. By what mad dog have some sensible people been bitten that it should revive in these days of positive science.

Though the professor repeatedly denies being an astrologist the symptoms of the disease appear so evident to the physician that the treatment administered seemed entirely proper; though no improvement appears to follow.

The criticisms I attempted of the incorrect statements in his first article, Nov. 8, were ingenuously made in the love of scientific truth and dislike for the assumed mystical influence of regularly recurring and lawful phenomena. I wish he had appreciated the mistakes and responded with the same ingenuousness, instead of fluttering off on a new lead like a secretive bird aroused from her nest. My statement that the long observed alternate turning of the different sides of Saturn's rings to our inspection, is the result of that planet's own motions, not the motions of Earth, as the professor formally states, can not be successfully disputed; and every skilled astronomer in the world will confirm it. That, and the lawfully recurring, not mystical character, of the changes were about the only points needful to be established.

Our friend remarks in his response: "What I said about the heavenly kronos was strictly correct, &c." He did not say anything about "kronos" in his first article, as your readers may readily observe. It is not an astronomical term ever used in my sixty years reading of that science, nor is it in either of the many dictionaries or cyclopedias at hand. Possibly it may be found in astrology; but not being a Greek scholar I do not understand it and must let it pass.

You need not ask your questions timidly my dear professor. They are neither dangerous, very "grave," nor difficult to answer; but may do for a diversion. But what is the use of bothering the readers of The Journal by answering them unless there were room to enlarge and explain their rational meaning; which by the way you have not done to popular perception.

But the answering of either one or all, either in the negative or positive, I can assure the readers of The Journal, will not affect in the least (as the professor would have you believe) the correctness of the position I take in regard to the changing appearances of the rings of Saturn.

Allow me to say, in as few words as possible, that the mutual perturbations of all the principal planets, as caused by interacting gravity, are well understood and tabulated by astronomers, including, of course, the more prominent perturbations taking place between the two heaviest planets known as "the great inequality of Jupiter and Saturn" alluded to by the professor, and whose cycle is not far from 929 years as stated by him.

All these perturbations of the planets may perhaps be considered remotely analagous to the mutual interference of as many pendulums "swinging from the same support," since all of them are swinging round the sun.

The periods—cycles of the great oscillations of the planets (as says Prof. Newcomb) "range from 50,000 years up to 2,000,000 years—great clocks of eternity, which beat ages as ours beat seconds."

Prof. Coues certainly makes sure of the density of Saturn, when he says it "is either greater or less than water!" Why did he not give some information and tell what is true, that the average weight of Saturn is 75-100 (i. e. ¾) as heavy as an equal-sized globe of water?

As to the last assertion, "that this planet itself has never been seen by mortal eyes," it is some kind of a trick or a catch; for the old planet has been watched by millions, from before the dawn of history to the gazers through the mighty eye of the Lick telescope.

I deny the assertion totally, and defy any one to defend it on any basis of common sense. J. G. Jackson.

A SENSIBLE APPEAL AND THE RESULT.

To the Editor: I suppose every variety of psychic phenomina is to be considered and has importance. That much of it has no meaning in itself, more than ordinary seeing and hearing, I can well believe; and many manifestations of the power and designs of departed spirits are of little profit to us. But to be acquainted with the laws of relationship to the state of the so-called dead is all important. It frees the world from superstition and fear. It enables us to overcome adverse influences. I have the following from the most reliable source: Mrs. B. was somewhat mediumistic; only in a spontaneous way did she have experiences and she could never at anytime command the power. Some distant relatives of her family died, one a person she had never seen. Her husband was obliged, at some inconvenience and expense, to see to and settle estates and pay debts and care for property. Various household goods and clothing came in the turn of affairs into Mrs. B.'s possession. But it seems that an evil influence came with the goods. A pretty set of china of this departed lady's possessions was put upon the table. A noise of rattling dishes was heard among the pieces on the table. Mrs. B. was alone, surprised, and she stood perfectly still. At intervals the dishes continued to rattle. Perhaps the manifestation was one of pleasure on the part of the unseen, glad that these things were of use to somebody. There was nothing violent about the movement, and Mrs. B. was pleased to think she was going to have a little haunted house experience. Several times the dishes repeated the act. One day Mrs. B.'s daughter said to her: "I shall quit wearing that dress skirt—one that had come to them by these parties—for sometimes, when I am alone, it is taken hold of and pulled in the most spiteful way." Then Mrs. B. spoke of the behaviour of the dishes with which the daughter had had the same experience. They began to think the influence came from a discontented mind,—one who still loved this world. One night Mrs. B. was just comfortably in bed when the bed clothes were grasped and jerked violently. She laughed to think how foolish it all was. She thought it over and presumed it to be the same influence that had pulled the dress and shaken the dishes. She thought too, "here is a carpet on the bedroom floor that was hers but my husband bought it at the sale of goods, and the money goes to pay her debts." Just then Mrs. B. felt a slap with a whole open hand square in the face. That was not funny at all. With it came a sense of the temper and utter dissatisfaction of the person who dealt the blow. Mrs. B. says that she considered the matter as one person should with another who was fair and rational, and talked aloud addressing the person she supposed it to be by name.

"Now, aunt," she said, "it seems you can reach me and make me understand, so it is reasonable that I can reach you as effectually. Perhaps there is some reason why you don't understand the business complication of the world affecting your goods." Then she related the lawful distribution and settlement of her property and affairs and told her that it was wrong and unreasonable to nourish ill feeling about the things she had left when she died. One would think that if the goods were useful to those to whom they belonged she ought to be pleased. Mrs. B. said: "You rattled the dishes and pulled at a dress and pulled the bed clothes, and now have slapped me in the face. Your power is very small. We are not in the least superstitious or afraid of ghosts; we rather like them. We would like to be friendly with you. I never saw you, but you are welcome to come and stay with me as much as you like. Do try to be good tempered and so will I. Good bye."

Whoever and whatever the influence was, it never came again.

B. relates the following also: An old gentleman died. When the body was cared for an old, much worn shirt was put on while chemicals were being used. A nice proper shirt was laid out for the undertaker to use when he made the last arrangements. It happened that the undertaker furnished burial clothes and put them over the old shirt and did not use the good one. About a week after the funeral a relative told Mrs. B. that she saw the dead man and that he said "why was I buried in that old shirt?" and appeared injured and angry. Mrs. B. says: "O, you knew of the mishap and it worried you, so you dreamed about it." Directly Mrs. B. saw the old gentleman standing about twenty feet away with that old shirt on. She laughed at the foolishness of it and the vision disappeared. Soon B. saw the old gentleman again; this time he walked up and down a long room parading that shirt. He turned his head and looked on the shoulder where there was a great patch. Then Mrs. B. spoke saying: "Mr. M. I know all about your shirt. That was done by the undertaker. A nice shirt was provided and lay at hand but he thought, inasmuch as it did not show he would put on the dress he had provided over it. I looked at you in the coffin and every thing appeared to be very neat and tasty. But two or three of us know you had such a shirt on under and we'll never tell. You are a very reasonable man and know now it was an accident and was not intended in disrespect. Your friends are very sorry it happened." No trouble to anybody after that. This man had been a very particular person about his dress.

Whatever be the law of psychics it seems Mrs. B.'s method settles the disturbing elements.

Since the parties might not like to see their affairs in print I omit real names. Much that is interesting in the above can not be told. K. E. Alexander.

Birmingham, Mich.

PSYCHICAL RESEARCH MEETING IN NEW YORK.

To the Editor: The people of New York were much interested to have Dr. Richard Hodgson, secretary of the American Branch of the London Society for Psychical Research, come to them as he did on December 8th and tell them some-

thing about the work of the past year. The meeting was held in the parlors of Dr. M. L. Holbrook, 46 E. 21st street, and nearly 200 persons of intelligence and culture were present. Dr. Hodgson gave quite fully Prof. Lodge's investigation with Mrs. Piper of Boston, who had been sent over to London at the request of the London society where she remained several months submitting to crucial tests among strangers where she could have slight opportunities for acquiring information. Americans will look forward with intense interest to the publication of this report by the London society in their proceedings as it will be next year. The taste of it furnished by the secretary, who has a full proof of it, was very interesting and will no doubt be hailed by Spiritualists with joy as giving them positive proof that all is not fraud in their ranks and that Mrs. Piper has some means of gaining knowledge outside of her ordinary senses. Prof. Lodge frankly admits that it seemed to him he was, through her, communicating with friends who had died years before. It would hardly be worth while in this letter to state more concerning Mrs. Piper, as surely THE JOURNAL will eventually print a full account of it.

In addition Dr. Hodgson gave a very graphic account of some investigations by himself and Prof. James of Harvard of a case of double consciousness which came to their notice in which they have given us some original investigations, and carried the torch of knowledge a little further into the wilderness of ignorance. This was an account in detail of the case of dual personality of which an abstract was given in THE JOURNAL'S editorial columns in its issue of December 13th, and which I will therefore not repeat. But what is the explanation? In our present knowledge there is no explanation, but in time we shall find out these hidden secrets of nature. In the work being done by the society for Psychical Research let us all, Spiritualists and others, uphold this society in every way in our power. Through it many of us hope some present mysteries will be explained, the truth will be established, and immortal life, now to many only a vague hope, become a reality.

JENNIE CHANDLER.

Mrs. A. M. Glading is lecturing for the Progressive Spiritualist Society of Grand Rapids, Mich. The other Sunday a cheap reporter of a local daily attended the service and made the customary flippant report. Mrs. Effie F. Josselyn, an active leader in the society, addressed a letter of criticism to the paper, which was published, and in which she clearly shows up the shallowness of the would-be reporter. With the editor of *The Press*, however, we agree that Mrs. Josselyn's postscript, intended only for the eye of the editor but published, is the best part of her letter. Here it is:

MR. EDITOR—Dear Sir: I submit to you a letter for publication in reply to your report of our meeting because justice seems to demand it. The reporter was treated kindly—and our lectures need only to be heard by fair-minded people to know that they haev the ring of true worth. Teaching lessons of love and fairness, the laws of life, practical, common sense lectures, which can not be equalled by any speaker in this city. We believe we are doing good work for humanity. This city is full of Spiritualists; many of them, like outsiders, have but little conception of the philosophy. Therefore we are trying to bring capable teachers here who will help us all. Few people understand that we are so little different from other denominations. But there is one comfort, humanity is constantly unfolding and church walls are crumbling and the time is soon to be when the one church will agree on the "Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man." Will you please give my letter space to help correct the reporter's misstatement and altogether derogatory report.

The "Chicago Spiritual Association" met at Kimball hall as usual Sunday 20th, at 3 o'clock. The subject of Miss Nickerson's discourse, "Mother, Home and Heaven," was said to have been the best effort of talent and inspiration presented to her audience. Arrangements have been made for full reports of these lectures, and will be given to the public in the near future. The "Fraternal Union," conducted by Miss Nickerson, meets at Bricklayers' hall, 93 South Peoria street, every Monday evening; friends invited.

Mrs. M. C. Morrell writes that she has removed her residence from 310 West 48th street, New York City, to 151 Lexington ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., where she will be pleased to see her friends or patrons. She will hold public seances every Tuesday and Thursday evenings and give private sittings daily from ten a. m. to five p. m. She adds these encouraging words to the editor: "Go on; you are doing a good work, following out what the originator of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL would have you do. You are being pushed by powers outside of yourself. The time is bound to come when you and your work will be appreciated."

A. Keyser writes: I have taken THE JOURNAL for many years, and can not well do without it. The longer I take it the better I like it, and especially in the form it now sustains, and as long as it exposes all frauds I intend to take it.

Thomas D. Walker in renewing subscription says: THE JOURNAL is a messenger of light and joy at my home. I can not be without it.

What is Scrofula

It is that impurity in the blood, which, accumulating in the glands of the neck, produces unsightly lumps or swellings; which causes painful running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which developes ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or many other manifestations usually ascribed to "humors." It is a more formidable enemy than consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. Being the most ancient, it is the most general of all diseases or affections, for very few persons are entirely free from it.

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BOOK REVIEWS.

[All books noticed under this head are for sale at, or can be ordered through the office of THE RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHICAL JOURNAL.]

The Demagogue; A Political Novel: By David Ross Locke ("Nasby"): Boston: Lee & Shepard: From S. A. Maxwell & Co. Chicago. Cloth. pp. 465. Price, $1.50.

In this story the life and career of a typical political demagogue is traced from his birth as the last born of a large poverty-stricken and shiftless family living on the outskirts of a county town in Ohio, to his tragic death after a life marked by a series of apparently successful triumphs over untoward circumstances and political enmities. From the first awakening of the ambition of the boy, one of those exceptionally bright children occasionally born into such worthless families as his is described to be, the mainspring of every action of the hero whether good or bad in outward seeming, is selfish ambition. Of principle, moral purpose, generous altruism he is utterly devoid. To further his ambitions he relentlessly betrays his friends, forsakes the girl he loves, and enters into alliance with those he despises. His schemes are cleverly shown to work admirably for a time; he gains wealth, power, political position and honors, but at last the sure results of falsehood and unprincipled methods overtake and overwhelm him at the height of his dearly paid for honors. He has made relentless foes through his own cruelty and perfidy, and those who should have been nearest and dearest desert him in the hour of his defeat and shame. It is a story of political demagogism true to life in all its details, a story which so able a politician as the author of the "Nasby" papers, more than the average story writer, was capable of telling. One of the sub-morals of the book seems to be that "blood will tell" ultimatly and that back of advantageous circumstances must be an ancestry of good moral stock to make a good citizen and a true man.

Dorothy's Experience: By Adeline Trafton, Boston: Lee & Shepard: pp. 211. Price, $1.00. Cloth.

This is a religious story with a secular moral. Dorothy's Experience is very true to life and very like the experience of many who like her "born into the church" by reason of family faith and inherited morality, wake up some day to the fact that they have little faith in the dry doctrines and dogmas of the church to which they belong, and long to find something higher and better to live for than the mere observance of religious forms. This, the heroine of the story, a wealthy, cultured, but lonely young woman, finds at last in active philantaropic work, in founding a home for young working girls with whose individual interests she identifies herself, and to whom she supplies healthful social amusements, as well as longed for instruction in congenial work. In thus helping others and forgetting self, she finds her own heart warmed and her higher nature stimulated and satisfied. The story is charmingly told, with two or three pretty love stories healthily interwoven into the purpose of the book. The volume is small with a beautiful esthetic binding and will make a lovely holiday gift for girls in all classes.

Lessons in The Science of Infinite Spirit, And the Christ Method of Healing. By M. E. Cramer, 324 Seventeenth street, San Francisco, Cal. pp. 258. Price, $1.75.

"We purpose in this book," says the preface, "through the Science of Infinite Spirit—Mind Principle—to make clear that understanding which unites all and which alone reveals the true relation of humanity to God, and the purpose of God in humanity, which is the straight and narrow way that leads unto safety. The writer who it appears was cured after a long period of disease by faith cure says that "since her awakening to the consciousness of truth, her work has been to systematize the Science of Infinite Spirit, to teach it in both written and oral lessons, and this book is one of the results, being a series of metaphysical lessons, essays, etc.

In the *North American Review* for December, Senator J. G. Carlisle under the title "The Recent Election" sifts and weighs the various elements which affected our last election. Robert P. Porter, superintendent of the census, answers the criticisms directed against the work done by the Census Bureau. Dr. Paul Gibier of the New York Pasteur Institute, formerly a pupil of the discoverer, has an article on "Dr. Koch's Discovery." Mrs. Burton Harrison, author of "The Anglo-Maniacs," writes about "Maidens and Matrons in American Society" while a symposium on the question "Shall our daughters have Dowries" is held by such representative thinkers as Mr. C. S. Messinger, Mrs. Prescott Spofford, Amelia E. Barr, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher, Mary A. Livermore, and Alice Wellington Rollins.

Among the many excellent contributions to the December number of *The New Ideal* are Fatalistic Science and Human Self-determination, by Dr. Edmund Montgomery. "The Single Tax" by Wm. Lloyd Garrison, poems by Edmund Noble and the editor James H. West, with a lecture on "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" by the late Prof. W. D. Gunning. Other contributors are H. H. Traubel, F. M. Holland, Prof. Dolbear, C. K. Whipple, Rev. H. H. Brown, H. A. Warren, Prof. A. C. Merwin, and Jas. A. Skilton.

The Christmas number of the English Illustrated Magazine is an excellent one in every department. The illustrated articles are "The Ancestral Home of the Washingtons" by Wm. Clarke. "A Painter of Players" by J. F. Mulloy; "Inns and Taverns of Old London" by Philip Norman: "The Frogmousiad," a comic poem by Dr. H. Kynaston: "The Witch of Prague," F. Marion Crawford's continued story: "Nooks and Corners in Westminster Abbey" by Cannon Farrar, "Wooden Tony," a story by Mrs. K. Clifford and "English Convent Life" by one of the "Sisters." D. Chester Murray and Henry Herman jointly furnish a clever psychical story, "The Wisdom Tooth."

The *Century Magazine* is running a fast press day and night in order to print the first installment of the delayed "Talleyrand Memoirs" in the January number. These memoirs of the most brilliant and famous of French diplomats have been but recently discovered, and through the enterprise of the *Century* Company will be first given to the public in this country. The first installment of these papers will be preceded by a brilliant pen portrait of the author written by minister Whitelaw Reid.

The Kindergarten (Chicago), for December, contains a more attractive table of contents than ever. The "Systematic Science Lessons," the "Typical Lessons," the "Primary Sunday School Lessons," are continued with special reference to the holidays. Several bright and spirited stories are also helpful; practical papers round the number into completeness. Price, $1.50 a year.

Our Little Ones and The Nursery for December is a beautiful holiday number. Every page is illustrated with handsome and comic pictures of the doings of children and their various pets, while the rest of the space not taken up by these is filled with charming stories and poems of which "Gertrude's Pet" and "Cats' Tails" are among the best. Russell Pub. Co. Boston. $1.50 per year.

The Home-Maker magazine for December comes filled with useful hints for all departments of home life, in regard to health, cooking, Christmas and other decorations, and in addition gives considerable space to purely literary matter, with full reports of the leading women's clubs all over this country. Published by the Home-Maker Publishing Co., Union Square, N. Y.

Ethical Religion is the latest work from the pen of William M. Salter, resident lecturer of the Chicago Society for Ethical Culture. Arlo Bates says of this work: "One of the most striking and persuasive presentations of the gospel of pure ethics which our time is likely to see." Price, $1.50, for sale at this office.

NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

Dorothy's Experience. Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee & Shepard; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, $1.00; Hindu Literature; or the Ancient Books of India. Elizabeth A. Reed. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co. Price, $2.00; Lessons in the Science of Infinite Spirit, and the Christ method of Healing. M. E. Cramer. Price, $1.75.

From the United States Book Co., New York City: Wormwood. Marie Corelli; The Honorable Miss. L T. Meade; On the Heights of Himalay. A. Van Der Naillen. Price, each, 50 cents.

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And a sort of palpitation
Of the heart resulted from his flattering persistency.

He kept his eyes bent on me
And his admiration won me,
Till he bent across and spoke with an apologetic cough,
Then I flushed in every feature
For he said, the horrid creature,
"Beg your pardon, ma'am, for speaking, but
Your breastpin's dropping off."
—Harvey N. Bloomer, in Western Rural.

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A pleasant, cheerful little fad, that won't wear out the brain,
That won't disturb my sleep at night, or call for constant strain;
A fad that's inexpensive, too,—(this between me and you)—
Is just the fad I'm looking for—provided it is new.

Of course it must be quite select, since I am Boston born,
And, like my fellow Bostonese, would sneer at Gabriel's horn,
Unless he played it just in tune on every note he blew—
A fad to suit me must be choice, and it must be brand new.

It ought to be religious, though it might do quite as well
If it implied some startling views on disbelief in hell.
If it were based on Brahmic faith from any point of view,
I'm quite sure it would please me—provided it were new.

Now, if you can assist me, I really hope you will;
It's anything but pleasant to solicit aid, but still,
Although I live in Boston, and so my wants are few,
Just now I sorely need a fad—who's got a fad that's new?

—Somerville Journal.

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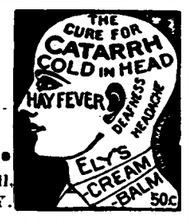
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It is on Siuslaw bay, four miles from the ocean, that the new seaport of FLORENCE is located. A government appropriation of $50,000 to perfect the harbor is among the items in the River and Harbor bill of the current year. A government light-house is under construction, being provided for by last year Congress.

Siuslaw bay and river tap a country wonderfully rich in resources. The center of all its life and trade is at Florence.

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Near Florence are three saw-mills, with a combined capacity of 75,000 feet per day, and employing many men. A careful computation by a lumber expert from Michigan, of the lumber resources tributary to Siuslaw bay, and Florence, its business center, was to the effect that the aggregate was more than 14, millions feet of Fir alone, known in the markets of the world as the celebrated Oregon Pine, which for ship timbers especially, and all uses requiring great strength, has no superior.

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It can only be a question of a short time till the Siuslaw & Eastern railway will be constructed eastward along the Siuslaw river, through the mountains, and tap the rich agricultural resources of the Willamette Valley, and ultimately on east through Oregon and Idaho, to connect with trunk lines of railway having eastern termini at Duluth, Chicago, and New York, and now built west into the new States of Montana, Idaho, and Wyoming. This will give Florence an immense impetus in the direction of wholesale trade, and rapidly make her a seaport of national importance.

Florence has a good public school, has an intelligent people, and will soon have more than one church and has no saloons. Florence is a money-order post-office.

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Write to me for sample copy, mailed free, of "THE WEST," the leading weekly paper of Florence. Subscription price, $2 per year; $1 for 6 months.

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GEO. M. MILLER,
Florence, Ore.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

With respectful admiration
That suggested fascination,
The man across the horse car sat and stared across at me,
Till a feeling of elation
And a sort of palpitation
Of the heart resulted from his flattering persistency.

He kept his eyes bent on me
And his admiration won me,
Till he bent across and spoke with an apologetic cough,
Then I flushed in every feature
For he said, the horrid creature,
"Beg your pardon, ma'am, for speaking, but
Your breastpin's dropping off."
—Harvey N. Bloomer, in Western Rural.

A WAIL FROM BOSTON.

The Browning and the Ibsen fads are getting worn and old,
My interest in Tolstoi, too, has recently grown cold;
I'm tired of solving riddles, and I'm tired of all the hue
And cry of pessimistic bores—I want a fad that's new.

A pleasant, cheerful little fad, that won't wear out the brain,
That won't disturb my sleep at night, or call for constant strain;
A fad that's inexpensive, too,—(this between me and you)—
Is just the fad I'm looking for—provided it is new.

Of course it must be quite select, since I am Boston born,
And, like my fellow Bostonese, would sneer at Gabriel's horn,
Unless he played it just in tune on every note he blew—
A fad to suit me must be choice, and it must be brand new.

It ought to be religious, though it might do quite as well
If it implied some startling views on disbelief in hell.
If it were based on Brahmic faith from any point of view,
I'm quite sure it would please me—provided it were new.

Now, if you can assist me, I really hope you will;
It's anything but pleasant to solicit aid, but still,
Although I live in Boston, and so my wants are few,
Just now I sorely need a fad—who's got a fad that's new?

—Somerville Journal.

THE RISE AND FALL.

'Twas a breach of promise suit, the letters all were read,
And here is what the opening words of each epistle said:
"Dear Mr. Smith," "Dear Friend," "Dear John,"
"My Darling Four-Leaf Clover,"
"My Ownest Jack," "Dear Sir," then "Sir," and all was over.

—New York Press.

Scrofula is a more formidable enemy than either consumption or cancer alone, for scrofula combines the worst possible features of both. It is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the blood purifier.

A faded and discolored beard is untidy and a misfortune. It may be prevented by using Buckingham's Dye for the Whiskers, a never failing remedy.

Beecham's Pills act like magic on a weak stomach.

"Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children Teething," softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle

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OR,
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BY LAWRENCE OLIPHANT.

With an Appendix by a Clergyman of the Church of England.

This celebrated work may be read with profit by thinkers and students.
Price, $2.50; postage, 16 cents.
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THE WAR IN HEAVEN.

BY DANIEL LOTT

This is founded upon Revelations 12-7-9 and will be found interesting. Price, 10 cents.
For sale, wholesale and retail, by JOHN C. BUNDY Chicago

DONALD KENNEDY
Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Don't write to me when taking the first bottle of my Medical Discovery. I know how it makes you feel, but it's all right. There are certain cases where the Discovery takes hold sharp, but it is the diseased spot in you it has taken hold of, and that's what you want. The Discovery has a search warrant for every humor, from backache to scrofula, inside and outside, and of course it makes a disturbance in your poor body, but the fight is short, you are better by the second bottle; if not, then tell me about it, and I will advise. I will, however, in the future, as in the past, answer any letter from a nursing mother.

Sincerely yours,
DONALD KENNEDY,
ROXBURY, MASS.



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As a Flesh Producer there can be no question but that

SCOTT'S EMULSION

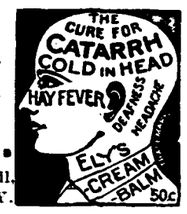
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Be sure you get the genuine as there are poor imitations.

Ely's Cream Balm
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—CURES—
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Untold Wealth in Lumber, Coal, Fishing, and Agriculture.

A Rare Opening for Capital and Men in Every Department of Commercial and Industrial Activity.

Between the mouth of the Columbia river, where the commerce of Portland reaches the Pacific ocean and San Francisco, a distance of over 700 miles, there is as yet no seaport city of prominence, and good natural harbors are scarce.

Located 156 miles south of the month of the Columbia river, the Siuslaw river enters Siuslaw bay, and thence into the ocean.

It has long been known that Siuslaw bay possessed a fine natural harbor. But it was not till in recent years that this locality was relinquished by the Indians to the government, and thrown open to settlement.

It is on Siuslaw bay, four miles from the ocean, that the new seaport of FLORENCE is located. A government appropriation of $50,000 to perfect the harbor is among the items in the River and Harbor bill of the current year. A government light-house is under construction, being provided for by last year Congress.

Siuslaw bay and river tap a country wonderfully rich in resources. The center of all its life and trade is at Florence.

The Florence salmon canneries last year canned 13,000 cases of salmon, and salted the equivalent of 4,000 cases more, the product having a market value of $100,000, employing 150 men for four months of the year. The catch this year is now being made.

Near Florence are three saw-mills, with a combined capacity of 75,000 feet per day, and employing many men. A careful computation by a lumber expert from Michigan, of the lumber resources tributary to Siuslaw bay, and Florence, its business center, was to the effect that the aggregate was more than 14, millions feet of Fir alone, known in the markets of the world as the celebrated Oregon Pine, which for ship timbers especially, and all uses requiring great strength, has no superior.

Florence has a ship-yard, where two vessels were built to ply in the Pacific coastwise trade, and is destined to an immense extension of her ship-building interests. A vessel under construction is now on the stocks.

Florence has direct steamers to San Francisco and other ports.

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GEO. M. MILLER,
Florence, Ore.

THE BELLS.

BY JULIA GREY BURNETT.

Hark! 'tis the joyful Christmas bells
That ring across the snow:
Of peace and love their song foretells,
And as they chime their music swells,
Then echoes softly through the dells
Like lullabys so low.

The New Year comes! the bells again
Ring out upon the air;
To some they speak in mournful strain
Of all the old year's grief and pain,
But usher in without a stain
The New Year bright and fair.

Now listen; hear the sleigh bells ring
While dashing swiftly past;
How merrily they jing-a-ling,—
And bright young voices sweetly sing,—
"Let's happy be, time's on the wing,
But life and love must last."

The wedding bells! How clear they sound!
They have a joyful ring;
They tell to all the world around
That Cupid, with his bow, has found
Two hearts where faith and love abound,
And happiness is King.

The bells may ring, and clang, and chime,
May tell of joy or pain;
May toll and moan in saddest rhyme,
May sing of happy Christmas time,
Or echo forth in tone sublime
The angels' glad refrain.

Come joy or pain, come weal or woe,
The bells their songs will sing;
Their music still will sweetly flow
When other heads and hearts shall bow
And list their chimings soft and low,
Or hear their joyous ring.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

CHRISTMAS.

BY R. C. CRANE.

When Christmas fires glow on the hearth,
Bright hosts, from realms of light descending,
Guard through the night the curtained earth,
A Seraph o'er each cradle bending.

No blast may chill, no pain distress
The sleepers watched by angel eyes,
Folded in sinless loveliness,
And dreams that flow from Paradise.

All night their stainless souls may hear
The melodies that angels sing,
And gaze with vision strong and clear,
Where gates of pearl wide open swing.

The mother smiles, and wonders long
What through the Christmas night's eclipse,
Sweet fragments of an unknown song
Come bubbling from her baby's lips.

To few the mystic truth believe
The angel bands with mortals blending,
While none but angel seers perceive
The seraph o'er the cradle bending.

CHELSEA, MASS.

Oh, this ringing in the ears!
Oh, this humming in the head!
Hawking, blowing, snuffing, gasping,
Watering eyes and throat a-rasping,
Health impared and comfort fled,
Till I would that I were dead!
Folly to suffer so with catarrhal troubles,
worst cases of chronic catarrh in the head
ed and cured by the mild, cleansing and
properties of Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.
s the foul breath, by removing the cause of
heals the sore and inflamed passages, and
a lasting cure.

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"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some time and it has worked wonders for me. I was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair has ceased coming out, and I now have a good growth, of the same color as when I was a young woman. I can heartily recommend any one suffering from dandruff or loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming bald, but it also caused an entirely new growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this statement before a justice of the peace."—H. Hulsebus, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of brain fever, my hair all came out. I used such preparations for restoring it as my physicians ordered, but failed to produce a growth of hair. I then tried, successively, several articles recommended by druggists, and all alike fell short of accomplishing the desired result. The last remedy I applied was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I used eight bottles in two years; more than was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it as a dressing, and have continued to use it for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair Vigor possesses virtues far above those of any similar preparation now on the market."—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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REFERENCES—Rev. Dr. Wm. H. Blackburn, Pres., Presby. College, Pierre; Rev. Dr. Jas. C. Jackson, Dansville, N. Y.; R. F. Pettigrew, U. S. Senator from South Dakota; B. J. Templeton, Pres. National Bank of Commerce.

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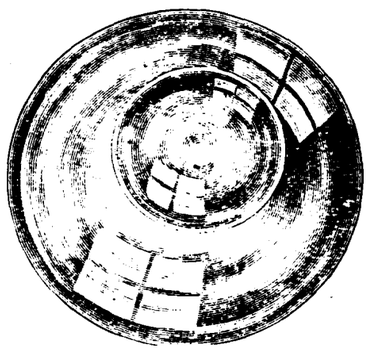
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The symbolic meanings of the colors and the designs of the "Star Spangled Banner" are beautifully brought out and embellished with 29 illustrations—three of them in colors showing Foreign, Colonial and United States ensigns.

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I am giving the **greatest inducements ever** offered, to rich and poor alike. You can get a **tract** of land and have it planted into Raisin Grapes, and cultivated until in a highly productive condition **for less money** than it will return you in **one year after it** is in full bearing, and you can have three years' time in which to pay this amount. It will not be necessary for you to move here at once. Do not fail to send for my Pamphlet, on the **Borden Farm Colony** and **Raisin Making**, or you will miss the opportunity of a lifetime.

Address **W. H. WERFIELD,**
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"GREETINGS."

Once more the holidays are here; once ore we greet one another with phrases of ood will and cheer. Some who were with 'ast Christmas have gone through the t transition and will this year listen to 'himes of heaven's silvery bells. These ones will return to visit their beloved ndeavor to inspire them with a sense eir actual presence and give them stores of hope and higher impulses, ourning into a holy peace and trust, stow gifts that will never grow old e. Here in Chicago the weather is tfully mild, just bracing enough to igorating. Day after day the sun out of a clear sky and the grass is reen. To the poor what a blessing is weather; how much of suffering and che it prevents; how many valuable are prolonged by such clemency. ven in this brilliant sunshine the Angel eath does not hesitate to be seen nor r in duty. Into his strong but gentle many a weary spirit is slowly droopfter a long life of discipline and of ell done. Patiently he hovers be- e couch nor chides the lingering hasten its farewells. It is enough that to him is confided the important role in the last act of earth-life's drama. He waits his cue with interest but shows no undue haste. Silently he exchanges greetings with his latest charge and quickly bears his burden across the dark stream. He is attended by ministering angels and dear friends of the new born spirit; and once safely past the mortal climax, resigns his responsibilities to this band of attendants and swiftly hastens to the relief of others awaiting his certain coming. O, what greetings there must be "over there" these days. What blessed days to the freed spirit! They should be blessed days to us all. Let our hearts rejoice that we live, that life is our eternal heritage. Let us greet one another with that fraternal feeling born of good will. If necessary to administer rebuke, to see justice done, to repress evil, let us do it with a tender regard for the well being of the undeveloped brother or sister. However severe our language or acts let our motives be pure and God-like, free from all malice, vindictiveness and hatred, and surcharged with divine love for humanity as a whole. Let us as Spiritualists, as true men and women whatever our faith, exchange greetings and renew our vows of faithfulness to duty. Let us extend the right hand of fellowship to every debased but repentant soul; and let us be patient with their shortcomings once we are convinced they are really striving for a better life. Let us be receptive to the faintest throb of goodness in the lowest human being, and let us strive to swell the impulse into an irresistible and ever persistent force. As spiritists let us be keenly alive to the fact that spiritism is only one of the outer gates of the temple of Spiritualism. As Spiritualists may our spiritual aspirations be quickened and may we greet the world with such grand dignity, irradiated by such purity, wisdom and beneficence as shall make willing followers of all men.

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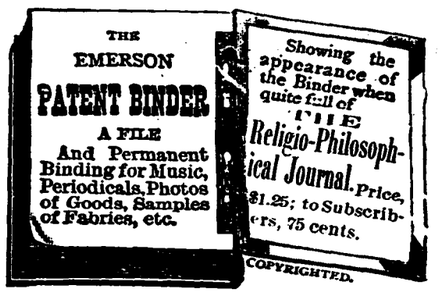
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